



CULTIVATION CHAT GROUP

BOOK 03

Legend Of The Sacred Knight

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Cultivation Chat Group

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by

Legend Of The Sacred Knight

(圣骑士的传说)

Synopsis

On a certain day, Song Shuhang accidentally joined a deeply afflicted Xianxia chuunibyou(Year 2 middle school disease) chat group, the group members inside all address each other as ‘fellow daoist’. Their contact cards are all either Sect Master, Cave Master, Spiritual Master or Heavenly Expert. Even the group master’s missing pet dog named Great Devil Dog abandoned his home. They chat all day about things like concocting pills, intruding mysterious territories, martial arts experiences and more.

One day, he abruptly realizes after lurking for a long time that..... In this group, every single group member is actually a real cultivator, with the ability to move mountains and drain seas, the kind that can live for thousands of years!

Ah ah ah ah, My worldview has utterly collapsed in a single night!

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Chapter 201: Fear Not, I Have The Blood Evasion Technique!

If a person was driving and lost control of their car, and at the same time, if there was also another person standing absentmindedly right in front of the car, a terrible tragedy would have unfolded.

The man with a cold expression and holding a sword suddenly felt as though his lower back was hit by something, after which, he flew and got propelled forward.

‘Huh? What happened?’ The man with a cold expression snapped out of his thoughts and calmly turned his head around. Thereafter, he saw a young man with a bitter smile on his face and his body entwined with light from the ‘escaping technique’. His head was leaning against his lower back. As they were flying, his head continued to push against it while spinning continuously...

The cold and indifferent man was a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor—the strength and toughness of his body were beyond imagination. Even with the young man spinning and pushing against his back, he could only feel a little limp and numb.

Even though it wasn’t painful, having a full-grown man pushing against his lower back with his head made his whole body feel uneasy. This easily triggered a memory of more than a hundred years old—a dark history that he could never forget.

Hence, the cold and indifferent man’s mouth twitched and asked,

"Young man, what are you doing?"

"Boo hoo~" Song Shuhang cried out in misery; he wanted to reply but the words wouldn't come out of his mouth.

He didn't want to continue spinning either, but the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique made him act like a prick, and when flying at great speed and hitting upon another object, it forced his body to become like a drill bit, drilling frenziedly as though it wanted his body to drill through the object obstructing his way.

He had already been rotated till he was completely dizzy and unable to speak coherently.

At this time, Branch Leader Jing Mo's figure behind him caught up at maximum speed, while at the same time yelling, "Little rascal, where are you escaping to, take a blow from my sword!"

The sword light beneath his feet flashed—the black sword transformed into lightning rays, swinging towards Song Shuhang... who incidentally dragged the cold and indifferent man into the whole affair.

"..." The cold and indifferent man was rendered speechless.

Was it because he did not tell his own fortune today? Why was he having so much bad luck today?

He raised the sword in his hand slightly without unsheathing it, similar to the act of chasing away a housefly.

"Crack!"

That lightning ray got shattered, returning to the form of a black sword and sent right back to Branch Leader Jing Mo, beneath his body.

"Young man, before you swing your sword, you have to aim for your target properly—didn't your elders teach you before? Aim properly the next time, if you drag me into your conflict once again, don't blame me for taking action!" The cold and indifferent man said coldly while glaring at Branch Leader Jing Mo.

His words carried a domineering air of an expert—that is if you ignore Song Shuhang who was continuously spinning while pushing against his lower back, causing him to fly forward...

Branch Leader Jing Mo snorted coldly, silently accumulating true yuan.

From the words of the cold and indifferent man, he could tell that this man and that rascal 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' were not comrades. But for some reason unknown to him, the cold and indifferent man was stuck together with 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'.

But it didn't matter—as long as that cold and indifferent man

wasn't Stressed by a Mountain of Books' reinforcements, he just gotta wait for the escape technique to end, and after he has parted from that cold and indifferent man, he would use his sword to kill him.

As he was thinking, the escape technique's light rays on Song Shuhang's body got weaker and weaker, its speed got slower as well.

"Your escape technique is finally ending?" Branch Leader Jing Mo sneered.

Finally arriving at Senior White's? Song Shuhang thought to himself in his dizzy state. His sight got blocked by the cold and indifferent man, so he could not locate Senior White's position.

"..." The cold and indifferent man's face was full of shock. He saw a figure of someone who, in the ordinary course of events, would never exist on earth, but only in the figment of his imagination.



In the forbidden area of the Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain, Venerable White, and Penniless Thief Sect's Little Candy stood in a corner of the forbidden area.

They wouldn't be seen by Daoist Cloudy Mist in this place—the

three of them were silently waiting and observing to see when Daoist Cloudy Mist would break the seal and emerge from inside.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain was very curious as for how Daoist Cloudy Mist would take 'revenge' on him after he came out.

Daoist Cloudy Mist was working very hard to break his 'Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique', but in the past 200 years, Yellow Mountain's accomplishments with regards to sealing techniques increased steadily. His 'Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique' had evolved and arrived at the 017 edition. If Daoist Cloudy Mist still harbored the thoughts of stealing his things, True Monarch Yellow Mountain would certainly not mind sealing him for another ten or twenty years.

Meanwhile, Senior White was having a shuteye while waiting for Cold Flaming Sword of the Penniless Thief Sect, who took his Meteor Sword away, to arrive in order for him to retrieve his possession.

As for Penniless Thief Sect's Little Candy next to Senior White, she was acting a little weird. She grabbed the corners of her clothes tightly with both hands while secretly looking at Venerable White from time to time.

Just earlier, when Senior White was demonstrating how he could control his own charm to True Monarch Yellow Mountain, it greatly attracted her attention.

"Very... very dazzling." Little Candy mumbled. She almost

seemed in... love?

[When Penniless Thief Sect's female disciple made a mistake in her mission, she was caught and held captive by a dashing senior. But as time went by, sparks started flying between the female disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect and this dashing but overbearing senior...] Such a love story had already been popular amongst the female disciples in Penniless Thief Sect a few hundred years ago, and its popularity still had not dwindled.

Little Candy felt that at this moment, she was living out the story of the 'Penniless Thief Sect's female disciple and the overbearing and handsome senior'.



Suddenly, Venerable White opened his eyes and gazed towards the sky.

In the next moment, True Monarch Yellow Mountain had the same feeling and stared at the sky.

The fog engulfing the forbidden area of the Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique could not block the vision of those two. In reality, the fog would only block vision of cultivators of the Fourth Stage and lower. It would have no effect on a cultivator who had already condensed their Golden Core.

"There are three figures approaching this area." True Monarch

Yellow Mountain said, and at the same time secretly furrowed his brows—this was the crucial moment of ‘Daoist Cloudy Mist’ breaking the seal. He sure did not want other people coming to disturb and ruin his ‘fun’.

"It's little friend Shuhang," Senior White said, laughing. He pointed his index finger at what was behind the body of the cold and indifferent man in the air—the flying figure pressing against the lower back of the cold and indifferent man.

"Oh, that's little friend Shuhang?" Likewise, True Monarch Yellow Mountain looked at the spinning young man.

Song Shuhang and him have been friends in spirit (without meeting in person) for a long time. He always felt that little friend Shuhang has been living while being in hot water, facing danger every day. He had to care for Venerable White, as well as take care of Doudou on his behalf.

The gift he had already intended to give Song Shuhang got bigger and bigger.

"His current state seems a bit off?" True Mountain Yellow Mountain asked. Could it be that he saw wrong, or was little friend Song indeed foaming at the mouth? His face seemed to look as though he was in misery and pain.

"Yeah, previously I left him a Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique so that he can use it to flee to my side when his life was threatened. From the looks of it, he must be in danger," Venerable

White's gaze shifted to the last of the three figures in the sky.

His face was full of malevolence, and his hair was white; he had lightning in his eyes, which remained fixed on Song Shuhang—his killing intent was sky-high.

"But from the looks of it, little friend Shuhang seems to have knocked into someone while using the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique? Let's save him first, then continue talking." Venerable White said peacefully while smiling slightly.

In the sky, the cold and indifferent man who was being pushed by Song Shuhang was of a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor Realm; the person chasing behind was even more inferior, merely in a Fourth Stage Realm.

...They could easily be destroyed by Venerable White.

Venerable White reached out his hand and beckoned, and the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique' on Song Shuhang's body was lifted.

Because he had been spinning for a long time, Song Shuhang was very dizzy, to the extent that he wanted to puke. When he finally stopped spinning, he was being pulled over via Venerable White's power, and slowly descended in his direction.

At the same time, that cold and indifferent man who flew all the way here thanks to Song Shuhang also got grabbed along via

Venerable White's power. Venerable White smiled at the two of them, and at last, his eyes stopped at the treasured sword that still remained in the hands of the cold and indifferent man.

It was his Meteor Sword.

That is to say, this cold and indifferent man was Penniless Thief Sect's 'Cold Flame Sword' Liu Tianzong. He actually got sent right before his eyes by little friend Shuhang.

"Yeah, my luck is pretty good," Venerable White nodded his head discreetly.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain's hair stood on end for a moment, and he scrutinized his surroundings—every time Venerable White got lucky, wouldn't the people around him become unlucky?

But for now, it seemed like nothing unlucky was gonna happen?

Just as True Monarch Yellow Mountain was deep in thought, Branch Leader Jing Mo was already nearing the forbidden area of 'Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique'. Based on his cultivation level, he wouldn't be able to see through the dense fog over the forbidden area.

Hence, it was natural for him to be unable to see both 'Venerable White' and 'True Monarch Yellow Mountain' within the dense fog.

"Little rascal, do you think escaping into this dense fog will allow you to slip through my fingers?!" Branch Leader Jing Mo bellowed in anger, yet he did not enter the fog.

Who knew what kind of things lay within the dense fog? It was better to play it safe.

Hence, he raised his flying sword towards the sky and chanted a magic spell. Thereafter, the flying sword swung hard—"Nine Night Lightning Attracting Technique!"

"Boom boom boom..."

In the sky, a lightning dragon was drawn over by the flying sword, and descended.

The lightning dragon bore its fangs and brandished its claws; it was very realistic. It landed heavily in the direction of the fog, with the desire to destroy everything within it.

"Tsk, Limitless Demon Sect's thunder attracting technique?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain snorted. Thereafter, without seeing him made any movement, he suddenly appeared underneath the lightning dragon.

"Hooo!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain blew a mouthful of air towards the lightning dragon...

That domineering and threatening lightning dragon got blown

and vanished into thin air just like that.

Upon seeing this, Branch Leader Jing Mo got a huge scare.

Walking on air without using any magical treasure could only be done by a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor.

But to easily destroy his 'Nine Night Thunder Lightning Attracting Technique' by lightly blowing, only a True Monarch could do it.

Sixth Stage True Monarch!

"I am Limitless Demon Sect's Branch Leader Jing Mo, may I know how you are related to 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'?" Branch Leader Jing Mo secretly held the talisman treasure of the Blood Evasion Technique tightly as his confidence level secretly rose a little.

With this treasure, even a Sixth Stage True Monarch wouldn't be able to touch him!

"Yeah, we are friends." True Monarch Yellow Mountain replied.

F*ck, Jing Mo activated the Blood Evasion Technique without hesitation. His entire body split apart, transforming into a cloud of blood mist, scattered in all directions.

There was more than meets the eye to this Blood Evasion Technique. The blood fog was split into many sections, scattering in all directions to escape. However, ultimately, they would reunite in one location and fuse to form a living Jing Mo.

If some of the blood fog got destroyed along the way, it would only give him minor injuries. He just had to rest for a few days to entirely recover from such injuries.

Chapter 202: Do you find Venerable White attractive?

If lucky, even the valuable treasures on one's body would be shrouded in the 'blood mist' and brought along.

If the Blood Evasion Technique was cultivated to the utmost limit, as long as one small piece of the blood mist managed to get away, it would be possible to restore one's strength, and most of the injuries would recover within a few years. It was exactly for these properties that the Blood Evasion Technique could elude True Monarchs while being a technique of the Fifth Stage.

However, if a part of the blood mist was destroyed while the technique was active, the user would permanently lose something. It might be lifespan, potential, strength, and so on. But as long as you could get away with your life, the sacrifice would be worth it.

Nevertheless, Branch Leader Jing Mo was using a talisman to display the technique. Hence, the Blood Evasion Technique would lose some of its power and flexibility.

"Oh? A Blood Evasion Technique. Not bad." True Monarch Yellow Mountain smiled. He had already reached the peak of the True Monarch stage, and if he were to go all out, it wouldn't be difficult to destroy the Blood Evasion Technique sealed in this talisman.

However, there was no need for him to interfere.

Venerable White had already made his move.

He stretched out his hand and drew something in the air. The world immediately changed. What was once the sky underwent an earth-shaking transformation and changed into a vast desert.

There were no living beings or plants in this desert. There was nothing but a boundless stretch of yellow sand.

Branch Leader Jing Mo changed into countless threads of blood mist after using the Blood Evasion Technique, scattering in all directions. But no matter where he was fleeing to, he was unable to leave the desert. After some time, the effect of the Blood Evasion Technique vanished.

Branch Leader Jing Mo returned to his original appearance.

His face was pale. Even if the Blood Evasion Technique was sealed into a talisman, it still consumed his true yuan.

If we add to that the fact that he had continuously used his true yuan when chasing Song Shuhang, right now he didn't even have 10% of it left.

Jing Mo quickly inspected his body. Since he was against a Sixth Stage True Monarch, who knew how many threads of blood mist he had lost while using the Blood Evasion Technique.

This expedition had been a complete failure. If he had known earlier, he wouldn't have wasted time to torment that Stressed by a Mountain of Books. He would have directly killed him.

Never would he have expected that there was really a Sixth Stage True Monarch by that little rascal's side. He felt fear just by recalling that scene.

After carefully inspecting his body, Branch Leader Jing Mo's expression changed into one of delight. Unexpectedly, he didn't lose a single thread of blood mist. Except for the consumption of true yuan, he had received no harm!

Even all the treasures he was carrying on his body, such as medicine pills and the flying sword, were all undamaged. Did that True Monarch keep his hand since he already knew that he wouldn't be able to destroy the Blood Evasion Technique completely?

I was truly lucky!

'So even a True Monarch is only so-so.' Branch Leader Jing Mo thought to himself. He had made up his mind and was planning to ask his master to teach him the Blood Evasion Technique once he had reached the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor and condensed a Golden Core.

After confirming that he had received no harm, Branch Leader Jing Mo turned his head and looked all around. He wanted to see where had flown to.

‘Did I end up in a desert? Did I fly so far?’ Branch Leader Jing Mo thought to himself. After determining his position, the best course of action would be to head toward the nearest branch of the Limitless Demon Sect.

But at this time, he realized that there was something wrong with this situation.

This desert... why does it look so familiar? Where did I see it?

There is sand as far as the eye can see. There isn’t a single plant or animal. Only deathly stillness.

Wait!

I have already seen this place!

A few days ago, he had used a wooden figurine and entered Stressed by a Mountain of Books’ residence. Afterward, he had found himself in the middle of a vast desert.

And there, he had met a sadistic young man with green clothes that had crazily pounded the wooden figurine with a hammer. He hit the figurine till it was almost destroyed and let Jing Mo feel unbearable pain.

It was precisely that desert!

Why did I appear here?

Is it possible that I didn't manage to escape? But how is that possible? Wasn't the Blood Evasion Technique supposed to elude even a True Monarch?

Branch Leader Jing Mo was getting anxious.

But at this time, the desert in front of his eyes started to collapse, slowly disappearing.

What's happening?

When Branch Leader Jing Mo regained his senses, he discovered that he was still standing in his original position. It was the same place where he was standing before using the Blood Evasion Technique.

Well, if one wanted to be fussy about it, this Blood Evasion Technique, which can let the user travel thousands of miles in the blink of an eye, allowed him to move for about... two centimeters?

Branch Leader Jing Mo's complexion was now deathly pale.

"Sorry, but I couldn't let you escape." At this time, a pleasant voice echoed.

Soon after, a handsome man with fluttering black hair came out of the fog; he was wearing casual modern clothes and a smile was plastered on his face. The handsome man was dragging Song Shuhang along, and both were floating in the air.

In the end, Jing Mo was still a disciple of a big sect like the Limitless Demon Sect. So, he immediately guessed what had happened—this was a real illusion.

"A Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable." Branch Leader Jing Mo felt like crying at this moment.

"You have good eyes." Venerable White smiled.

After the opposite party confirmed his guess, Branch Leader Jing Mo died a little inside.

"Shuhang, what do you want to do with him?" Venerable White asked.

Song Shuhang had recovered with great difficulty from nausea. He looked at Jing Mo and said, "Were you sent here by Young Master Hai?"

"Hmph! You think someone like Young Master Hai has the authority to give me orders?!" Branch Leader Jing Mo unconsciously howled. Even in front of a True Monarch or a Venerable, his temperament was still awful.

"Oh. Just as I expected, the style was too different from Young Master Hai's. It seems you came here to rob the Blood God Crystal of your own volition." Song Shuhang slightly nodded. Then, he said to Venerable White, "Senior, can you take him into custody?"

Senior White smiled and pointed his finger at Branch Leader Jing Mo. Immediately after, Jing Mo fell to the ground, unconscious and unable to move. True Monarch Yellow Mountain moved forward and took a rope out of his sleeve, tightly binding Jing Mo with it.

"How do you want to handle him?" Venerable White asked.

"I think a certain senior from the Nine Provinces Number One Group would be very interested in him." Song Shuhang took out his mobile phone and made a call.

Soon, the voice of a vigorous man echoed from the other side, "Little Friend Song Shuhang, were you looking for me?"

"Senior Seven, I got my hands on a disciple of the Limitless Demon Sect. Are you interested?" Song Shuhang asked with a weary smile.

"Hahaha. A disciple of the Limitless Demon Sect? I'm indeed interested. Keep your mobile phone at hand, I'll rush over to your position!" Seven said with a laugh.

Song Shuhang took advantage of the opportunity and asked in a

low voice, "Senior Seven, I wanted to ask... how is Sixteen-"

He had yet to finish his sentence when Seven hung up.

It seems that Senior Seven is really impatient! Forget it, I can ask him about Sixteen once he's here.



At this time, True Monarch Yellow Mountain arrived beside Song Shuhang and asked in a teasing tone, "Little Friend Song Shuhang, did you take a liking to Seven's younger generation? Su Clan's Sixteen is a good lass. If you get a little stronger, you might have the chance to become dao companions with her."

"There is no such thing. After all, I've only seen Sixteen a few times." Song Shuhang continued, "I know that she suffered a severe wound, and since we're friends, I wanted to know if her injury had recovered or not."

"Don't worry. Seven is a member of the Spirit River Su Clan. That clan is stronger than what you think. There shouldn't be too many problems with Sixteen's injury." True Monarch Yellow Mountain tried to comfort him.

After getting out of the fog, True Monarch Yellow Mountain threw the fainted Jing Mo to a side and asked, "Little Friend Song Shuhang, how were things with Doudou these days?"

"Everything is fine. He seemed to be in a great mood lately." said Song Shuhang after pondering for a moment—he was about to say that he even made a human girlfriend. However, it was better not to mention this matter to True Monarch Yellow Mountain. Hence, he shut his mouth.

"He must have caused a lot of trouble, right?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain heaved a sigh. He was an outstanding and talented handsome man with a scholarly temperament. How did he exactly raise a silly pekingese like Doudou? When he chose to give him the name Doudou, maybe he should have actually opted for [Doubi Doubi](#) instead?

"Not at all. Doudou helped me quite a bit," Song Shuhang hastily waved his hand. He was telling the truth.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain patted his shoulder and said, "No need to be polite. How can I not know about Doudou's personality? Don't worry. Once this matter is settled, I'll give you a big gift! In these days, you should think of something that you would like to have."

"Thank you, Senior." What could Song Shuhang even do besides thanking him?

"Right. Recently, I told you to look at the pictures of the fairy maidens in the group. Did you look at them?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked in a low voice. At the same time, he created a soundproof barrier around Song Shuhang and him.

"Oh, I've seen one of Fairy Lychee's selfies." Song Shuhang replied after thinking a bit.

"Only one?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain was surprised.

Then, he quietly asked, "What do you think of Venerable White?"

"Senior White is a very nice person. Just like the people in the group were saying, he's someone that cares very much about the younger generation." Song Shuhang replied after pondering a bit.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain paused for a moment, I wasn't speaking of this!

Soon after, he clenched his teeth and directly asked, "Do you find Venerable White attractive?"

"Yes, very attractive." Song Shuhang said without hesitation.

At the same time, he couldn't help but remember that time when he courted death. The entire world had changed black and white, and only Venerable White had retained his colors. Therefore, he added, "There was a moment when I thought that Senior White was the most attractive man in the world."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain looked Song Shuhang's in the eyes and removed the soundproof barrier.

Then, he departed from Song Shuhang's side and kept a distance of at least three meters between them.

He remembered that when he'd added 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' to the group by mistake, he'd calculated three trigrams.

At the time, he thought that those trigrams were bullshit.

But now, he got the feeling that little friend Song Shuhang's way of thinking was indeed dangerous. Should he keep a certain distance between them for the time being?

Doudou (豆豆) = bean bean; Doubi Doubi (逗逼逗逼) = silly silly

Chapter 203: Haha, I Finally Broke The Seal And Emerged!

Song Shuhang looked at Senior Yellow Mountain silently as the latter suddenly ran to a position three meters away from him. Frustrated and angry, he asked, "Senior Yellow Mountain, why are you suddenly standing so far away from me?"

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain was speechless.

Song Shuhang continued, "Senior Yellow Mountain, are you thinking of something disrespectful right now?"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain forced a laugh and said, "It's nothing, it's just that I accidentally farted, so I feel that keeping a distance would be better."

Senior, who are you trying to lie to? Your power is already at such a realm, how can you be unable to control something like farts?

And even though I have not opened my Nose Aperture, my sense of smell is several times better than that of ordinary human beings. If you accidentally farted, I would have smelled it a long time ago.

The warped understanding senior has towards me must be changed! Song Shuhang was preparing to have a good chat with True Monarch Yellow Mountain

Meanwhile... Venerable White went in front of Cold Flame Sword Liu Tianzong.

At this time, Liu Tianzong had not recollected his thoughts. He was in a daze, staring like a fool; it was as though his thoughts reached a dead end, causing his brain to cease functioning completely.

Suddenly, he shook his head really hard and said, "This is impossible, what I saw that time was clearly just an illusion."

That year, when he chanced upon that cultivator's immortal cave, he moved the statue out, thinking it was a treasure.

But halfway through the journey, the statue emitted boundless charm, and during the whole time he was carrying it, whenever he opened or closed his eyes, he would always see the image of a handsome man... he got really frightened.

Hence, he decided to bury it back in the ground.

Even then, the image of that handsome man was impossible to get rid of. It bugged him for an entire year before he was free of it. It was a traumatic and nightmare of an experience.

He initially thought that there was a curse placed on the statue—after all, he had stolen from several immortal caves and even graves, and had experienced a fair share of curses.

But what was actually happening now? The image that haunted him for so long actually came to life, and was currently standing right in front of him!

"Hello." Venerable White waved his hand at Cold Flame Sword.

"Hello, Senior." Cold Flame Sword pulled himself together and gathered all his spirit, but every pore on his entire body was tense.

"Mm, you don't have to be so serious. I have no intention to harm you. What I wanted to say was that the 'Meteor Sword' in your hand belongs to me. When I was in seclusion, you took it away from me. Now, after it took me much difficulty to come out of secluded meditation, it's time I take it back." Venerable White said softly.

"When you were in seclusion?" Cold Flame Sword stiffened as he repeated after Venerable White, and then had an epiphany!

"Yeah, from the looks of it, you've already guessed it. Indeed, because of a secret technique, I transformed into a statue. And then, I still remember you taking me out of my immortal cave and burying me into the ground," said Venerable White calmly.

But Cold Flame Sword, on the other hand, was breaking out in cold sweat like a waterfall, unable to stop.

A moment later, Cold Flame Sword clenched his teeth and raised

the ‘Meteor Sword’ in his hand, giving it to Venerable White slowly—whether this Meteor Sword actually belonged to the senior cultivator in front of him or not, Cold Flame Sword knew that he had to obediently hand it over because the opposite party was a Seventh Stage Venerable.

Furthermore, it seemed like this Meteor Sword really belonged to the other party?

Well, instead of waiting for Liu Tianzong to hand it over, the Meteor Sword was already making cheerful sword sounds before flying to Venerable White’s side, lively and happy just like a fish, dancing in circles around Venerable White.

Magic swords had spirits, and this Meteor Sword had obviously long turned into one such magic sword endowed with ‘sword spirit’.

Venerable laughed and lightly stroked the Meteor Sword. It cheerfully shook for a bit before landing on Venerable White’s waist.

This time, Song Shuhang suddenly asked, "Ah, Senior. So this is Meteor Sword, and not Deity Keeper Sword?"

His eyes were very sharp—earlier, he saw ‘Meteor Sword’ engraved on it.

"It has always been Meteor Sword." Venerable turned and smiled,

and then continued, "Shuhang, I have already retrieved the sword. Do you still have any business to take care of? If you don't, let's go back!"

Song Shuhang replied, "If you're not in a rush, should we wait for Senior Seven to come here?"

"Alright." Venerable White nodded.

At the same time... a confused Cold Flame Sword Liu Tianzong suddenly said, "Senior, can I ask you a question?"

Even though his face looked confused, both his eyes were resolute.

"Ask me?" Senior White was puzzled and turned his head around, before nodding and said, "Ask away."

"Senior, you're a woman dressing as a man, right?" Cold Flame Sword Liu Tianzong had a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain secretly facepalmed—Liu Tianzong was not the first person to ask that question, and he probably wouldn't be the last.

"Well, if it makes you feel better to think that way, then I don't mind telling you that I'm a woman dressing as a man. But, do you believe it?" Venerable White said as he scratched his head.

"...Sorry for being disrespectful." Cold Flame Sword Liu Tianzong respectfully bowed towards Venerable White. Then he took his leave, laughing like a madman while disappearing on the horizon~

As for the junior of the Penniless Thief Sect, Little Candy, she was unfortunately overlooked by Cold Flame Sword, abandoned at one side, where she had been standing all the while.

Song Shuhang blinked and felt as though he was watching a third-rate melodramatic TV series.

At this time, True Monarch Yellow Mountain quietly tugged at Song Shuhang and said via the secret sound transmission, "Did you see it? If you don't wanna become like him, you have to think more about Su Clan's Sixteen or Soft Feather and look more at Fairy Lychee's pictures. Also, don't daydream—it's impossible for Senior White to be a woman dressing as a man, you can forget about it!"

"Senior," Song Shuhang laughed bitterly. He was unable to send a secret sound transmission so it was impossible for him to explain and defend himself, but when he said that Senior White was 'good-looking' previously, it was purely out of objective admiration! He had never harbored the thought of Senior White dressing as a woman or anything along those lines.

"Try hard!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain gave Song Shuhang a thumbs up. Then, he retreated back to the side, watching the ongoing operation of Daoist Cloudy Mist who was still being sealed by the 'Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique'.

In order not to let Daoist Cloudy Mist get affected by the outside world, True Monarch Yellow Mountain previously secretly increased the thick fog around him to create the effect of soundproofing and vision-proofing, making him feel more isolated.

Hence, it was like Daoist Cloudy Mist was in a singleplayer game—he had not the slightest clue what just happened in the outside world. He was only focusing on breaking True Monarch Yellow Mountain's seal.

All there was left was to see how he was gonna break the seal! True Monarch Yellow Mountain had been waiting forever to catch such a good show.



At this time, Senior White waved at Song Shuhang and asked, "Shuhang, was your trip to J-City a good one? How did you bump into a Limitless Demon Sect's disciple?"

"If you're talking about it going smoothly, it was pretty successful and smooth," Song Shuhang laughed lightly and started recounting everything that happened.

From meeting the resentful ghost and accidentally killing the ghost general to Senior Brother Three Realms coming over from afar to lend a helping hand... and chancing upon a pile of medicinal herbs for refining the 'qi and blood pill' in Altar

Master's old headquarters. Lastly, he spoke of facing Branch Leader Jing Mo and Daoist Half Gourd's assassination attempt.

At this point, Song Shuhang couldn't help but look at Branch Leader Jing Mo—initially, the only regret he had on his trip to J-City was that he did not manage to retrieve the Limitless Demon Sect branch's information on 'Cultivator Sunflower' from the underlings of Altar Master.

But from the looks of it now, with Jing Mo around, who'd be afraid of being unable to get that information?

In other words, the blessing written on the ingredients list given to him by Senior White had already ran its course, successfully and perfectly completed!

Just thinking about it felt awesome.

"Hahaha, your luck is indeed not bad. You even managed to get hold of the medicinal herbs used for the qi and blood pill." Venerable White laughed.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain at the side couldn't help but look at Song Shuhang— could it be that little friend Shuhang really rubbed off good luck from being by Senior White's side? His trip to J-City was full of weird fortune, it has the same vibe as Venerable White's luck about it.

"Shuhang, now that you are already opening the Nose Aperture,

although you only need qi and blood pill in order to greatly speed up the process, even at the fastest speed, you'll still need more or less a year," Senior White pinched his chin and said, "Actually, if your luck is even better..."

Upon listening to his words, Song Shuhang hurriedly jumped in a bid to prevent Senior White from continuing his speech.

He had fully comprehended and experienced the huge killing weapon that was 'Senior White's blessings'. The blessings written by him on a slip of paper was enough to help him complete his mission smoothly and easily, but at the same time made him face assassination attempts by two Fourth Stage cultivators—which almost cost him his life.

When Senior White's golden mouth opened and directly spoke words of blessings, what would happen?

Unfortunately, when he jumped, the second part of Senior White's speech was already blurted out, "Yeah, I remember that a few hundred years ago, there was a cultivator who got hold of a piece of strange rock? It should be an item from space, it was very mystical. It possessed a sort of an extraordinary power—it was neither spirit power nor one that could be transferred to cultivators to put to use. But instead, its power was that it can exponentially increase the speed of 'opening apertures' for a First Stage Cultivator. If I remember correctly, that rock did cause quite a bit of a commotion in the cultivator world at that time."

"Yeah, I have an impression of it too." True Monarch Yellow Mountain continued, "Its name was coined by people in the

cultivation world, who referred to it as 'Enlightenment Stone'. One merely has to sit beside the rock to comprehend the wonders of the Great Way. When a First Stage cultivator is hovering near that strange rock, he can easily break through the bottleneck of the apertures within his body without much difficulty; the failure rate is almost zero. But what a pity, its location is currently unknown. Nobody knows which powerful figure got hold of it."

"Shuhang, if you get that strange rock, for all you know, four years would be sufficient for you to continuously open three Apertures—Nose, Ear and Mouth apertures—and directly jump through the dragon gate and promote your cultivation to the Second Stage Realm," said Venerable White.

"Impossible, I ain't that lucky." Song Shuhang kept waving his hands dismissively—that strange rock that Senior White just mentioned didn't seem to be a treasure originating from mother earth, but likely came from the mysterious space instead.

In other words, that thing was very likely to be something like a meteorite that would fall from the sky?

Hopefully, Senior White's blessing hasn't taken effect this time.

Otherwise, there would come a time in the future where he would constantly be in fear of being struck and crushed by things like meteorites. And if he were to be careless for a moment, he might be really crushed to death?

Just as the three of them were conversing, there was finally a

change detectable in Daoist Cloudy Mist's seal.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain's 'Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique' started trembling.

Thereafter, a figure broke the seal and emerged.

"Haha, I finally broke the seal and emerged!" The figure raised both hands to the sky and laughed heartily.

And after that, he even sang, "Freedom gained from breaking the seal, gonna clean up stupid Yellow Mountain's house. Ack, no can do, it doesn't rhyme."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain's face darkened and he laughed forcefully.

Chapter 204: This Speed Is Fast To The Point Of Being Incurable!

On the screen relaying the image from the surveillance camera, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist seemed to be in the mood for composing poems. Song Shuhang couldn't help but shoot a look at True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

'Stupid Yellow Mountain' was something that Doudou kept repeating every day. However, Doudou was True Monarch Yellow Mountain's cute little pet. Even if he kept repeating this sentence, True Monarch wouldn't get angry and would only find him silly and lovable.

But the Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist in front of their eyes was a middle-aged man and not in the least someone cute. After hearing him repeat 'stupid Yellow Mountain' over and over again, wouldn't True Monarch get the urge to punch him to death?

"Hehehe. It seems I'll need to let him have a taste of my improved Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique. This time, I'll seal him till he dies of old age!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain got angry and sneered.

Song Shuhang observed three seconds of silence for Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist...

On the screen, he saw that Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was frozen in place. He raised his head and looked all around. He seemed anxious and was often looking around.

However, since True Monarch Yellow Mountain had increased the amount of fog in the area, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist couldn't actually see through this cloudy mist. He was looking all around, unable to understand where he was.

"Why do I have a bad premonition after coming out? Did that Yellow Mountain fellow prepare a trap to welcome me?" Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist talked to himself.

But it doesn't matter anymore. This Daoist has already broken through the seal. From now on, I'm a free man!

"Sword, come!" Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist lightly shouted. A sword orb came out of his tattered sleeve, changing into a sword of light. Then, he stepped on the light and flew toward the sky.

"I wish to ride the wind and return home~ and travel a thousand miles with the sword light~ taking enemy heads like chicken heads~"

From this nonsensical poem, one could understand that Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was fond of ancient poetry and songs but had no talent whatsoever in composing such. In addition, he had been sealed for a long time, and his clothes were in tatters. He didn't resemble a scholarly man at all.

Looking at Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist who was getting further and further away, Song Shuhang quickly asked, "True Monarch, aren't you planning to catch him to seal him again?"

"There is no rush." True Monarch Yellow Mountain smiled evilly and continued, "If I were to catch him right now and seal him, wouldn't I be too merciful? I'm planning to let him free for a few days, letting him have a taste of this beautiful modern world. And once he falls in love with this modern world, I'll catch and seal him. He'll be even more grieved after knowing how beautiful the outside world is!"

To explain this with an example—let's assume there is a man that has never had contact with the Internet. The man has only read novels and watched the TV; he's quite happy with this type of life.

But then, he comes in contact with the Internet and falls in love with it. If he's deprived of it even for a day, he'll start to feel uncomfortable. But one day, his Internet connection or the computer breaks. If it's only for one or two days, he can cope with it, but if it goes on any longer, he might turn insane.

"Moreover, I placed a device on Cloudy Mist's body. He won't be able to escape from my grasp." True Monarch Yellow Mountain said confidently.

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva— I better not offend True Monarch Yellow Mountain. Otherwise, I won't end up well.

Then, True Monarch Yellow Mountain, Venerable White, and Song Shuhang watched as Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was getting further and further away.

However, Penniless Thief Sect's Little Candy was staring at Venerable White. Her head filled with the tales of 'the love-hate relationship between a disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect and an incredibly handsome senior cultivator'.

It seemed that Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's matter had temporarily come to an end.

Would Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist finally find happiness?



Not long after Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist left, a sword light flashed through the sky and quickly approached.

Soon after, Seven's tall and big silhouette descended from the sky.

"Little Friend Shuhang!" He looked at Song Shuhang and smiled brightly. But when he saw that True Monarch Yellow Mountain and Venerable White were also there, his face twitched a little.

However, he still kept his smiling face and greeted them.

"Senior Seven, you were fast. This is the disciple of the Limitless Demon Sect I was talking about. Senior White and Senior Yellow Mountain already took care of him," said Song Shuhang while

pointing at Branch Leader Jing Mo who was lying on a side.

"This time I really have to thank you, Little Friend Shuhang!" Seven moved forward with large strides and arrived in front of Branch Leader Jing Mo. Then, he searched his body. He retrieved a few small and big bottles, a jet-black flying sword, and a ball of mist.

He pressed against these things with his palm, temporarily sealing them. Next, he threw them at Song Shuhang and said, "Little Friend Song Shuhang, take these. After a month or two, once I'm done dealing with this guy and his branch, you'll be able to use them. At the time, they'll change into ownerless items, and you'll be able to use them without worries."

Flying swords and other magical treasures usually carried a brand. If the owner of the treasure wasn't dead, you wouldn't be able to use it.

Deleting the brand of the original owner was rather troublesome. Therefore, Seven decided to use the simpler method, a seal. After a few days, when he was done dealing with Branch Leader Jing Mo, the brand would disappear, and Song Shuhang would be able to use them.

"Little Friend Song Shuhang, I'll bid you farewell now! Wait for Immortal Fairy Bie Xue's 'Immortal Feast'. I'll come look for you at the time!" With that, Su Clan's Seven got a hold of Branch Leader Jing Mo and prepared to leave.

After bidding farewell to True Monarch Yellow Mountain and Venerable White, he left with a "whiz" sound, quickly disappearing at the horizon.

Once he was a certain distance away, Seven murmured, "I had forgotten that Little Friend Shuhang was together with Senior White these days. I almost shat myself. Thank god I managed to escape quickly."



"Senior Yellow Mountain, we'll go our way then!" Song Shuhang said while taking his leave.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain said with a smile, "Then, I'll trouble you to look after Doudou for a few more days. Once I catch and seal Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist again, I'll come and take him back!"

"I understand. I'll relay that to Doudou." said Song Shuhang as he waved his hand.

Then, Venerable White used his flying sword and brought him back to Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

After a while, True Monarch Yellow Mountain also rode his flying sword, leaving the forbidden area.

"Ah? Where has everyone gone?" When Penniless Thief Sect's

Little Candy regained her senses, there was no one around. She was the only one left there.

"..."

Does it mean that I'm free now? But why do I feel so uncomfortable?

Little Candy felt uncomfortable for being disregarded like that.

Then, she clenched her teeth and fists and looked at the direction where Song Shuhang and Venerable White had flown in, saying, "I'll be back!"

❄ ❄ ❄

Song Shuhang was sitting above Venerable White's sword light, but for some reason, he felt that his legs had become soft. Was this the aftermath of that bungee jumping session?

This was a bitter lesson. Next time, he would make sure to control his mouth properly and not blabber random nonsense!

While he was thinking, his phone rang.

Song Shuhang took a look and saw that it was Tubo. It was already late at night. Why did Tubo call him at this hour? Shouldn't he be sleeping?

Song Shuhang answered.

"Shuhang, where are you? I just went to look in your room, but you weren't there." Tubo's anxious voice echoed... since he couldn't sleep, he went to look for Shuhang. If he wasn't sleeping either, they could chat a bit.

But when he went to his room, he didn't find anyone. And since the key of the car was also on the table, he got worried and called him.

"Cough, I just went out to buy cigarettes. I'm on my way back, no need to worry." Song Shuhang quickly replied.

"When did you start smoking? Wait..." Tubo said in a low voice, "You weren't kidnapped, right? Do I need to call the police?"

"Your imagination is sure running wild. There is nothing of the sort. I'll come back soon." Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"Oh, then come back quickly. I'll wait for you." Tubo replied.

Song Shuhang laughed and hung up.

"Senior White, can you deliver me to J-City first?"

"Sure." Senior White nodded and said, "I'll use another flying

sword to send you over there. I'll go to Medicine Master's multi-storied building and wait for your return."

"You'll use another flying sword to send me over there?" Song Shuhang was confused. Did that mean that Senior White could send him to a certain place even if he wasn't directly controlling the flying sword?

Venerable White said, "Yeah, it's pretty simple. The concept is similar to when you use the flying sword to deliver a book."

"When you use the flying sword to deliver a book? But Senior, don't you need another cultivator to coordinate on the other side to lock the position?" Song Shuhang asked. When Medicine Master and Great Master Profound Principle used a flying sword to send books, they locked the correct position through a special synchronization technique. Only then did they use the flying sword to send the book over.

"There is no need for that. Just tell me the address of the place, I'll use the phone and search for the coordinates on the map. I'll lock down the position from there and send you over. I thought of it just recently, but I'm still a Seventh Stage Venerable, you have to believe in me." Venerable White explained.

"Cough. Senior White, why don't you come to J-City with me to have some fun?" Song Shuhang cautiously asked.

He felt that Senior White's method of using Baidu Maps was a bit unreliable. If he could convince Senior White to come personally,

it would be better!

"I'm not in the mood right now," Senior White heaved a sigh. "Even if I managed to restrain my aura, Su Clan's Seven still felt uncomfortable around me and avoided me. He said only a bunch of words and immediately left. This ruined my mood a bit, and I don't feel like accompanying you to J-City. Come, I'll use the flying sword to send you over there. Stop being a scaredy-cat!"

Senior Seven? Song Shuhang felt like crying. It's Senior Seven's fault. Why am I suffering the consequences?

Then, Venerable White took out that blue short sword that belonged to the loose cultivator Li Tiansu and pressed on it with his finger. The sword changed into a layer of light and started floating in the air. Afterward, Senior White moved Song Shuhang onto the layer of light.

"What's the address?" Venerable White asked.

"J-City, Luo Xin Street Area N° 54. Senior White, I won't die, right?" Song Shuhang put on a long face and asked.

"Be at ease. Nothing will happen to you." Senior White messed with the phone a bit and said, "Good, I found the coordinates."

Then, he activated a sword art and said to the sword beneath Song Shuhang, "Go!"

The blue short-sword dashed forward with a "whiz" sound. The speed was extremely fast. What type of fast? The incurable type of fast.

It was that type of fast where Song Shuhang would start yelling as soon as the sword dashed forward, "Aaaaaaaah~"

Song Shuhang only just started calling out in a high-pitched voice, but if a normal person were standing in Venerable White's position, they would already see only a small black dot instead—Song Shuhang had already flown very far...

Chapter 205: Northern River's Loose Cultivator Lost His Memory?

At this time, Song Shuhang was lying flat on the layer of light surrounding the flying sword; he didn't look handsome in the least.

The harsh reality had reminded Song Shuhang time and time again of its brutality, continuously destroying his dream of 'riding a flying sword'.

If not for the fact that there was a huge gravitational force on the layer of light, keeping Song Shuhang glued to the sword, he would have long ago fallen due to the excessive speed.

'Senior White, even if this technique is used to deliver books, you could have added a wind-proof formation! I'm a person, not a book!' Song Shuhang was on the verge of tears.

Since the sword had become fast to the point of being incurable, Song Shuhang could only rely on his body to resist the wind.

If not for the fact that he was a cultivator of the First Stage with two opened apertures, this speed and the lack of oxygen would have already killed him.

Aside from the extreme speed, Song Shuhang couldn't find other merits in this method developed by Senior White.

Moreover... Song Shuhang felt that aside from acrophobia, he had started to suffer from [tachophobia](#) too.

After an unknown amount of time—not much given the speed—Song Shuhang arrived at the destination.

Right now, he had a broom-type hairstyle. Luckily, his hair wasn't as long as that of Medicine Master. Otherwise, he would look as though someone had electrocuted him.

The speed of the flying sword started to decrease. It was preparing to land.

Thankfully, it wasn't a bungee jumping sword. Otherwise, Song Shuhang's legs would have gone soft once again.



Inside Tubo's grandfather's residence.

Tubo was holding his phone and playing a game. He seemed quite bored, 'Where has Shuhang gone? He wasn't kidnapped for real, right?'

Song Shuhang had never smoked. And now, he went out late at night saying that he had gone to buy cigarettes... anyone could understand that there was something wrong.

If Song Shuhang's doesn't come back in the next ten minutes, should I call the police?

Tubo's imagination was running wild.



In the small courtyard of the house.

Two petty thieves were hanging around Song Shuhang's 'Mademoiselle' car. They used a flashlight to see what was inside the car, quickly turning it off afterward.

"There is a big box, and also a big package. This is a car model used by women, maybe there is something good inside," said Petty Thief A.

There was a higher chance of finding good stuff in a woman's car rather than a man's.

Petty Thief B quietly waved his hand. Then, he lifted a brick and said, "I'll break the car window. You take that box and package as fast as possible."

"Sure. Moreover, I looked up this car on the Internet. Its alarm system is a little backward. Sometimes, the alarm won't ring even if you break the window." Petty Thief A laughed.

Then, Petty Thief B raised the brick and prepared to smash the car window. But at this time, something fell from the sky, coming toward him.

And just like this... Petty Thief B was hit and sent flying.

His frail body was sent flying for around five meters, bumping into the wall of a house.

Petty Thief A was staring dumbfounded. His mouth remained wide open for quite a while.

What the f*ck just happened?!

"Oh, did I safely land?" Song Shuhang's voice echoed. He gently lifted the lifeless flying sword with his foot, taking it in his hands.

"Aaaaah~" At this time, Petty Thief B suddenly screamed.

It felt as though he had been hit by an ox. All the bones in his body were in shambles.

Song Shuhang shot a look at them, "Oh, are these thieves?"

Petty Thief A opened his eyes wide. Afterward, he revealed a sinister expression as he took out a knife from his pocket, "Get the hell out here if you don't want to-"

He hadn't finished his speech when he felt the world going black.

Someone had punched him in the face. He pitifully screamed and was sent flying. Just like his companion, he also hit against the wall of Tubo grandfather's house.

The two petty thieves fell on one another, sending out pitiful yells.

"You guys came at the right time!" Song Shuhang secretly nodded—Tubo was going to ask him where he had run to in the middle of the night. With the appearance of these two thieves, he could uprightly say that he noticed these two suspicious guys hanging around the place and that he went to keep an eye on them!

What a stroke of luck!

"What's happening?" Said Tubo while squeezing his head out of the window of the upper floor.

"Tubo, it's me. I caught two petty thieves." Song Shuhang smiled and waved his hand.

"What? Thieves? Wahaha! We haven't encountered petty thieves in Luo Xin Street for a long time," said Tubo excitedly. Then, he shouted, "Grandpa, we've caught some thieves!"

"What? Did someone say thieves?! Jesus, they caught some thieves!!!" Tubo's grandfather had yet to reply when someone else

started to shout.

Very soon, Tubo, his grandfather, his grandmother, Li Yangde, and a lot of neighbors rushed over.

"Petty thieves? Where are they?!" Tubo's grandfather roared.

Many of residents of Luo Xin Street were blood relatives, so when they had to deal with an 'enemy', they would always come together. Whenever a thief was sighted, the whole village would come out to look for them.

Only a very small number of thieves managed to escape after being discovered.

Therefore, there hadn't been too many thieves that had come here to steal lately—because not only were they unable to steal in most cases, but they would also end up in a miserable state after being caught.

The last time a thief was caught, he shed tears of joy when the police officer came to arrest him.

"Over there. They are in that corner." Song Shuhang said with a smile.

Then... the neighbors went there and started to beat them.

Next, someone shouted, "Who has a rope? Let's tie them up before giving them to the police!"

"I'm coming. I have a rope." A man suddenly ran over and took out a long rope.

He seemed pretty experienced. He quickly tied up both their hands and feet. After pondering for a bit, he decided to bind their bodies as well.

Was this man really binding a person? It almost seemed as though he was binding a crab.

"There is no need to tie their feet. We need to drag them to the police station in a while. And why are you binding their bodies too? You're not going to sell them like your crabs!" Said someone else.

What? He was selling crabs for real?

"..." The man with the rope made a hollow laugh, "Crap, it's a habit!"

Once they were done, Tubo's grandfather and the other villagers brought the beaten-up petty thieves to the nearby police station.

Luckily for Shuhang, these two petty thieves provided a good excuse for why he had left the house in the middle of the night.



After staying in Tubo's grandfather's house for two days, Song Shuhang and Li Yangde decided to leave and set out on the road to Jiangnan College Town. On the other hand, Tubo decided to have fun at this grandfather's place for a few more days.

The 'Mademoiselle' car set out. In the rear, there were two big boxes of strawberries. These were Song Shuhang's spoils of war from the last two days.

Tubo's grandfather warmly waved his hand while gazing at the departing Song Shuhang and Li Yangde.

After Song Shuhang had come over, all those strange events in the village suddenly stopped. Even all the elders that had gotten weak had started to recover their strength.

It was truly wonderful.



Jiangnan College Town. After bringing Yangde home, Song Shuhang took his car and drove to Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

"Senior White, Doudou, I have returned." Song Shuhang took the

two boxes and the large package with him while moving toward the entrance.

Once he opened the door, he was temporary at a loss.

He looked at the familiar and at the same time unfamiliar house. Then, he quietly closed the door. There is no mistake about it! It's precisely the five-story building bought by Medicine Master!

But the interior of the house... had completely changed.

No matter if we were talking about the walls, the ceiling, the lights, the various home appliances, or the digital stuff... everything had changed.

Song Shuhang's corners of the mouth twitched. I've been away only for two days, right?

At this time, Venerable White's form quickly appeared in Song Shuhang's side.

"Hahaha. Shuhang, what do you think of this renovation?" Senior White had the face of someone that was both anxious and trying to curry favors.

Song Shuhang blinked. After a while, he nodded and squeezed out two words, "Not bad!"

In regards to decorations alone—if we gave one million as a score to the decorations present when Medicine Master bought the house, the actual score would be at least ten million! It was truly magnificent...

Song Shuhang was taken aback, and he could only say 'not bad' in the end.

But why did Senior White completely renovate the house...? Song Shuhang felt that there was no need to ask this question. From Senior White's 'anxious + trying to curry favors' expression, he had more or less guessed the reason.

Senior White heaved a sigh of relief.

Song Shuhang opened his mouth. He wanted to remind Senior White that this house belonged to Senior Medicine Master. There was no need to please him. However, after seeing Senior White heaving a sigh of relief, he felt that it would be cruel to remind Senior White of this fact.

"Right. Senior, I brought these strawberries from the house of my classmate. Do you want to eat them?" Song Shuhang opened one of the boxes; it was full of strawberries. They looked very tasty.

Senior White ate one and narrowed his eyes, "This flavor is quite good."

"I know, right? We plucked them personally. It was an interesting experience. Next time, we can go to have fun together. Since it's summer and I don't have to go to school, I can bring Senior all over the country. If we keep staying in the Jiangnan area, we will miss a lot of interesting places." Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"Fine!" Senior White's eyes immediately lit up. "Right, in a few days, we have to go and learn how to fly a plane!"

"No problem!" Song Shuhang had a bright smile on his face. However, he thought to himself— Before learning how to fly a plane, should I ask Senior Yellow Mountain to prepare a spacesuit?

He feared that Senior White would get too excited and start messing around with their plane, directly sending it into space and start their voyage toward the moon!

Therefore, he had to prepare for all eventualities.

Just as they were speaking, the pekingese Doudou ran out of the room. He pounced toward Song Shuhang and asked, "Shuhang, is that true that you met stupid Yellow Mountain a few days ago?"

Song Shuhang caught Doudou midair and replied, "Yes, I've met him."

"Did stupid Yellow Mountain say when he's coming over to bring me home?" Asked Doudou with an excited look on his face.

Whenever he had run away, True Monarch Yellow Mountain would immediately start looking for him and bring him home. But this time, it had already been a month, and True Monarch hadn't come yet. Doudou found it difficult to accept.

"Cough, True Monarch said to wait a few more days. He said he'd come to get you once he catches and seals that Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist from the Penniless Thief Sect again." Song Shuhang truthfully replied.

"He'll come after catching that stupid Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist?" Doudou clenched his teeth, "Is that stupid Yellow Mountain really planning to ignore me?"

Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh.

"Alright. Let's not talk about stupid Yellow Mountain. You weren't online yesterday, right? Something happened in the group." Doudou left Song Shuhang's embrace and said.

"Yes, I was out of battery yesterday. I forgot to bring a charger with me when I went to J-City." Song Shuhang replied, "Was someone looking for me?"

It was quite embarrassing. The seniors in the group even gave him a ten million RMB phone recharge to allow him to be always online. And yet, he forgot to bring the battery charger and ended up being unreachable again.

"Seriously. When Medicine Master returns, ask him to teach you the 'battery charging technique'. It's useful at critical moments. If you could learn the Lightning Palm, you should have no problems learning the battery charging technique." Doudou said.

Battery charging technique? There was even such a mysterious technique?

It seemed that the seniors in the group tried very hard to solve the problem of having their mobile phones and laptops run out of battery when away from home.

While the man and the dog were chatting, Senior White took the big box and started eating the strawberries; he was in a good mood.

Song Shuhang went to the hall upstairs and put in a corner the raw medicinal materials, the three million RMB, and all the things obtained from Branch Leader Jing Mo.

Then, he used his computer and opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group to read the latest news.

The new messages dated back to yesterday afternoon.

The first one belonged to Soft Feather and was sent around 2 PM.

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: " @Stressed by a Mountain

of Books, Senior Song~ are you there? I was finally able to complete the synchronization with the ghost spirit! Have you already decided where you want to go during summer vacation? If not, we can go to that mysterious island!"

After half a month, she was finally able to complete the synchronization with the ghost spirit. Now, they could share their energies and consciousness.

From now on, whenever she was using this add-on, the true qi inside her body would be purified and her cultivation speed would double. The quantity of true qi inside her body would also double.

Moreover, since she had fulfilled her part of the agreement with her father, she could finally leave the island and go out to play. Therefore, she remembered about the mysterious island and asked Song Shuhang to go there.

Unfortunately, Song Shuhang's phone was out of battery at the time.

However... someone inside the group quickly replied to Soft Feather.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "Oh. You have done well, Soft Feather. It's pretty rare to obtain a ghost spirit, and you already managed to synchronize with it?"

Senior Northern River's Loose Cultivator hadn't appeared in a

long time. Is he finally back from the mysterious island?

This man was the ‘always online’ brave warrior of the Nine Provinces Number One Group. He was the first one to reply whenever someone had a question. If this were a forum, he would be that guy that kept refreshing just to write ‘First!’ under every post.

Since the seniors are happily chatting, it seems that they had safely returned from the mysterious island. I wonder what they discovered in that place... Song Shuhang thought to himself.

He quickly scrolled through the chat logs with the mouse.

Next, he saw another message from Northern River’s Loose Cultivator, "Soft Feather, do you want to go to the mysterious island with us? Thrice Reckless, Ancient Lake Temple, and I are planning to explore it. Do you want to come with us?"

Song Shuhang froze on the spot—there was something wrong here! Senior, you three went to the mysterious island twenty days ago!

But now, you are still ‘planning’ to explore it?

Did they... lose their memories?

Fear of speed

Chapter 206: Senior's Loots And A Worried Shuhang!

"???" Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather sent a row of question marks. Didn't the three seniors just get back from the mysterious island?

Subsequently, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber sprung out and said happily, "Soft Feather, do you wanna go with us? You are most welcome to do so! Also, you can tell Venerable Spirit Butterfly that the three of us would be there and would certainly take good care of you, you can tell Venerable not to worry at all!"

Then, the next message was from True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple.

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple: "Soft Feather, if you wanna go together, we should decide on a place to meet at. For this trip to the mysterious island, the three of us have prepared a lot of things—be it magic techniques, magical treasures, or modern equipment. We will prepare a set of equipment for you, so you don't have to worry about losing your memories after entering the mysterious island. Even if you really lost your memories, as long as the effects of the magic as well as the modern equipment have not been nullified, we would be able to locate some clue to start from."

After True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple's words, the remaining seniors in the group started making their appearances.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain quickly said, "Thrice Reckless,

don't look at the date, tell me what day and month is it today?

"It's June 17th, the date we all agreed on to set out." Thrice Reckless Mad Saber quickly replied.

Upon seeing that, True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple hurriedly looked at the timing at the bottom of the computer screen, "Crap, isn't it July 8th, 2019?"

At the same time, Northern River's Loose Cultivator responded, "July 8th, 2019? Could it be that there's a problem with all three of our memories?"

"There's a problem." Dharma King Creation.

"There's a problem + 2." Cave Lord Snow wolf said, as he was rejoicing in others' misfortune.

"+ 3 😊," sent Immortal Master Copper Trigram.

"Additionally, it is a huge problem." Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman appeared, and continued, "Your memory loss is worse than that of Medicine Master's two Daoist friends—at least they could still remember entering the mysterious island, just that they couldn't recall anything that happened in there. When they woke up, they were just clueless about how they got to a deserted beach. As for the three of you, your memories got cut off at the period 'before setting out'.

Medicine Master added on, "Furthermore, when you guys came out of the island, you didn't appear on any beaches. Instead, you guys split up and went home? What I wanna know is, after you guys lost your memories, did all three of you sleepwalk back to your respective immortal caves?"

One could imagine that after they came out of the mysterious island, they didn't have a single memory of it.

And after returning to their immortal caves and switching on their computers, they probably muddle-headedly thought that they had not set out yet. After that, they decided when to meet again to prepare to set out to 'the mysterious island' once again.

Hypothetically—if after their return, nobody reminded Northern River's Loose Cultivator, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber, and True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple that they had lost their memories... perhaps the below might happen:

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "Three Reckless, Daoist Ancient Lake Temple. Let's go on an adventure to the mysterious island, what do you say?"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "Let's go, let's go!"

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple, "Let's go, let's go. Let me prepare some equipment."

And then, they once again attempt The mysterious island... and

lose their memories again.

More than twenty days later.

The three of them return from the mysterious island again and in a confused state of mind, they contact each other once again.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "The three of us should go on an adventure to the mysterious island, what do you say?"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "Let's go, let's go!"

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple, "Let's go together. Let me prepare some equipment. Eh, why does this sound so familiar?"

Subsequently, the three of them attempt exploring the mysterious island, and lose their memories all over again.

Just like that, in a loop, repeating again and again?

Of course, the chances of such things happening are rather low, unless the three of them don't look at date!

"..." Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather was at a loss for words. She secretly touched her big chest—she got a little frightened. Even the three powerful and formidable seniors in the group lost their memories when they went to the mysterious island. If she went there, was there a possibility that she might lose all her

memories and return to the mental state of a newborn? Father, would it be better for me to continue cooping myself up at home?



At this time, Senior Scholar Drunken Moon said calmly, "Didn't the three of you take all kinds of preventive measures against memory loss? You should take out and inspect the magic, magical treasures, and modern equipment and find out what exactly you experienced on the mysterious island."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "I am already looking at it, but all kinds of magic we used had lost its effects."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber continued, "The investigative magical treasures, those that were used for recon purposes, that we carried with us also lost their effectiveness. The images stored within them are gone, all that's left is nothing but a black screen."

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple said, "Well, the pinhole camera still has a few images though."

Thereafter, True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple sent the images that the pinhole camera took to the chat group.

Firstly... it was Northern River and Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's faces. It should be taken on June 19th—the image taken when the three of them found the mysterious island and prepared to enter it.

After that, the next few images were fuzzy and indistinct—they were images of the island. There was a lake and a forest, but they were very ordinary images. It wasn't possible to attain any useful information from just those alone.

Lastly, it was Northern River's Loose Cultivator's dazed face and Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's face, which looked as if he had pulled an all-nighter.

It should be the image taken when they had left the mysterious island, before going their separate ways back to their respective homes. Those were the only images, and none of them could remember any of those.

After the images were sent, Venerable White appeared and commented in the group, "Interesting."

"Eh, Senior White's interested in the mysterious island?" Song Shuhang turned his head and asked.

Thereafter, he saw something interesting. At this moment, Senior White stuffed seven or eight bayberries into his mouth; both of his cheeks were bulging.

"Pew pew pew pew." Senior White spat the seeds one by one into the trash can; one by one, they flew like bullets.

"I am indeed pretty interested in the mysterious island, but... I can't find it," Senior White replied. "A very, very long time ago, I

heard some news regarding the mysterious island, and I had also tried looking for it several times. However, every time I make my way there, I would get lost. No matter what I did, I just couldn't find the mysterious island. I made three or four attempts—after that, I was too lazy to continue searching."

Senior White couldn't find the island? Could it be attributed to the interference of his good luck?

For if Senior White finds the small island, he would lose his memories. Hence, his innate good luck prevented him from entering the mysterious island?

From the looks of it, the mysterious island is bad news. Song Shuhang thought, in a while, I'll try to convince Soft Feather to forget about the idea of going to the mysterious island!

As he was thinking, he continued to turn his head back to the chat log, scrolling to the next page.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "So you don't have any other leads?"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "I only have a pinhole camera with fuzzy indistinct images and clips on my side, basically pretty much the same as what Ancient Lake Temple has, except that instead of being shot from his point of view, it was shot from mine."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "Same as Northern River... we are f*cked, we didn't even have a single inkling of what happened. Additionally, I personally could not sense anything amiss."

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple: "@Medicine Master, Brother Medicine Master, have you looked into the reason behind the memory loss of your two Daoist friends and their juniors?"

Medicine Master: "Yeah, I had somewhat looked into it, the two Daoist friends and their children took the initiative to sign something like a 'contract' with someone with much superior power. Thereafter, they sealed their own memories! If nothing unexpected happened, the situation for the three of you shouldn't be too different. When the three of you have the time, come over. I will help inspect it for all of you."

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple, "Brother Medicine Master, do you have any methods to undo the seal on our memories now?"

"I don't have any way to break that contract, you need to fulfill a 'clause'. But nobody knows what kind of contract you guys made with the powerful being on the mysterious island. As for the clause, apart from you guys, nobody else would know what it was. If we forcefully remove the seal, it could possibly destroy your memories, and make you lose your memories forever," Medicine Master replied at a very fast speed. Obviously, it was typed by Riverly Purple Mist on his behalf.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain was silent for a moment and said, "As for the memory loss, Medicine Master, could you help us research a little more with regards to any solutions for that?"

Besides, as for the memory seal made by the contract, it will not have too much of an impact on your cultivation. Right now, the three of you should check what harvest you gained from this trip."

Exactly, even though they might have lost their memories upon entering the mysterious island, they couldn't possibly have nothing to show for it, right?

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "I have already checked mine long ago—I only found two blades of spirit grass. Honestly, couldn't have made a bigger loss."

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple: "Still better than me. I only had a few chunks of cold iron with me... and they are those that can be found anywhere. Not only did I lose my memory, I wasted so much time. In the end, all I had gotten were two chunks of cold iron. My heart aches!!! Brother Thrice Reckless, what about you?

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "..."

"Thrice Reckless, don't tell me you had nothing at all?" Immortal Master Copper Trigram asked out of curiosity. "Initially, before you entered the mysterious island, I helped you tell your fortune. That day, I calculated that your luck was not bad, you should have gotten pretty good rewards from this trip?

"..." Thrice Reckless Mad Saber stayed silent for a long time before asking, "Immortal Master, where are you?"

"In West China, setting up my stall to tell fortune," replied Immortal Master Copper Trigram.

"I got it... I'm coming to find you immediately! ☹️" Thrice Reckless replied.

Very obviously, from Immortal Master Copper Trigram's calculations, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber did not get a single thing, not even a strand of fur. If he at least had a piece of cold iron, he wouldn't be this mad.

"..." Immortal Master Copper Trigram.

"Hahahaha, you black trigram fortune teller. Wait for your impending death." Northern River's Loose Cultivator laughed out loud.

Immortal Master Copper Trigram said coldly, "Hmph, a month and a half later, after the battle on the summit of the forbidden city, I hope you can still laugh by then."

"This is exactly what I wanna say to you. This Northern River is the one who gets the last laugh." Northern River's Loose Cultivator said happily, as if victory was already in his hands.

Next, the seniors within the chat group started to update Northern River's Loose Cultivator, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber, and True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple on the major events and news that happened in the past twenty days.

After reading till there, Shuhang silently nodded his head and said in a low voice, "I have decided, I definitely will not meddle with the mysterious island!"

"Eh? On the other hand, I was hoping you would find the mysterious island. For all you know, you might leave the place with part of your memories intact and tell me what exactly is in the mysterious island. I am very curious!" Senior White casually said.

Song Shuhang's body stiffened up—this was something Senior White said casually; it shouldn't be considered as 'Senior White's blessing', right?

Even so, he was still uneasy. He subconsciously pulled out the chat log and took a second look at the pictures of the mountains and lakes of the mysterious island sent by Senior Ancient Lake Temple.

Chapter 207: Using Cultivation Techniques While Playing Basketball Is A Very Shameful Behavior!

Northern River's Loose Cultivator and Thrice Reckless Mad Saber were the best players on the flooding team. And now that they had returned, the Nine Provinces Number One Group had started to get lively.

Today, early in the morning. Thrice Reckless Mad Saber and Northern River's Loose Cultivator had already flooded the group. The topic of their conversation was obviously the mysterious island.

Since their memories had been sealed, the three of them weren't planning to leave it at that.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber wrote in the group, "Northern River, you should have a company under your name that is helping China develop space probes to investigate Mars, right? Can you get a hold of one of those probes? If we mess with it a bit, we can modify it and make sure that its signal is not stopped by the protective barrier of the mysterious island! Then, after finding that mysterious island again, we can explore it with the probe."

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple also approved, "It's a good idea. If we go with our main bodies, we'll end up having our memories sealed. But if we use a probe that can be controlled from long range, we might be able to uncover some of the secrets of the mysterious island. I refuse to believe that that powerful being on

the island can seal our memories even at such a distance."

"It's exactly what I was thinking," Northern River's Loose Cultivator said. "My original plan was to develop various probes and send them in the proximity of celestial bodies nearby with my flying sword once I had reached the Sixth Stage True Monarch Realm. I wanted to search for natural resources that would be useful for cultivation. However, building probes capable of exploring Mars isn't an easy feat. It will take time."

"It's fine! No need to rush. We can wait." Thrice Reckless Mad Saber said.

After seeing these messages, Song Shuhang's heart was in turmoil. The seniors in the group were already investing money in the aviation industry. Were they planning to conquer space?

In the following messages, the seniors were discussing how to modify those probes; they all seemed very happy.

Afterward, Northern River started to flood the chat with another topic, "I've read on the Daily Cultivator that Immortal Fairy Bie Xue's Immortal Feast has already reached the preparatory stage. Who has an extra invitation? As soon as I thought of the Immortal Feast, my mouth started watering."

"An extra invitation? You might try to ask Seven. Their Spirit River Su Clan might have a few invitations. True Monarch Yellow Mountain should also have one. I don't know about the others," True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple softly said. "This year, I got

only one invitation. I don't have an extra one."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator said excitedly, "@Su Clan's Seven, Seven, do you have an extra invitation?"

"I don't. I already gave it to someone else as a gift." Seven appeared and replied.

At this very moment, he was tormenting Branch Leader Jing Mo in the HQ of the Su Clan. He was hoping to obtain reliable information about the branches of the Limitless Demon Sect.

"..." Northern River's Loose Cultivator was depressed. Then, he said to True Monarch Yellow Mountain, "True Monarch, do you have an extra invitation?"

"I don't. This year, my quota was halved. I'll be able to bring only Doudou with me," True Monarch Yellow Mountain replied. "I think others don't have extra invitations either. For some unknown reason, Immortal Fairy Bie Xue reduced the number of invitations this year. If you used to get two, three invitations before, this year you'll get only one."

"Nooo! I too want to see Immortal Fairy Bie Xue. What kind of rare ingredients will she need for this year's Immortal Feast? In the worst case, I'll go look for those rare ingredients on the list and get the invite that way!" Northern River's Loose Cultivator said depressed.

Every year, Immortal Fairy Bie Xue would hand out a few invitations for the Immortal Feast to powerful sects and families.

In exchange, these powerful sects and families would provide Bie Xue with a lot of cultivation resources and rare ingredients.

The more ingredients and cultivation resources one provided, the larger would be the number of invitations one would get. And, aside from the Immortal Feast, Bie Xue would also occasionally hold banquets for these top contributors.

However, there would be some ingredients that even powerful families and sects were unable to provide. Therefore, Immortal Fairy Bie Xue would compile a list of ingredients.

If there were anyone that could provide twenty of the ingredients on the list, they would be able to get an invite to the Immortal Feast.

"It's too early for the list. Those families and sects have just started to provide ingredients. Once they're done, and if there are still missing ingredients, Immortal Fairy will compile the list. You better prepare carefully 😊" True Monarch Yellow Mountain said.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber also sent a smiling emoji, "Northern River, you better prepare carefully. If Immortal Fairy Bie Xue isn't interested in your ingredients, you can hand them over to me at a low price~ 🤗"

"Scram!" Said Northern River's Loose Cultivator angrily. How can the ingredients demanded by Bie Xue for her Immortal Feast be ordinary? Low price your sister!

Song Shuhang saw the messages and held his chin, "This Immortal Feast seems really special."

Even a senior like Northern River's Loose Cultivator is doing everything he can to participate. I wonder what type of person this Immortal Fairy Bie Xue is that she can stir up the entire world of cultivators...

"The Immortal Feast isn't half bad. After eating the food there, not only your cultivation, but also your lifespan, body, and latent talent will get a boost. It has a lot of benefits, and it's also very delicious." Venerable White nodded and said.

"Senior White, are you also participating?" Song Shuhang asked.

Venerable White shook his head, "I participated, but it was four hundred years ago. However, after I refused her marriage proposal, Bie Xue didn't invite me to the Immortal Feast ever again."

"..." Song Shuhang blinked. He suddenly got the feeling that things won't go too smoothly for him at the Immortal Feast.



After he finished reading old chat logs, Song Shuhang wrote in the group.

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "@Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather, Soft Feather, I wasn't online yesterday. If you really want to look for a place to explore, can we change it? Everything except the mysterious island is fine. I'm free for two months during this summer vacation."

However, Soft Feather wasn't online. Therefore, she didn't reply.

Next, Song Shuhang wrote, "@Su Clan's Seven, Senior Seven, how is Sixteen's injury? Last time, you left so quickly that I didn't even have time to ask."

Now that he thought about it, Seven really f*cked him over last time. Senior White's 'person delivering' technique taught him the true meaning of 'Fast & Furious'. After that experience, he decided never to try it a second time.

The first one to reply was Northern River's Loose Cultivator, "Little Friend Shuhang, what happened to Sixteen?"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator was worried about Sixteen. However, he entered the mysterious island around twenty days ago. Therefore, he knew nothing about the affair between Seven, the Immortal Farming Sect, the Moon Saber Sect, and Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang had yet to reply when Seven wrote, "Haha. I'm sorry for letting little friend Shuhang and brother Northern River worry. Sixteen received some wounds from the heavenly tribulation, but she is much better right now."

"Can I help in any way?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator said.

"There is one way." Seven said, "If there is someone that has the 'skeletal dragon's withered vine', please contact me. With this medicinal herb, Sixteen's wounds will recover at a faster pace."

"Skeletal dragon's withered vine... this thing is pretty rare." Northern River's Loose Cultivator heaved a sigh.

The skeletal dragon's withered vine was a rare spiritual herb growing on the skeleton of dead dragons, and that 'dead dragon' didn't refer to dinosaurs, but real dragons.

However, dragons had their own tombs, and very few died in the external world. Moreover, the corpse of a dragon would take millennia to decompose. It was not easy to find one that was already a skeleton.

"Haha. It's not actually this troublesome. The skeletal dragon's withered vine growing on the corpse of a flood dragon will also do 😊" Seven sent a smiling emoji.

"In that case, there might be a chance of obtaining it. I'll go and ask some of my friends. Maybe they have it in their collection 😊"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator said.

Song Shuhang typed on the keyboard, but he didn't send his message.

He was only a small cultivator of the First Stage. He didn't even know what the skeletal dragon's withered vine looked like, let alone where to search it.

At this moment, he realized how insignificant he was.

If he were a powerful cultivator like Northern River's Loose Cultivator, he too would have been able to lend a hand.

"Don't worry about it. Everyone has to start from zero and will gradually get stronger. Don't enter a dead alley. Otherwise, you'll strengthen your Inner Demon." At this time, Venerable White suddenly appeared at his side and patted his shoulder.

Song Shuhang silently nodded.

"If you have time, you should take a look at daoist scriptures, buddhist ones are also good. If you don't like either of them, you can read western religious texts. Anyway, these texts have the power to weaken your Inner Demon and calm your heart and mind," said Venerable White with a laugh.

"I understand. If I just have to read books, it's not a problem. After all, I like them quite a bit." Song Shuhang chuckled. No

matter what type of book it was, as long as it was something he hadn't already read, he would have no problem reading it for a whole afternoon without getting bored.

It seemed that he would have to go to freeload books at the store of the pretty shop owner soon.



China. In a small temple named Faraway Wandering Temple.

This temple was very small, but there were a lot of visitors. Many of them were lighting up incense. Therefore, this temple was shrouded in incense smoke all year long, to the point that one couldn't clearly see what its interior looked like.

Concealed under the smoke was a big pagoda.

After passing through the entrance of the pagoda, one could see that inside the temple was a real fairyland.

Tall mountains, running water, and countless buddhist relics were the core of the 'real' Faraway Wandering Temple.

The Faraway Wandering Temple was situated in a place that was in the middle of our world and another dimension, concealed and at the same time visible.

Inside the temple was a huge empty ground... it was a basketball court. It was at least ten times bigger than an ordinary basketball court.

On the edge of this basketball court were many plates dripping with blood.

"Using true qi and spiritual energy while playing basketball is a shameful behavior. We only use our bodies! —— Abbott Profound Principle."

"While playing basketball in the Faraway Wandering Temple, using cultivation techniques is a crime worthy of death! —— Religious Discipline Courtyard's Wondrous Principle."

"Whoever uses magical treasures to cheat while playing basketball will be sentenced to cleaning cooking pots for ten years! —— Janitor Courtyard's Oceanic Principle."

There were other similar writings, and the characters were all dripping with blood.

However, even if qi and blood, true qi, spiritual energy, and cultivation techniques were banned, it seemed as though demons were dancing on the basketball court.

At this time, a senior monk on the court jumped. This jump was over 30 meters high! Then, he used an incredible tomahawk dunk to score a point, making the entire court explode with cheers!

Then, another senior monk relied on the speed of his powerful body and an exquisite footwork to leave behind several afterimages. After getting past three people that were trying to obstruct him, he used a three-step layup to successfully score a point. The only problem was that these steps were a bit larger. A single step covered a distance of two meters.

At this time, one of the disciples that were spectating the match said to Young Monk Three Realms who was on the court, "Senior Brother Three Realms, that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' you told me to pay attention to is now online."

Chapter 208: The Love Of A Father Is As Big As A Mountain: Venerable Spirit Butterfly

"Oh, is he finally online?" Senior Brother Three Realms chuckled. Afterward, he jumped high and did a beautiful 360° spin midair before backhandedly scoring a point.

After this fantastic dunk, all the fellow disciples in the court exploded in cheers.

"Substitution~ substitution~ F*ck, I almost sprained my waist. I should stop showing off like that. Without true qi, one should do only 180° spins. On the other hand, we should tell the master workers to build a more solid basketball court where we can freely use true yuan, spiritual energy, and the like. That would be super cool!" Senior Brother Three Realms massaged his sprained waist and laughed, allowing a junior brother to take his place.

Then, he took out his phone and sent a message to Song Shuhang, "Junior Brother Shuhang, you're finally online! I called you yesterday, but your phone was off. Senior White must be with you now, right?"

Song Shuhang quickly replied to the message, "Hehe. It's truly embarrassing, but my phone was out of battery yesterday. I've just got home, and yes, Senior White is also here."

"Haha. Then, tell Senior White to determine the coordinates with me. Later, I'll send you the supplementary technique <Immovable Body of the Buddha> via flying sword." Senior Brother Three

Realms said.

He chose to use a flying sword instead of a computer because this information was too important. It absolutely couldn't be disclosed!

Even if sending files online was quick and convenient, there was a risk that information would be leaked. Therefore, it was used only to transmit unimportant stuff or small techniques, like the one to control mental energy. For example, Senior Brother Three Realms sent to Song Shuhang the Brand Induction Technique, Spirit Brand Technique, and Temporary Sword Controlling Technique via computer not too long ago.

However, real cultivation techniques were physically delivered, and even the USB flash drive containing the information had various layers of protection as to avoid others stealing it.

"I see. I'll tell Senior White." Song Shuhang replied. Then, he also asked, "Senior Brother Three Realms, do you happen to have a phone charging technique too?"

Young Monk Three Realms: "The phone charging technique? Oh, it seems there is indeed such a technique. However, before learning that technique, you must first convert the energy inside your body into electricity. Wait till you reach the Second Stage True Master Realm before studying it. Moreover, aren't you part of the Nine Provinces Number One Group? That technique was invented by one of the seniors there. You should be able to find it in the group space."

"Thanks!" Song Shuhang replied. Then, he turned his head and looked at Senior White.

Senior White, "Pew pew pew~"

It seemed that Senior White was really enjoying eating those bayberries.

"Senior White, Senior Brother Three Realms wants to send me something with the flying sword. Can you lock coordinates with him?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Three Realms? Are you talking about Profound Principle's disciple? That boy has already reached the Fourth Stage and can now control a flying sword, huh! These youngsters are sure growing fast. When I saw him several hundred years ago, he was nothing but a little kid that had just become Profound Principle's disciple." Venerable White nodded as he reminisced about the past.

However, Song Shuhang felt that this Venerable White acting as an 'old man' was rather out of place. Was it due to Senior White's young appearance?

Senior White went to the veranda and pointed his finger at the sky, standing perfectly still.



On the other side, in the Faraway Wandering Temple.

Senior Brother Three Realm had a similar posture, with his finger pointing toward the sky. They mutually locked down coordinates.

"Senior Brother, here is the flying sword to send the documents." A little monk ran over, dripping with sweat. He was holding a sword made of black iron.

It was the same sword used by Great Master Profound Principle and Medicine Master to exchange materials back then. It seemed that Song Shuhang and this flying sword were bound by fate.

"It's worthily the sword used by the Abbot to send materials. It's very heavy!" The little monk felt that this sword was even heavier than a person!

"This flying sword is made of a very hard material. Therefore, it's normal for it to be heavy." Senior Brother Three Realms said with a smile. Then, he put various layers of protection on the USB flash drive. If someone tried to forcefully remove them, the USB flash drive would self-destruct.

Next, he placed it on the flying sword and performed a hand seal, "Sword controlling technique, go!"

"Swish!"

The flying sword made of black iron flew from the hands of the

little monk and soared toward the sky, disappearing into the clouds.

The nearby disciples looked at Senior Brother Three Realms with admiration; he could control and ride flying swords, and he had reached the Fourth Stage Innate Realm at a very young age. Becoming like Three Realms was the goal of many disciples of the Faraway Wandering Temple.

"Continue playing! In a while, if there is someone who is tired, I can take their place~" Senior Brother Three Realms said with a smile and headed toward the crowd at the edge of the basketball court, preparing to sub-in at any time.

Even if he was Great Master Profound Principle's direct disciple, he wasn't arrogant. He had a very good relationship with the other disciples of the temple.



Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

Senior White took his finger back and said, "Done. The flying sword should be here in around four, five hours."

"Thank you, Senior White."

Then, Song Shuhang opened the chat of the Nine Provinces Number One Group on his computer and entered the group space,

starting to scroll through the material shared in the group.

Found it!

[Title: Afraid to find your phone out battery while away from home? Afraid that your electronic equipment would stop working while braving dangers outside? The one and only battery charging technique will relieve you from your worries! Fellow daoists, how about giving it a try? —— Thrice Reckless Mad Saber.]

Ah! As soon as he saw the title, even without reading the name, Song Shuhang knew that this was Senior Thrice Reckless Mad Saber's work.

Since the title was so long, Song Shuhang ignored it every time he scrolled through the documents in the group space. He didn't expect it to contain such a practical and useful technique.

Anyway, I didn't expect Senior Thrice Reckless Mad Saber to be the creator of this technique. It's too different from his usual self. After all, Senior Thrice Reckless' main occupation should be to seek death, and it doesn't have any relations with developing new techniques!

Song Shuhang opened the file and carefully looked at the principles behind the battery charging technique.

After a while... he raised his head which was about to explode. 🤖

This battery charging technique should have been only a minor technique, but when describing the technique, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber had used many cultivation-related theories. And even when describing its usage, he had used many technical terms. Song Shuhang understood almost nothing.

That document about mental energy sent by Scholar Drunken Moon was rather easy to understand. Song Shuhang had comprehended everything after reading it only once.

On the other hand, this technique developed by Senior Thrice Reckless wasn't really suitable for beginners.

Luckily, Senior White is around!

Song Shuhang turned his head and looked at Senior White.

Their eyes met, and then, "Pew pew pew~"

Aye. Senior White really liked those bayberries. He had already finished a big box of them.

"Senior, there is this battery charging technique, but I don't understand how to use it." Song Shuhang pointed at the contents of the 'battery charging technique' on the screen.

"Let me take a look." Venerable White came closer and used his finger to follow the words on the screen as he read them.

After a few seconds.

"Aye. I more or less understood the principle behind it. I'll try it out in a while. Then, I'll teach it to you." Senior White said.

"Thank you, Senior!" Song Shuhang clenched his fist and made a cool pose, "I'm lucky to have Senior White to help me!"

"Aye, it's nothing," Venerable White said calmly. "Right, I remembered something. That agent hired by Yellow Mountain called yesterday. He said that all the cars booked by Yellow Mountain would be delivered tomorrow or the day after. Once we're free, we should go over and check the merchandise."

"Sure, no problem." Song Shuhang nodded.

He thought that it was time to visit home after settling this matter.

After all, he was in the middle of summer vacation. He too should make a trip back home. Otherwise, Mama Song will start to worry.

Moreover, he really wanted to let his parents and close friends try the Spirit Green Tea to improve their health.



Two hours later.

Inside the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather got online, and after sending a cute smiling emoji (😊), she replied to Shuhang, "@Stressed by a Mountain of Books, Senior Song, I'm of the same mind. This mysterious island seems way too dangerous. In addition, I found another good location! Heehee. This morning, I discovered a treasure map amongst father's notes. It seemed rather interesting. Senior Song, let's go treasure-hunting together!"

"A treasure map? It seems interesting! It's good for youngsters to go out and gain some experience. Good luck, Soft Feather." Northern River's Loose Cultivator was the first one to reply.

However, he thought to himself: It's not easy to be a father! Venerable Spirit Butterfly must have carefully planned all of this.

Since he feared that his daughter would decide to go to the mysterious island on a whim, Venerable Spirit Butterfly quickly prepared a treasure map to keep her occupied. This way, she would be able to satisfy her desire to explore unknown places. He was very careful and didn't let her discover anything unusual.

It was likely that even this place where the treasure was buried had been meticulously prepared by Venerable Spirit Butterfly...

This was the love of a parent!

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "Sure! I'm free for these two months. Just send me a message when you want to go."

"Aye, aye. I need to settle some small matters first. Once I'm done dealing with them, I'll pack the necessary equipment for the journey!" Said Soft Feather happily. Then, she added, "Right. Senior Song, the Spirit Green Tea leaves I personally picked have entered the final refining stage. Once they're ready, I'll send them to you. At the time, remember to give me an address."

"Sure. Thank you, Soft Feather 😊" Song Shuhang said.

Speaking of which, I have received many things from Soft Feather. When I have the chance, I should try to repay the favor!

At this time, another ID popped out in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

King Doudou: "Yellow Mountain, Yellow Mountain! When are you coming to get me?"

In the past few days, when Shuhang wasn't home, Doudou had requested to enter the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain quickly replied, "Soon."

"I'll give you half a month. If you aren't here by then, I'll bite

your 'Jade Palace Heaven-Piercing Shuttle' and fill it with holes." Doudou threatened.

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain broke out in cold sweat. The Jade Palace Heaven-Piercing Shuttle was his little darling. It was an immortal boat, which could be considered the same as a luxury car for cultivators, and it would let you gain a lot of face whenever you were out with it.

Doudou meant what he said. If he said he was going to bite it, then he would bite it!

"In addition, I want to get a car license!" Doudou added.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Stop causing trouble. Why do you even need a car license?"

Chapter 209: Ah~ That familiar scream!

King Doudou: "Do I need a reason? The people around me, Senior Venerable White and Song Shuhang, have already learned driving and even gotten their driver's license. I'm the only one who doesn't have it—wouldn't it make me seem very out of the loop? I don't care, I just don't care, in any case, you have to make a driver's license for me too. I still want to learn how to drive in the car, I wanna drive! Stupid Yellow Mountain, do you hear me?"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "..."

[System Notification: King Doudou was muted by the founder of the group, True Monarch Yellow Mountain, for 1 day.]

Doudou snorted, "You think muting me is good enough?"

He used his paw and proficiently scrolled to the private message page, "Stupid Yellow Mountain, Stupid Mountain..."

Even if I can't chat on the chat group, I still have private message function!

And then Doudou continued, "I wanna drive, can you agree please? I beg you!"

"Quit fooling around, you're a pekingese, how are you gonna learn how to drive?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain replied.

"How mean, stupid Yellow Mountain, you bully dogs!" Doudou, who was mad and resentful, said, "So what if I'm a pekingese? I have paws that can hold onto the steering wheel, I can become bigger and my legs would be able to reach the brake and gas pedals! I have been reading about the theory behind driving for the past few days and I have already memorized all the traffic knowledge, I can do it!"

Song Shuhang turned his head and stared at Doudou's computer screen. Ever since he had opened his Eye Aperture, his eyesight became very good. He could see all of Doudou's exchange with True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

Upon reading what Doudou said, an image of a 'pekingese'-like person sitting in the car with both hands on the steering wheel and driving earnestly appeared in his mind. His two dog legs could even step on the clutch, gas, and brake pedals...

That image was simply way too perfect...

Don't talk about the rest, just him driving on the road alone is enough to scare ordinary people to death.

Traffic police wouldn't even dare to stop him—would you dare to risk your life to stop a driving dog? Would you want to throw your life away? What if you get run over and die? Who's gonna compensate you?

"In any case, no means no. Wait till you have condensed a monster core and are able to transform into human form, then we

shall talk about driving lessons. Otherwise, there's no need for further discussion!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain said resolutely.

"Stupid Yellow Mountain! Stupid Yellow Mountain! Stupid Yellow Mountain!" x 23

Doudou flooded his screen out of discontentment.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain sent a 😏 and said, "Stop throwing tantrums or I'll kick you out from the Nine Provinces Number One chat group. And ban your user account forever under the group settings!"

"..." Doudou's scrolling paw paused.

After a long time, he lifted his head 45 degrees—his entire dog face was filled with sadness and loneliness...

Song Shuhang thought that Doudou admitted defeat.

Instead, he saw Doudou sigh and say, "Stupid Yellow Mountain, you have really forced me into using my big move!"

Thereafter, Song Shuhang saw that Doudou took a screenshot of his conversation with Monarch Yellow Mountain and proficiently selected a member from his friends list.

It was Fairy Lychee, that fairy who was very beautiful and loved taking selfies.

And then, Doudou sent a private message to Fairy Lychee, "Big Sister Lychee!"

He even sent a 🙄.

"Oh, it's Little Doudou. How come you suddenly thought of private-messaging me today?" Fairy Lychee added a 😊 behind—she had to be really fond of Doudou.

"Mm... I'm here to lodge a complaint, True Monarch Yellow Mountain bullied me, I feel wronged!" Doudou added a 🙄, and sent the screenshot he had taken of their conversation to Fairy Lychee.

Doudou's screenshot was as such:

King Doudou: "I wanna drive, can you agree please? I beg you!"
Eh, a pretty mild tone?

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Quit fooling around, you're a pekingese, how are you gonna learn how to drive?"

King Doudou: "So what if I'm a pekingese? I have paws that can hold onto the steering wheel, I can become bigger and my legs would be able to reach the brake and gas pedals! I have been reading about the theory behind driving for the past few days and I

have already memorized the all the traffic knowledge, I can do it!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "No means no!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Stop throwing tantrums or I'll kick you out from the Nine Provinces Number One chat group. 😏"

Then, the screenshot ended.

Indeed... Doudou deleted the content of his scoldings directed at True Monarch Yellow Mountain, leaving behind only True Monarch Yellow Mountain's cold words and emoticons.

Fairy Lychee quickly sent a 😞 emoticon.

After that, she replied, "How could this True Monarch Yellow Mountain treat you like this, Doudou, hold on, I will administer justice for you!"

After speaking, Fairy Lychee went offline!

Doudou continued to hold his head 45 degrees towards the sky, his face filled with sadness; however, at the same time, he was also obviously pleased with himself. "Sigh, if revenge breeds revenge, will there be an end to it? Why do it in the first place?"

When Song Shuhang saw this, he felt as though his eyes really went blind!

Doudou had broadened Song Shuhang's mind once again, establishing a new low for the words 'cute pet'.

In the future, I will never, ever keep monster pets whatsoever! Song Shuhang swore in his heart.



At this time, on the 69th Peak of the Limitless Demon Sect, the 'Mahoraga Peak'.

Young Master Hai sat quietly next to the sea of clouds, resting his chin on his hand.

Within the sea of clouds, Zheng Neng was dripping with sweat. He practiced the basic swordplay over and over again, training his body.

The sea of clouds rolled, and Demon Monarch Anzhi's actual body emerged from within the clouds.

"That fella Jing Mo got captured," said Demon Monarch Anzhi right after he showed himself.

Upon hearing this news, Young Master Hai's face couldn't help but stiffen, "I do remember master giving Jing Mo a talisman treasure with the 'Blood Evasion Technique' for this mission."

That was a top-notch escaping technique that was known to allow one to elude from Sixth Stage True Monarchs' hands. Branch Leader Jing Mo was actually unable to escape?

What kind of enemy did he face?

An old Sixth Stage, who had already reached the peak of True Monarch stage? Or a scary and formidable Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable?

Zheng Neng stopped his sword practice and shook off the sweat on his face. He rode on his sword and approached Demon Monarch Anzhi saying, "Was it because Jing Mo was too careless and didn't have an opportunity to use the 'Blood Evasion Technique' talisman treasure? Or was he captured alive by force?"

"This time, Jing Mo was not careless. He even brought his only friend, Daoist Half Gourd, along with him for this operation against Stressed by a Mountain of Books. At that time, Stressed by a Mountain of Books was alone, he did not have any senior cultivator following him. It was the best opportunity to deal with him." Demon monarch Anzhi sighed with emotion.

"Daoist Half Gourd? Is it that famous loose cultivator? He has a bottle gourd in his possession, he's pretty difficult to deal with," Zheng Neng furrowed his brows. When he was in the Immortal Farming Sect, he had heard of the name of this Daoist Half Gourd. His power and capability were mediocre, but because of the bottle gourd, he was able to become one of the top few within Fourth

Stage cultivators.

"However, that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' was able to get rid of Daoist Half Gourd, who would be a pain even to us if we were to want to get rid of him, by using just a magical treasure to pierce him to death and then send his corpse to somewhere unknown." Upon thinking back on what his clone saw, Demon Monarch Anzhi still felt the lingering fear.

His clone couldn't even tell exactly what magical treasure 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' used, he could only see a ray of light, which went at an extremely fast speed! Thereafter, Daoist Half Gourd was dead.

Demon Monarch Anzhi thought—if he were Daoist Half Gourd, he also wouldn't have much confidence in defending himself from that magical treasure.

Young Master Hai squinted his eyes and guessed, "I think that that magical treasure should be usable only once? If not, Jing Mo would have used the 'Blood Evasion Technique' to escape as soon as he could.

"Yes, after 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' used the magical treasure, he did not have as much strength to resist. He took two consecutive strikes from Jing Mo's sword, and almost got slashed to death. But Jing Mo never expected that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' actually had another mystical escaping technique and that its speed would be that fast. Even Jing Mo had to use his maximum strength and speed in order to keep up with that escaping technique. The speed of my clone could not keep up with

them, however, and it could only watch them get further and further away." Demon Monarch Anzhi sighed heavily.

Zheng Neng nodded and said, "That Stressed by a Mountain of Books got to know so many senior cultivators, it's not surprising for him to be equipped with one or two escaping techniques. Jing Mo's brain ultimately was not bright enough, he didn't take any precautions."

"As for what happened later on, I am not sure. But not long later... I received definite news stating that Su Clan's Seven captured Branch Leader Jing Mo alive and brought him back to the headquarters of the Spirit River Su Clan." The corner of Demon Monarch Anzhi's mouth twitched a little.

The Spirit River Su Clan was a rather enormous aristocratic family that was not weaker than the 'Limitless Demon Sect'. Additionally, they had a lot of strategies and tricks. Once Branch Leader Jing Mo got brought back there, he might leak out a lot of information pertaining to the 'Limitless Demon Sect'.

Young Master Hai's fingers lightly tapped on his thigh as he answered, "No harm, the things that Jing Mo is aware of ain't much. The Spirit River Su Clan wouldn't be able to get much information from him... Additionally, I will contact the branch members that were originally under 'Jing Mo' and tell them to retreat ASAP to avoid getting taken revenge on by the Spirit River Su Clan. Brother Seven's power and capability can be rated as top-notch amongst Fifth Stage cultivators. None of the branches would be able to withstand his fury."

"If you had known earlier, you wouldn't have angered Su Clan's Seven." Demon Monarch Anzhi replied as he smiled.

"No... I am instead lucky that I chose Brother Seven as my target. He is my biggest encouragement and motivation on my path to cultivation—between the two of us, only one can live. With such pressure present, I will grow even faster!" Young Master Hai smiled. He got up and leapt into the sea of clouds, going in the direction of the formation used by Limitless Demon Sect to contact the outside world.

"Lunatic." Demon Monarch Anzhi muttered.



Another two hours went by.

Venerable White, "Pew pew pew pew..."

Next to him were three huge boxes of bayberries... the box that Song Shuhang brought back had been finished a long time ago. After that, Senior White rode the flying sword till the Luo Xin street area near Jiangnan College Town and brought back four boxes of bayberries in one go.

Venerable White stood up and said to Song Shuhang, "The flying sword is gonna be here soon, come with me to receive it."

"Ok!" Song Shuhang leapt up.

《Basic Buddhist Fist Technique》's supplementary technique—the 《Immovable Body of the Buddha》.

Just by listening to its name, it seemed like a rather fierce technique. But, this was a supplementary technique that would bring him one step closer to strengthening his body and speeding up the process of opening his First Stage Apertures. It was a technique that he urgently needed.

Venerable White pointed at the sky—there was a faint, white light flickering in the distance.

Very soon, a black sword appeared in the sky, speeding towards Venerable White.

Faintly...

Song Shuhang heard a scream.

This frequency of the scream... he was all too familiar with it.

These "aaah~ aaaaah~" screams... every two screams, an intermittent pause... that was exactly like that time when he was being sent to Tubo's grandfather's house in J-City by Senior White's 'person delivering flying sword' when Venerable White was in a foul mood...

Chapter 210: What to do if you were in seclusion for so long that you grew hemorrhoids?

Senior Brother Three Realms said he wanted to send a USB flash drive containing the <Immovable Body of the Buddha>, but did he casually send a person along with it?

That couldn't be the case, right? Just as Song Shuhang was thinking about it, that black flying sword already got closer and closer.

And then... there was indeed a person on it.

He was a little bald-headed boy, roughly around 8 years old, with his mouth making shrieks with the same rhythmic tempo as Song Shuhang at that time.

This little baldy was chubby and plump, his whole face was round, and his eyes very big. He had the kind of look that people were generally fond of—the cute little fatty look that made people wish they could nibble his face whenever they see it.

But at this time, tears were gushing from the cute small monk's eyes... due to the extreme speed of the flying sword, his mucus and saliva were flying behind him and his little face turned pale due to excessive fright.

The last time Senior White sent Song Shuhang, he had created a

layer of light and glued Song Shuhang to it.

However, there was no layer of light between the small monk's body and the surface of the flying sword. It was purely the 'material delivering flying sword' technique.

At this moment, the small monk was tenaciously clinging onto the flying sword with his whole body in order not to fall from the flying sword. Luckily, his monk's robes, which were made from some unknown material, did not get torn or cut by the sharp flying sword when he was hugging onto it tightly. Hence, he did not get cut into half by the flying sword.

The only thing that was better than Song Shuhang was that his hair wouldn't become like [Shamate](#) youths' broom-like hair or 'exploded' hair—for the small monk did not have any hair to begin with.

"Senior White, is my vision getting worse lately, or do I see a small monk on the flying sword?"

"Yeah, there is a small monk," Senior White nodded calmly.

"Damn, there really is a small monk on it. Didn't Senior Brother Three Realms only send a USB flash drive? Why did he send along a small monk?" Song Shuhang pinched his chin. Suddenly, both his eyes lit up and said, "Senior White, could it be that this small monk is the 'sword spirit' of the flying sword?"

"No, you think too much." Senior White calmly continued, "That is just an ordinary First Stage small monk who just completed the Foundation Establishment."

"..." Song Shuhang felt his scalp swell—his subconsciousness was telling him that, perhaps, this could be another huge trouble knocking on his door.

"Swoosh!"

The flying sword gracefully landed in front of Senior White, steadily floating in midair.

The small monk finally stopped screaming.

A moment later, he reached out with his hands and wiped his tears and attempted to get up from the flying sword with both legs trembling. However, his legs were too wobbly—he tried getting up quite a number of times but failed.

"Hello, benefactors." The small monk was laying on the sword with his palms put together in a respectful greeting. Then, he turned his head towards Song Shuhang in a robot-like manner asking, "Benefactor, can you lend me a helping hand...? My legs are wobbly, I can't get down."

Song Shuhang forced a laugh and was preparing to pick the small monk up.

Senior White suddenly started pondering seriously and started chanting the sword formula as he said, "Shuhang, that fella Three Realms most likely sent the wrong item. I feel that we should send the flying sword and the small monk back."

"Oh, oh, yeah, you're right." Song Shuhang nodded, "But Senior, can you use this sword?"

At that time, Medicine Master was unable to activate Great Master Profound Principle's flying sword and even needed Song Shuhang's help in sending the flying sword back via express delivery.

Venerable White replied, "Don't worry, this time Monk Profound Principle had already undid the lock on the flying sword. His disciple Three Realms could use it, I can also activate the flying sword and channel my spiritual energy into it and send it flying back."

"Don't do it, no... this small monk will die!" The small monk was unable to maintain his stern look and started shouting.

At the same time, he quickly reached his hand and took out a USB flash drive from the sword hilt and said, "You must be Senior Brother Song Shuhang, this is what Senior Brother Three Realms wanted to send you! Inside, it contains the supplementary technique, <Immovable Body of the Buddha>. This small monk will not tell lies, once you open it, you'll know."

Song Shuhang took the USB flash drive and gave it to Senior

White.

Senior White took it and examined it for a bit before saying, "Yeah, there isn't a problem with the USB flash drive, it is indeed this one. As for the restriction lock, I will contact Three Realms in a while to get him to send the technique to undo it."

Song Shuhang nodded his head in silence.

"Senior Brother Shuhang, can you help me get down now?" The small monk used pitiful eyes to look at Song Shuhang with both palms joined together and a pleading facial expression.

"Yeah, but you are?" Song Shuhang asked.

"I am Guoguo, 6 years old this year. I am Abbot Profound Principle's 78th direct disciple!" The small monk had a stern little face but his forehead could not hide his happiness. He said, "I just completed my Foundation Establishment not long ago; when I get promoted to the Second Stage I would be able to get my own dharma name! I am very awesome!"

This little fatty was actually only six years old, but his appearance was undoubtedly that of an 8-year-old's.

"Did you sneak out?" Song Shuhang asked.

The small monk's facial expression changed. A moment later, he clenched his teeth and looked like he was at a loss, then said, "No!

I... right, Senior Brother Three Realms sent me here!"

After finishing his sentence, he put his palms together once again and continuously chanted the many names of Buddha.

"Oh." Song Shuhang nodded.

Thereafter, Song Shuhang took out his phone—he was about about to give Senior Brother Three Realms a call.

The small monk had sharp eyes, and he could see who Song Shuhang was trying to contact on his phone. His face turned white immediately, "I'm sorry! Senior Brother Shuhang, this small monk indeed sneaked out. Please do not call Senior Brother Three Realms!"

At the side, Senior White plainly said, "Monks cannot tell lies. You broke the rules."

The small monk's face immediately looked sick.

"As expected, we have to send him back, I guess?" Senior White once again started to chant the sword formula.

The small monk panicked immediately and said, "No, don't, I'll die. When I was on my way here, my legs already got wobbly, if I get on another 'document-delivering' flying sword, I'll surely fall off halfway through the journey, I don't wanna go to heaven so soon!"

"Don't worry!" When Senior White heard his concern, he immediately became full of confidence and said, "I can use the 'person-delivering' flying sword method to send you back. It's just like riding on a flying sword, the layer of light will keep you glued tightly onto the flying sword, and you certainly won't fall off. This method is really good, Shuhang tried it before! Right, Shuhang?"

Song Shuhang forced a smile and nodded, "Hehe, yes. Your safety's guaranteed. And its speed is really fast!"

Its speed is really fast? Upon hearing this description, the small monk's face became dark.

"Haha, I'm just messing with you," Song Shuhang laughed. He reached out with his hands and carried the small monk down from the flying sword.

At this time, his phone rang.

Song Shuhang looked at it, and it turned out Senior Brother Three Realms was calling him, hence he picked it up.

"It's Junior Brother Shuhang, right? Has the documents-delivering flying sword arrived?" Came Senior Brother Three Realms' voice from the phone.

Song Shuhang glanced at the stiff small monk, whose palms were joined together, at the side and laughed, "Yeah, I just received it,

Senior Brother."

"Also, is there a fat little small monk on the sword, the kind that looks very mischievous?" Senior Brother Three Realm's voice sounded rather worried.

"Yeah, there is one, he's called Guoguo, right?" Song Shuhang replied.

Senior Brother Three Realms on the other end of the line heaved a sigh of relief and said, "That little rascal! He actually sneaked onto my documents-delivering flying sword and ran out. To think he could actually pull that off!"

Thereafter, Senior Brother narrated a few matters to Song Shuhang.

The small monk Guoguo was brought back to the temple by Great Master Profound Principle and was accepted as a disciple. It was said that he was the descendant of an old deceased friend of Great Master Profound Principle's.

According to Faraway Wandering Temple's rules, if a disciple had not been promoted to the Third Stage Acquired Realm, he cannot leave the temple. However, this little fella was extremely daring—the other day, he put a talisman on his body that allowed him to hide himself and then attached himself to the black iron flying sword.

No wonder when the young novice monk collected the sword he said that the black iron sword was rather heavy—at that time, the small monk had already hid and shrunk himself, sitting on top of the flying sword.

Thereafter, Senior Brother Three Realms sent the flying sword to Song Shuhang's, along with the small monk on it.

Song Shuhang couldn't help but look at the small monk—that little fella was just standing in a daze at the side with his hands together. By just looking at him, one might think that he was an extremely well-behaved child, the kind that wouldn't go against the words of adults.

Nobody would have thought he would ever do something such as propping himself on top of the flying sword, riding on it to escape from the 'Faraway Wandering Temple'.

"I have to trouble you, Little Friend Shuhang, to help me take care of him for about two to three days... a week at most. After that, a junior brother who would make his way to the area of Jiangnan would take that little junior brother back," said Senior Brother Three Realms.

Actually... Senior Brother Three Realms could ride the flying sword himself and bring that small monk back.

It was just that when he saw how much that little fella suffered to run away, his heart softened quite a bit, and he decided to let him play outside for a few days. Besides, there was Senior White next to

Song Shuhang, so his safety was guaranteed.

"Taking care of him for a few days isn't a problem, but in a few days' time, I would be making a trip to my hometown. I am having a vacation break right now. If he doesn't come within two to three days, you might have to trouble that senior brother to make a trip to my hometown to pick up the small monk," said Song Shuhang.

"Alright, no problem," said Senior Brother Three Realms.

"Yeah, that's all for now." Just as Song Shuhang was about to hang up, Senior White gestured at Song Shuhang to pass the phone to him.

After receiving the phone, Senior White asked, "Three Realms, tell me the method to unlock the USB flash drive."

"Alright, Senior." Senior Brother Three Realms started to explain to Senior White the steps to unlock it.



Song Shuhang moved towards the small monk Guoguo.

"Senior Brother Shuhang, I'm sorry to trouble you." The small monk placed his palms together, and bowed.

"Hehe." Song Shuhang's movements were as fast as lightning—he

pinched the fat cheeks of the small monk and used his strength to pull them apart... that was exactly what he wanted to do the moment he first laid his eyes on the small monk!

It was especially interesting seeing the small monk keeping a straight face, not daring to resist.

"Little fella, when you snuck out of the Faraway Wandering Temple, was it purely because you wanted to play?" Song Shuhang asked.

"This small monk is no playful person who just wants to have fun." Guoguo kept a stern face.

"Then why did you go through all that trouble to get out for?" asked Shuhang out of curiosity.

The small monk looked slightly at a loss and clenched his teeth saying, "Senior Brother Shuhang, if you swear you won't tell anyone, I can tell you the reason why I ran away."

"No problem, I feel that my lips are sealed pretty tightly." Song Shuhang said earnestly.

At the same time he cooperated with the small monk and made an oath.

The small monk then said softly, "Actually for the past two years I have been meditating and practicing for very long. Sometimes,

when I practiced in seclusion, I'd sit on ice stones or fire rocks when meditating. I don't know when it happened, but I started to get hemorrhoids. I heard that there are operations for hemorrhoids outside, so I secretly came out to do the operation.

Song Shuhang used his strength and rubbed his face—he felt that, recently, he had gotten rigid facial expression syndrome; he did not know what facial expression to use to express his inner feelings that were akin to ten thousand stampeding horses going at full speed...

Transliteration of the English word 'smart' (representing 'stylish' or 'hot' in china). They are a subculture of Chinese youths, the children of poor migrant workers, who are marginalized by the conformity of urban cities dominated by yuppies. Basically, Chinese emo-like subculture.

Chapter 211: Flying into the sky? Of course not, we're aiming for space!

So, if you were to sit for too long while cultivating... you would unexpectedly grow hemorrhoids? It might not be too far-fetched. After all, sitting for too long was indeed one of the causes of hemorrhoids.

Song Shuhang was still a newbie cultivator, and he had cultivated for little more than a month. He had quickly opened the Heart and Eye Apertures through sheer luck.

Therefore, he knew almost nothing about the circumstances of low-level cultivators that were sitting cross-legged for years while cultivating.

He didn't know about these 'fire rock' and 'ice stone' that cultivators were sitting on while cultivating. These stones the little monk had spoken of must be treasures that sects used to increase the efficiency of the meditation. Maybe it was something like the [Ancient Tomb Sect's](#) 'cold jade bed'?

Song Shuhang felt that he had learned something new today.

But shouldn't cultivators have ways to deal with hemorrhoids? Or were all low-level cultivators suffering from this plight?

Moreover...

Song Shuhang asked, "Guoguo, didn't you use the body tempering liquid?"

He remembered that when he took the body tempering liquid the first time, all his small internal wounds automatically healed. And later, even if the effects were getting less and less potent, it was still helping him temper his body.

Shouldn't the body tempering liquid easily cure something as insignificant as hemorrhoids?

It should work, right? Unless... this little monk took so much body tempering liquid that it's no longer effective.

"I also thought of using body tempering liquid, but it was useless!" The small monk Guoguo heavily sighed. His little face was full sorrow and grief.

Then, he said in a low voice, "The first time I took the body tempering liquid, I hadn't grown hemorrhoids yet. However, its effects were quite good, and all the small internal injuries were healed.

But then, when I cultivated for two years on the fire and ice stones, I grew hemorrhoids. When that happened, I immediately thought of using the body tempering liquid to get rid of them. But, for some unknown reasons, it didn't have any effect."

Actually, it was useless that he had lowered his voice. Just how

strong was Venerable White? If even Song Shuhang could hear him, Venerable White could surely hear him from more than a thousand meters away. Then, there was Doudou. He was a pekingese, and his hearing was quite good.

But, Song Shuhang wasn't planning to say it out loud.

After listening to the explanation of the small monk, he quietly turned his head toward Venerable White.

Venerable White slightly moved his mouth and said via secret sound transmission, "This small monk has taken too much medium-quality body tempering liquid. It won't have any effect on him anymore. Only high-quality body tempering liquid will be able to help him."

So, it was really like this! Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh.

A loose cultivator would have to go through countless hardships and pay an astonishing price to obtain a little bit of body tempering liquid. On the other hand, sects' disciples could drink it until it was useless. This was the advantage of having accumulated many resources for many years.

The small monk didn't notice Song Shuhang's strange expression and continued in a low voice, "Recently, my master was planning to send me to the thousand-layer immortal prison, a special fire and ice dual-type environment, to increase the speed of my cultivation. I felt that if I really went to that place, my hemorrhoids would get even worse. Therefore, I ran away and

decided to have a small surgery to resolve the problem!

I even looked up for a hospital. Minimally invasive surgery, painless, and no relapse!" The small monk had an excited face as he spoke.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh. Maybe it was really painless, but the part about 'no relapse' was just advertisement. Nowadays, advertisements were used to cheat honest people like this small monk.

After heaving a sigh, he asked, "Didn't you talk about this with your master? Great Master Profound Principle should have means to cure something like this, right?"

"My master is in silent meditation right now. All matters in the temple are managed by master's junior brother, Religious Discipline Courtyard's Wondrous Principle. But if I were to ask him, he would surely say: 'You will be able to transcend hemorrhoids with your willpower. Moreover, this is also part of the training!'" The small monk mimicked Wondrous Principle and said, "Teacher's junior brother is an ascetic monk."

Ascetic monk: We're happy to suffer. The more we suffer, the more we can understand the wonders of 'pain'. Therefore, let your hemorrhoids come! The more, the better!

Song Shuhang's corner of the mouth twitched. "Did you ask Senior Brother Three Realms about it? If he also had a similar experience, he might a way to deal with it."

"Impossible, it's too embarrassing! Senior Brother mustn't know about this!" The small monk said firmly. "That's why I came here to have a surgery. Once it's done, I won't have to worry about a relapse. With that, I won't have to fear that puny thousand-layer immortal prison!"

Song Shuhang gently pinched those fat cheeks and said, "Alright. If you only want to surgically remove hemorrhoids, Jiangnan College Town's affiliated hospital isn't half bad. They also perform minimally invasive surgery. Do you want to go there?"

The small monk thought a bit and said, "Alright, let's give it a try!"

Song Shuhang shrugged and said, "Come, I'll prepare a room for you. Moreover, you can't run all over the place, understand? If something were to happen to you, how would I explain it to Senior Brother Three Realms?"

I understand. I won't cause any trouble!" The small monk Guoguo said cutely.

Song Shuhang nodded— Will the small monk really behave...?

Song Shuhang was after all a good person, and he wasn't going to decline the request to look after the small monk.



Once the room was ready, the small monk Guoguo remained inside and sat with his eyes closed. He needed to recover from that four-hours trip at high speed on the flying sword. At this moment, he was exhausted.

As soon as Song Shuhang returned downstairs, Venerable White connected the USB flash drive containing the ⟨Immovable Body of the Buddha⟩ to the computer's USB port.

Since it was a supplementary technique of the ⟨Basic Buddhist Fist Technique⟩, the contents were similar. There were several pictures plus the chant of the technique.

However, since it was just a supplementary technique, there were only two pictures plus the chant.

He used the method Medicine Master taught him when he received the ⟨Basic Buddhist Fist Technique⟩. He stared at the contents for a while and engraved them in his mind. Afterward, he relaxed and looked at the pictures again, entering into a dreamland where he learned the technique.

Once he had comprehended the ⟨Immovable Body of the Buddha⟩, Venerable White taught him the battery charging technique too.

For this technique, he also used the power of qi and blood to draw the 雷 character on the palm of his hand, but the procedure was easier compared to the Lightning Palm. Then, he just needed

to use it on a phone or notebook that was out of battery.

Once the battery was full, the extra energy would automatically disperse.

Song Shuhang was able to quickly learn the battery charging technique.

However... he felt that this battery charging technique and the one left in the group space by Senior Thrice Reckless were a bit different.

Did Venerable White improve the battery charging technique?



The next day, July 9th.

Song Shuhang got up very early and opened the door.

He discovered that Senior White was walking back and forth in the corridor.

"Senior White, good morning." Song Shuhang said.

"Good morning, Shuhang." Senior White said with a smile. Then, he cheerfully passed the tablet in his hands to Shuhang, showing

him a message.

It was a message from True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

"Venerable White, I've already made arrangements for you and little friend Song Shuhang to start flight training. On July 9th, you'll receive a visit from a professional agent. He will deliver you an II-type certificate of physical conformity and a private pilot license (PPL). Moreover, the agent will escort you to a special airport where you'll make a trial flight. I wish you good luck! —— True Monarch Yellow Mountain."

Senior White had a smile plastered on his face. He was very happy.

"They'll send a certificate of physical conformity and a pilot license?" Song Shuhang rubbed his eyes. I haven't even touched a plane yet, and Senior Yellow Mountain is planning to give me a pilot license directly? Is this really alright?

"Aye. But these are only unimportant details. Let's quickly prepare!" Venerable White said cheerfully, "In a while, someone will come and bring us to a special airport to make a trial flight! We can't be late!"

"Sure, Senior. I'll immediately get ready!" Song Shuhang said to Senior White with a bright smile.

"Good, be quick!" Senior White hummed. Then, he went

downstairs while holding the tablet.

Once Senior White was gone, Doudou quietly came forward. He started to vigorously shake his body till a piece of dog fur fell on the floor.

Then, he quietly handed it to Song Shuhang, "Take it. Always keep it with you. It will come in handy if there is an emergency!"

"Doudou!" Song Shuhang was touched. At critical moments, Doudou was very reliable!

Doudou had a serious expression as he used his paw to pat Shuhang's shoulder. Then, he quietly returned to his room.

After he entered the room, his dog face revealed a human-like smile, "Hehe. Stupid Yellow Mountain, you won't let me drive a car? Then I'll go fly a plane!"

After all, it seemed that the dog fur wasn't really for emergencies...



Unaware of everything, the pitiful Song Shuhang stored the dog fur with great care. Afterward, he quickly opened the chat.

When he logged in, he received True Monarch Yellow

Mountain's message.

"Little Friend Shuhang, I've already made arrangements for you and Senior White to start flight training. On July 9th, someone will come to deliver the certificate of physical conformity and a pilot license. Afterward, you'll be brought to a place where you'll learn how to fly a plane. I wish you good luck. — True Monarch Yellow Mountain."

Song Shuhang replied, "Senior Yellow Mountain, you could have told me this news a few days earlier to let me mentally prepare."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain was online and immediately replied, "Haha. Didn't I say long ago that I was already making arrangements for your flight lessons? Moreover, it would be quite difficult for you to enter this course with your connections. You should seize the opportunity and not complain!"

"Alright." Song Shuhang heaved a sigh. "But I have a request. Senior Yellow Mountain, please prepare a space suit and a Portable Life Support System for me!"

"What are you going to do with a space suit? Aren't you just going to fly in the sky?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked.

"Senior Yellow Mountain," Song Shuhang said in a serious tone, "I'm gonna take flight lessons with Senior White, and I don't think it will be limited to the sky. I'm mentally prepared to go into space!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "..."

Reference to another chinese novel

Chapter 212: Can you let me eat in peace?

He didn't know the reason either, but after hearing Song Shuhang's words, True Monarch Yellow Mountain was touched. Given Senior White's disposition, it wasn't impossible for them to end up in space.

"I understand. I'll prepare everything you need." True Monarch Yellow Mountain assured him.

In the end, he still reminded, "Right. You absolutely can't let Doudou board the plane. He was nagging me about driving license. Who knows what might happen if he were to board a plane! Don't give him an opportunity to get close to any aircraft!"

"Senior Yellow Mountain, you don't need to worry." Song Shuhang heaved a sigh and said, "Doudou doesn't seem interested in coming with Senior White and me to take flight lessons. Therefore, you don't have to worry too much about it."

Earlier, Doudou gave him his dog fur to protect him from dangers. It seemed that even Doudou was aware how dangerous it was to go with them.

"Is that so? If this is really the case, it would be perfect." True Monarch Yellow Mountain replied— Is Doudou's temperament getting better?

According to True Monarch Yellow Mountain experience, Doudou was always looking for a chance to stir up trouble.

Therefore, it would be strange if he wasn't going to meddle with something as enticing as flight lessons.

Did Doudou stop being a troublemaker after staying with little friend Song Shuhang? If this is really the case, it's absolutely perfect!

When he was raising Doudou, he wanted to turn him into a lovable and obedient pekingese, and certainly not into a hyperactive husky-like mischievous beast. Till this day, True Monarch Yellow Mountain had yet to understand how and why had Doudou turned into such a troublemaker.



Just as he was in deep thought, a pleasing sound echoed outside his immortal cave. The surveillance talisman had detected the presence of a fellow daoist. This function was similar to a doorbell.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain quickly activated the mirror. Its surface lit up like the screen of a computer, and quickly displayed an image of the outside of the cave.

A beautiful fairy maiden was standing at the entrance, her face smiling. As if she had induced True Monarch Yellow Mountain's vision, she waved her small hand and said, "Senior Yellow Mountain, I came here to chat a bit!"

"Ah? It's Lychee! How come you have free time today?" True

Monarch Yellow Mountain heartily laughed and deactivated the surveillance talisman.

Fairy Lychee was sweetly smiling, and she seemed completely harmless to any spectator's eye...



On the other side.

After his discussion with True Monarch Yellow Mountain, Song Shuhang was searching on the Internet, checking things like 'what to do in case of plane crash' or 'how to use a parachute' and small tricks to use when flying a plane.

Even if Senior White could use his flying sword and he had Doudou's dog fur, it was still better to be prepared. Dying meant that everything would be over, so he had to do his best to increase his chances of survival.

Then, after taking a deep breath, he put up a bright smile and went downstairs to eat.

Since they had forgotten to bring Little Candy back when they returned from the forbidden area, the quality of the dishes had declined quite a bit.

Senior White had gone outside and bought things like soybean milk, steamed stuffed buns, fried dough sticks, porridge, pickled

vegetables, and so on.

There was a lot of variety.

But why had Senior White gone out to buy breakfast?

Song Shuhang turned his head and looked at Senior White.

Venerable White, who was scrolling on the tablet with his finger, seemed to have induced Song Shuhang's gaze. He raised his head and both his cheeks were bulging, "Pew pew pew~"

There were several boxes of bayberries beside him. It seemed he had gone outside to buy bayberries and bought breakfast while he was at it.

Unexpectedly, Senior White wasn't tired of eating bayberries yet. It seemed that cultivators really had powerful bodies. If a normal person were to eat so many bayberries, their teeth would start to hurt, but Senior White was eating them as though it was nothing.

Song Shuhang sat down and stretched out his hand, taking a piece of white bread. At the same time, he asked, "Senior White, didn't Guoguo come to eat breakfast?"

"He is in the bathroom. He has been there for a long time." Senior White replied.

For a long time, huh? Are his hemorrhoids so serious? No wonder he ran away from the temple to have a surgery.

"Guoguo, a piece of advice here. Remember to clean your butt properly when you go to the toilet. Otherwise, your hemorrhoids might become even more serious." Song Shuhang said thoughtlessly.

Sitting for too long and not cleaning your butt properly could both cause hemorrhoids. This was general knowledge.

"Ah?! They will become more serious?!" The small monk in the bathroom called out in alarm.

"Yes. Therefore, pay proper attention to your hygiene." Song Shuhang took a fried dough stick and ate it after wrapping it with white bread. He loved to eat it like that.

Then, he turned on the TV in the living room and casually started to switch channels, looking for one that was broadcasting news.

After switching several channels, he arrived at Jiangnan area's news channel. The content immediately piqued his interest.

The channel was broadcasting an interview.

On the left, there was a middle-aged man wearing eyeglasses. His face was giving off an 'I-know-it-all' air.

On the right was the pretty female host. She was wearing a beautiful black dress and was in the middle of a Q and A session with the expert.

"Professor Liu, since you're an expert in geology, we have a question for you. This is something that has been bothering the residents of the Jiangnan area for a while." The hostess said with a smile, "It happened on July 1st nearby the electronic shopping center. A huge subsidence of the earth suddenly occurred in that place. Can you explain the reason?"

Song Shuhang, who was about to take a bite of his food, immediately stopped. The hostess was talking about Senior White's masterpiece. At the time, he fell to the ground and created a huge hole.

There were many different theories about that hole on the web.

Some were saying: This isn't a normal subsidence of the earth! There is no way that the hole just happened to be perfectly round. Rather than the earth giving in, this seems the crater left behind by a meteorite!

But it was impossible for it to be the crater left behind by a meteorite. It was daylight, and no one noticed a meteor falling from the sky. Moreover, there wasn't any mark of combustion left behind.

In short, there were many strange and inconclusive theories on

this matter.

"There is no doubt about it; it's a subsidence of the earth!" Professor Liu said firmly.

Then, he slowly started to explain how subsidences of the earth came to be, complaining that too many minerals and too much underground water were extracted and so on. He gave out a very colorful description.

The explanation went on till it turned into a course about subsidences of the earth. Then, he started saying that evil capitalists were overexploiting underground resources. Afterward, he began to explain to everyone that they had to protect the environment and how everyone had responsibilities.

The professor was babbling nonstop, and the spectators were baffled.

The hostess at this time: F*ck! Where has this topic gone to? Stop straying off from the main point and sum it up in five or so lines!

But, she couldn't say these words out loud. Let alone that, she even had to put on a 'what Professor Liu says is correct' face and make an "Oh" sound from time to time to agree with him.

"Alright. Let's just say that it was a subsidence of the earth." Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh. It wasn't only him, many of the residents of Jiangnan area were of the same mind.

Professor Liu was the winner!

At this time, Senior White raised his head and looked at the TV with a smile on his face, "Oh? Is that the hole I created while I was in a daze?"

"Senior, no. That's a subsidence of the earth!" Song Shuhang turned his head and said in a serious tone, "This is the result of those evil capitalists continuously exploiting underground resources. They are the ones that led to the creation of this hole. As for why the hole resembles the crater of a meteor, Professor Liu will surely have an explanation for that too!"

"Oh, so it was like this." Senior White nodded, "In other words, I don't need to use my Ground Leveling Spell after getting careless and creating holes in the ground, right?"

"Senior White!" Song Shuhang held his thumb up in approval, "Yes, it's exactly like that!"

Then, he took the fried dough stick and wrapped it in the bread once again, preparing to take a bite.

Sometimes, these experts were rather useful...

Just as he was about to take a bite... the door to the bathroom opened.

The small monk Guoguo had a very serious face as he ran toward Song Shuhang, his butt still bare.

Song Shuhang was confused. What was this kid trying to do?

After arriving in front of Song Shuhang, Guoguo stuck up his small butt and said, "Senior Brother Shuhang, please look. Is my butt clean?"

Song Shuhang turned his head and looked at Guoguo's hemorrhoids-ridden butt.

"..." Song Shuhang was dumbfounded!

Please, can you let me eat in peace?

Then, he shot a look at the fried dough stick in his hand, golden-bright and dazzling. But no matter how he looked at it, right now he could only associate it with poop. I'm done. I'm not eating it anymore.

"Senior Brother Shuhang?" Little Guoguo turned his head, somewhat confused.

"It's very clean." Song Shuhang bitterly smiled, "Now, wash your hands and start eating."

"Alright." The small monk pulled his pants up and returned to

the bathroom.

Song Shuhang threw the fried dough stick on a side and silently ate the white bread. Without the fried dough, the white bread had just a sweet taste and nothing else. It didn't taste too good.

Soon, the small monk Guoguo returned, "Senior Brother Shuhang, what do we have for breakfast?"

"Soybean milk, fried dough sticks, bread, porridge, and pickled vegetables. You can choose whatever you want." Song Shuhang pointed to the table.

"Ah? You only have these? Aren't we going to eat spirit rice balls or sweet dew liquid?" The small monk looked at Song Shuhang confused.

Spirit rice balls? Sweet dew liquid?

Only the bests disciples of a sect could enjoy these delicacies. How could a small loose cultivator like Shuhang have heard of them? Song Shuhang heaved a long sigh and said, "We don't have them here."

At the same time, he turned his head and looked at Senior White.

Senior White: "Pew pew pew~"

Senior White explained, "The spirit rice is a special type of rice created in conjunction with a cultivation technique. It has spiritual qi inside. The sweet dew liquid is the same. It's a juice extracted from plants containing spiritual qi. During the body tempering stage, if a cultivator eats this food containing spiritual qi, it will increase the quantity of qi and blood in their body, speeding up their cultivation speed. When you're free, I'll help you plant a field of 1000 square meters with this stuff. When I was young, I did the same. It sure brings back memories."

"Thank you, Senior!" Song Shuhang said with a smile.

The small monk seemed to have felt Song Shuhang embarrassment. He joined his palm together and chanted Buddha's name, "Senior Brother Shuhang, no need to worry. Even if it's normal breakfast, I don't mind."

After a moment, he added, "Senior Brother Shuhang, was this dough stick fried in vegetable oil or animal one?"

Song Shuhang was on the verge of tears, "I have no idea."

"Oh. Then, I can't eat it. I cannot break my religious rules." The small monk copied Song Shuhang and started to quietly eat the bread.

For some reason, Song Shuhang felt rather depressed right now...

Chapter 213: The spacesuit and Senior White's misunderstanding

"Guoguo. In a while, Senior White and I will have to make a trip outside. You stay here and obediently look after the house. Once I'm back, I'll bring you to the hospital, okay?" Song Shuhang squeezed the rest of the bread into his mouth and said.

If these were normal flight lessons, he would have brought Guoguo along. But these were lessons with Senior White. He wasn't so heartless to let an innocent kid suffer.

The small monk patted his chest and said with confidence, "Sure. Nothing will happen to the house under my watch."

Song Shuhang nodded. Then, he shot a glance at Doudou who was watching the news on the computer. He felt a bit relieved.



After breakfast, Song Shuhang started to practice as usual. After a few rounds of the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>, half an hour was already gone.

At this time, someone rang the doorbell.

'Is it the agent Senior Yellow Mountain was talking about?' Song Shuhang went to open the door. He saw a western woman with

blonde hair and blue eyes standing at the entrance.

The blond-haired woman looked at Song Shuhang. Then, she shot a glance at the documents in her hand. After confirming his identity, she raised her head and revealed a very professional smile, "Hello, are you Mr. Song Shuhang?"

Her accent was very good. Were all foreigners so good at speaking Mandarin nowadays? All his fellow countrymen that were unable to make a clear distinction between [alveolar and retroflex](#) consonants were put to shame.

"Yes, it's me." Song Shuhang replied.

"Hello. I'm Caselli from Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center. We've been requested by Mr. Huang Wenzhong to bring you two gentlemen to the aviation training center. We've already prepared a theoretical flight lesson and a practical one." Said Caselli with a bright smile. Then, she snapped her fingers.

The two men in suits behind her lifted a big box.

"Mr. Shuhang, this is the spacesuit and the life support system set you required. Please give it a check." Said Caselli with a smile. She was very curious though—she couldn't understand why had this man requested a spacesuit while attending flight lessons. They weren't boarding a spaceship. After wearing these cumbersome clothes, wouldn't he have trouble piloting?

However, the customers weren't ever in the wrong, especially ones with power and status. Therefore, she wasn't planning to go against Song Shuhang's wishes. The man named Huang Wenzhong was so rich that he had bought their entire training center. And, he had bought it for this seemingly common student and that other man named Song Bai.

"Right, is Mr. Song Bai also here with you?" Caselli asked.

"He is inside. Do you want to come in and have a seat?" Said Song Shuhang while moving toward the big box. He opened it and shot a look at the cumbersome spacesuit.

At first sight, it was indeed somewhat big—in science fiction movies, they just need to press a button, and the spacesuit would suddenly reduce in size and change into tight-fitting clothes. When would real-world science achieve this point?

Caselli was still smiling as she said, "There is a certain distance between the training center and this place. Therefore, we are on a tight schedule. So, how about directly coming to the training center with us? This way, we can have a one-hour theoretical lesson and make you board the plane afterward, making you familiar with it. There are several different aircraft at our training center. You can choose the one you like the most."

"You have many different models? Not bad." Song Shuhang's eyes lit up. Maybe he could choose a small helicopter and pilot that? With that, he won't have to fear about Senior White sending it to space.

"I'm happy that you're satisfied. Anyway, this is yours and Mr. Song Bai's II-type certificate of physical conformity together with your private pilot license (PPL)." Caselli passed the certificate and license to Song Shuhang.

After taking these four documents, Song Shuhang had mixed feelings.

He had never touched a plane, but he was holding a pilot license in his hand... he was feeling cool, embarrassed, happy, and guilty—all at the same time.

Caselli asked calmly, "What about Mr. Song Bai? We can set out at any time."

"I'll call him." Song Shuhang received the documents and turned around, waving his hand at the third floor.

After a moment, Senior White came down.

Even if he was trying to keep his composure, he wasn't able to completely hide his excitement.

It seemed that Senior White was more interested in planes rather than cars. When they went around driving, he wasn't this excited.



"Please, get into the car." Caselli opened her pickup.

The two men in suits put the cumbersome spacesuit into the trunk.

Song Shuhang crawled into the backseat and stretched himself.

Senior White also got in the car. When he was entering the car, he saw with the corner of the eye the spacesuit.

Immediately after, he made an 'Oh, now I understand' face.

Senior White thought to himself, That's a spacesuit! Is little friend Shuhang planning to go to space?

What to do now...

For the past few days, Senior White was trying to rectify his mistakes after destroying the brakes with excessive speed and breaking the steering wheel of the car.

When taking flight lessons, he had decided to properly learn the theory first, thoroughly understanding how to pilot a plane.

Moreover, he had decided not to engrave any formation on the plane. And he had even decided to keep in check his urge to dismantle it!

In other words, he didn't want to create any trouble for Song Shuhang this time.

At most, he could have waited till he was adept at piloting and engrave all the formations and runes he wanted when he was by himself to joyfully soar into the skies.

Venerable White had made up his mind in these past few days.

Given Senior White's strength, if he had made up his mind, he would surely be able to control himself.

But now, he saw a spacesuit in the trunk. Senior White blinked, Little friend Song Shuhang wants to fly in space?



After Senior White got into the car, Caselli started up the pickup, heading toward Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center.

On the road, Song Shuhang was sitting erect, secretly revolving his True Self Meditation Scripture to optimize his condition. Moreover, the spirit-binding ice bead hanging around his neck was helping him keep his mind clear.

He wanted to be in his best condition. With that, let alone getting out of the atmosphere, even if Senior White were to suddenly land

their plane on the moon, he wouldn't be surprised.

At this time, Venerable White probed, "That thing in the trunk is a spacesuit, right? Is it yours?"

"Ahaha, yes." Song Shuhang had a smile on his face as he said, "I personally asked Senior Yellow Mountain to prepare it for me. When I was a kid, I really liked astronauts. And since we're taking flight lessons, I suddenly remembered it. Therefore, I asked Senior Yellow Mountain to prepare one for me to fulfill my childhood dream."

Song Shuhang had no alternatives but lie—after all, he was a good-hearted person. He couldn't bring himself to say cruel words such as, 'Senior White, I was afraid that you would send the plane into space and asked for a spacesuit just in case'.

"Oh." Senior White secretly nodded... It seems that little friend Song Shuhang really likes astronauts! After all, even the vast earth was full of mysteries, let alone the boundless space. It was not strange for people to be curious about it.

"Little Friend Shuhang, do you like space?" Venerable White asked.

"Yes, I think everyone is a little interested in space." Said Song Shuhang after thinking a bit. He was rather interested in black holes, comets, meteorites, moons, and other mysterious things found in space.

"If you had the possibility, would you like to visit space?" Venerable White asked. At the same time, he was starting to get restless and was ready to make trouble!

Song Shuhang was taken aback— Wait! There is something wrong with the direction this conversation is taking!

Why does it seem that I want to go to space? This won't do. I must tactfully tell Senior White that I'm not interested in going to space for the time being.

After thinking for a bit, Song Shuhang tactfully said, "If there is an opportunity later, I don't mind going to space. However, I can't for the time being. Even if I have a spacesuit, I can't stay there for too long."

"What you said is also reasonable." Senior White nodded.

After seeing Senior White's reaction, Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed that Senior White had given up on the idea of going to space.

It seems I just dodged a calamity.



At this time, Caselli, who was sitting on the front seat, heaved a sigh.

Rich men were really different! When others were still thinking of enjoying themselves with planes, those that were truly rich had already set their eyes on space!

One couldn't help but envy them!

As she was thinking this, she secretly shot a look at the man named Song Bai. He was really handsome!

Even if eastern and western people had different concepts of beauty, this man named Song Bai was so handsome that he had broken through this concept.

How wonderful would it be if I could become his girlfriend? — Caselli secretly swallowed a mouthful of saliva— Ah? Wait! Since when did I change into such a woman? I just met him, and we haven't even talked; and yet, I'm acting as if I fell in love with him at first sight?

It seems I woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning.

Caselli forcefully suppressed her weird thoughts. However, she would still shoot a look at Senior White through the rear-view mirror of the car from time to time.

To tell the truth, Caselli was lucky that Senior White had learned to control his charm.

If this were the pre-seclusion Senior White, just by seeing him strolling on the streets, many girls would madly fall in love with him, refusing to marry anyone else!

Even weak-willed female cultivators were unable to resist Senior White's charm.



The Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center was located in the outskirts of the city. It occupied a vast area.

Caselli brought Song Shuhang and Venerable White into the training center. There were several huge airstrips at the back. This one was only one of the several airstrips that the training center possessed. Six small private helicopters were parked here.

"I'll bring you to the theoretical lesson first and make you try a flight simulator afterward. Once you're familiar with it, you can choose the model you wish to pilot. We'll put the runway in order and ready it for your use." Caselli explained with a smile.

Caselli had to spend a lot of time to find a courageous flight instructor willing to teach two complete newbies how to fly a plane!

It's basically the distinction between z, s c, zh, sh, ch in Mandarin.

Chapter 214: The champion of the riding sword competition who loves to race on flying swords!

Aircraft were different from flying swords.

Flying swords were convenient and fast, you just gotta prepare a flying sword and chant the sword formula, creating a layer of light above the flying sword. Thereafter, you just gotta step on it and fly however you want!

Flying horizontally, flying vertically, flying backwards, flying upside down, it didn't matter. Additionally, regardless of whether it was windy or rainy, or if there was lightning or snow... none of that would affect the flight of the flying sword.

But it was different for an aircraft...

An aircraft was greatly affected by all kinds of external environmental factors; apart from those, there were also rules set by human beings that restrained the freedom of the flight of an airplane.

Song Shuhang and Senior White were both sitting in the classroom, listening to the instructor explaining some of the basic knowledge with regards to piloting an aircraft.

For instance, he mentioned the calculations of the data pertaining to take-off and landing, loading and trimming

calculations, not forgetting the acquisition and analysis of basic weather information. There was also aviation code of conduct for flying, or airspace analysis of flight training area and airfield, as well as all kinds of light indicators used on the airfield.

A lot of basic knowledge, etc.

The instructor compressed and summarized all the information and content that ordinary people generally required many days to memorize and learn, and explained it to Song Shuhang and Senior White at an incredibly fast speed.

About more than an hour later.

After the instructor had finished his lecture, he drank some water and said, "Those are more or less the general theory and knowledge of flying."

Truth to be told, after explaining so much content within approximately an hour or so caused him to feel dizzy and light-headed. He didn't fully believe that Song Shuhang and Venerable White were able to grasp all the above-mentioned basic knowledge.

Welp... in any case, he was just going through the motions. The two people before his eyes had already gotten their pilot license.

"Yeah, it sounds easy. Just that there are too many regulations and restrictions of all kinds." Senior White kept the few theoretical knowledge books in his hands and nodded.

"There is no way around the restrictions. There are so many airplanes in the sky that, without proper management, accidents might happen. And when accidents happen, it basically would be a narrow escape from death. However, theoretical knowledge is rather simple, the flight regulations are just purely memory work." Song Shuhang smiled as he replied.

"You're right." Venerable White nodded.

The instructor overheard Shuhang and Senior White's conversation and sipped on his cup of tea as he secretly sneered—b*tch, please, these two fellas are still showing off!

The main points covered within the one hour plus lecture were enough to make him dizzy and light-headed, there was no way these two fellas could have understood them all!



The remaining process was rather simple—after all, Song Shuhang and Senior White were not there to get their license, but to learn how to operate aircraft and circle one round in the sky. Hence, a few complicated and minor details were eradicated.

Thanks to Caselli's arrangements, under the one-to-one guidance with the flying instructor, Song Shuhang and Senior White first learned some basic instrument operations, flight charts, and cognitive applications of radar in the flight simulator.

And then, under the lead of the instructor who was a ‘brave man with big rewards promised’ and ‘a daredevil who was not afraid of death’, Song Shuhang and Senior White got onto the flying academy’s helicopter.

Song Shuhang operated the helicopter first, with Senior White sitting at the back, learning.

During take-off, Song Shuhang’s heart was very nervous—an aircraft couldn’t be compared to a car, so if anything happened, it would be the end!

The flying instructor sat next to him, guiding him. There was nothing much to be said at the start—as long as he did not rise above 1000 meters, he was allowed to do whatever he wanted. Truth be told, it was not only Song Shuhang who was nervous, the flying instructor was even more nervous as he knew that the two fellas next to him were people loaded with money that allowed them to play with fire. They just learned the theory behind flying an aircraft, and they actually immediately operated one on the same day. If not because he was really in need of money, who would ever be willing to accompany these two fellas to play with their lives!

However, when the helicopter took off, the flying instructor was a little surprised—even though Song Shuhang looked rigid, and you could tell with one look that he was an amateur who was operating a helicopter for the first time, he did not make any mistakes during the process. He might be trembling with fear, but all was going rather smoothly.

After operating the helicopter and circling one big round in the air, the flying instructor unexpectedly could not find any fault with any part of his operation.

Did this dude already learn how to fly before, and is just here to mess with me? —The flying instructor secretly glanced at Song Shuhang— just like car racers taking normal Class C driving lessons?

Right, even if one has money, and loves the adrenaline rush from playing with fire, he wouldn't go to the extent of treating his life as a joke, no?

Maybe this young man who's called Shuhang and that man who's called Song Bai had already operated other types of aircraft, and this time they want to master the techniques of operating private planes?

Thinking this way made the flying instructor's heart a lot calmer. If that was the case, then Old Liu and him would have benefited?

Old Liu was another flying instructor who was also a 'daredevil unafraid of death in the face of huge rewards'.

After continuing to circle another round in the air, the flying instructor gave Song Shuhang the command to land.

Song Shuhang carefully operated the aircraft, and descended in

the direction of the airfield—even though comparing to a flying sword, it was much more inconvenient in several ways, but it won in terms of sense of security!

Song Shuhang realized that he himself actually enjoy such the feeling... extremely superb!

After the helicopter landed steadily, the flying instructor jumped out of it and ran to the other instructor who was 'unafraid of death' and said, "Old Liu, I just got done with one session on my side. In a while, I will take the other student for another session, and then get the two students to go to your side to try operating business jets. Are you ready?"

As he was speaking, he secretly went next to Old Liu and said, "Old Liu, lemme tell you, I can't say for sure, but maybe these two students had already operated other types of aircraft, they aren't entirely amateurs. They seem pretty familiar with piloting. This time the two of us have really profited!"

"Oooh..." Old Liu replied in an emotionless way, as though his mind was at somewhere else.

"Old Liu, what's wrong?" The helicopter instructor was puzzled.

"Oh? Li Jr., nothing's wrong. I'm fine." Old Liu snapped out of his thoughts, with tears streaming down his whole face.

Earlier on, he was the instructor who did a one-to-one session

with Venerable White inside the flight simulator, and spent a rather long time with Venerable White alone. Hence, he got affected and developed doubts with regards to his own outlook on life.

"Old Liu, don't let your mind wander again, it's very dangerous! I will bring the other student to go on another session; during that time, you should adjust your state of mind back to normal." Li Jr. gave Old Liu some words of advice, then turned back around and prepared to take Venerable White to circle the helicopter in the air.



Thereafter, when Instructor Li Jr. turned around to go back to the helicopter, he suddenly saw the student called Song Shuhang in the midst of putting on an extremely thick and heavy spacesuit!

What the f*ck, what is he up to?

What I'm teaching is how to operate a helicopter and not a space shuttle. We can't go up into space, what's the meaning of you wearing a spacesuit?

Also, the weather is so hot... does this student have a brain fade? Or does he have a brain fade? Or is it... a brain fade?

Song Shuhang could feel the instructor staring at him and laughed hollowly, "Yeah, hahaha. Instructor, you don't have to care about me. I just couldn't help but want to experience being an

astronaut. Just ignore me, that will do."

However, when Instructor Li Jr. saw Song Shuhang's outfit, he still felt much unhappiness and a heaviness in his chest.

On the other hand, Venerable White was staring at Song Shuhang's spacesuit in a curious manner. His face looked as though his interest was piqued and had the facial expression that seemed to be saying 'I want to try it too'.

"Aircraft inspection complete, no problem. You can take off now." At this time, the member in charge of inspecting the flight called out.

Senior White was very excited and got onto the helicopter in a hurry.

Even though Song Shuhang's outfit was very heavy, he managed to climb agilely onto the backseat of the helicopter. Song Shuhang at that moment looked really huge, and filled up the backseat the minute he got onto the helicopter.

"Hahaha." Song Shuhang hollowly laughed out of embarrassment. Luckily, he had the spirit-binding ice bead, or else he would have died from the heat.

"..." Instructor Li Jr. once again stared at Song Shuhang for a long time. After getting onto the aircraft, his heart started to get worried again and kept beating really fast. "You can take off, just

follow the same steps as student Song Shuhang did the previous time; make sure you don't go higher than 1000 meters."

"No problem," replied Venerable White.

Compared to Song Shuhang, Venerable White was a lot more stable—even though he had not operated any aircraft before, Venerable White had many years of experience flying around; he was very familiar with being in the sky.

Hence, when Venerable White operated the helicopter, he did not look like a newbie—he practically looked like an experienced pilot that had ten years of various kinds of experience under his belt.

After instructor Li Jr. scrutinized Venerable White, his heart was at completely at ease—wahaha, this time, he had really profited. He dared to bet ten bucks that this 'Song Bai' was definitely not a newbie!

The aviation school spent a huge sum of money to ensure that Old Liu and him take care of this pair of newbies, and even got premium insurance for them. Initially, he thought that he had to risk his life to complete his mission, but little did he expect that it would be a hundred times more relaxed than coaching ordinary students.

If such missions were called 'high-risk mission', then let these 'high-risk mission' get fiercer; he was more than willing to take on the challenge.

Yeah... of course, there was still something that made instructor Li Jr. uneasy, and that was the huge lump behind him—a Song Shuhang whose whole body was enclosed within the spacesuit.

No matter how you look at it, it still seemed wrong?



The world of cultivators has always been hidden within the real world, but cultivators did not isolate themselves from it. They have always been keeping up with the times.

Ordinary people have the Olympics, Asian games, and other large-scale sports competitions, etc. There were also such competitions within the world of cultivators.

For example, there was a large-scale flying sword competition that was held once every ten years in different parts of the world, selected at random. It was very well-known.

Flying sword competition—as the name implies—was a competition of speed and skills! There were all kinds of traps and obstacles, as well as obstructing formations—the person who gets to the end point the fastest won.

The competition field was split into three different categories based on the different rankings of the cultivators, namely Fourth Stage ‘Riding Sword Competition’, Fifth Stage ‘Flying Sword Competition’, and Sixth Stage ‘Sword Flight Competition’.

As for Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable cultivators and above... they were usually the big shots, and there were only a few of them. Additionally, they have been in seclusion for several hundred years, they didn't have the means of joining such big flying sword competitions.

Moonset Sword Sect's 'Hurricane Sword' Yang Yuxiang made quite a name for himself in the world of cultivators.

He was a Fourth Stage Riding Sword three-time champion! Based just solely on speed of his flying sword, he had already surpassed many ordinary Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors!

Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang had already dominated the 'Riding Sword Competition' three times in a row; his goal was to clinch another championship for the Fourth Stage Riding Sword Competition before he got promoted to a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor, and complete the impressive feat of dominating the competition four times in a row!

For the sake of this goal, he had been working really hard on the flying sword evasion technique recently.

Three days ago, 'Hurricane Sword' Yang Yuxiang had gone from the eastern part of China to the westernmost part of China in one go, and followed the original route home. En route, he kept looking for all kinds of airfields and air bases.

As for why he looked for such locations, it was because

‘Hurricane Sword’ Yang Yuxiang had one huge hobby in all of his life—that is flying sword racing.

Furthermore, he liked to race with all kinds of aircraft.

Every time, he would fly next to an airplane, and then, in a spurt of energy, overtake the airplane. That kind of psychological pleasure was his ultimate love.

Besides, ordinary people couldn’t see him, so he could race to his heart’s content.

Today, he found an air base.

‘Jiangshui’s Civil Aviation Training Center? Oh, so it’s not an air base. But if they are students, they’re probably gonna be pretty slow... ah forget it, it’s still better than nothing. I didn’t even see a single aircraft on my way here.’ Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang secretly sighed.

He waited on the airfield for half a day and finally... a helicopter slowly rose into the air.

"It’s finally coming?" Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang laughed. A pity it was a small private helicopter, and its speed wouldn’t be anywhere as fast as he wanted it to be. He could only make do with it to satisfy his craving.

He waited till the helicopter took off and completed increasing its

initial speed. Then, Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang rode his flying sword and zoomed right next to the helicopter. He first flew directly beside the helicopter.

That was his habit—the process of flying side-by-side with the aircraft for a while, and then charging ahead in a spurt of energy, ditching the aircraft far behind till it could not be seen at all.

It was simply hard to explain that kind of thrill with words alone.



"Eh?" When Song Shuhang, who was sitting in the backseat of the helicopter, turned and looked at the window, he suddenly saw a figure of a person.

A human silhouette in the air?

Huh, it couldn't be a cultivator riding his flying sword, right?

Song Shuhang had already opened his Eye Aperture, hence he could see a lot of things that ordinary people wouldn't be able to—such as ghosts, monsters, and cultivators who ride flying swords.

However, these things were rarely seen in the city; apart from Doudou at home, Song Shuhang had never seen a second monster beast.

Cultivators riding their flying swords were also a rare sight... under normal circumstances, cultivators fly at an extremely high altitude, hence they couldn't be seen by the naked eye.

Thus, it was really rare today that he actually saw a senior riding a flying sword, moving together with a helicopter next to him.

Just as Song Shuhang was deep in thoughts, suddenly, that cultivator that was flying next to the helicopter pulled a face at the people inside it...

Thereafter, the senior cultivator did a 'running starting position' pose on the layer of light above the flying sword, stooped and with his butt protruding. His mouth started crying out, "Ready~ ~ One, two... three!"

After the word 'three', the sword light zoomed right ahead, its speed as fast as lightning!

It was as though the sound of the word 'three' continued to echo in his ear, but the cultivator riding on the sword had already become a black dot as big as the pointed part of a fingernail.

"What does this mean?" Song Shuhang was baffled.

"Hehe, it was a provocation!" Venerable White laughed as his gaze became sharp.

"Provocation? Wait!" Song Shuhang suddenly felt uneasy, he

immediately said, "Senior, could it be that you were mistaken, perhaps he was just just minding his business and passing by?"

Upon hearing their conversation, Instructor Li Jr. sitting next to them was very baffled—what exactly did their conversation even mean? Why was it that he could understand it when he analyzed their words separately, but when they were put together, he could not comprehend it at all?

Chapter 215: A Supersonic Helicopter!

At this moment, the flying instructor Li Jr. had a slight misconception—it seemed like the two students and himself belonged to two different worlds? Both their thoughts seemed to be totally unconventional?!

"Shuhang!" Venerable White's gaze became sharp as he replied in a serious manner, "It isn't important whether or not he was provoking us! In cultivation, there are a lot of difficulties! It's like a boat going against the current, if you don't improve, you'll fall behind! Hence, in one's path to cultivation, we must not lag behind others! Thus, no matter what, we cannot fall behind!"

Senior, what you said is right... but aren't those principles related to cultivation? What have they got to do with the other party racing on a flying sword and overtaking us? Furthermore, the flying instructor Li Jr. is still next to us, is it really alright to discuss problems related to cultivators so openly?

Just as he was thinking about it, Song Shuhang saw instructor Li Jr. glance at Venerable White with a face full of bewilderment and digging his ear from time to time before having his face turn white soon after.

"Uh." Song Shuhang immediately understood—Senior White used a soundproof technique against instructor Li Jr., isolating him from their conversation!

At this moment, the instructor Li Jr. could see Venerable White's

lips moving, but could not hear anything.

No, not just his own voice, he could not even hear the rumbling sound made by the helicopter propellers as they turned.

What's happening? What exactly is happening?

The instructor Li Jr. panicked. He used all his strength to dig his ears, but he still could not hear any sound.

He slapped his cheeks, but the sound could not be heard.

I'm deaf?

Why? I was undoubtedly fine a minute ago, why am I suddenly deaf?

Li Jr. tried as hard as he could to recall what happened earlier on, but... he couldn't recall anything.

Don't panic, calm down.

As an outstanding flying instructor, Li Jr. had a strong heart. Could it be that I'm dreaming?

He pinched his own thigh hard... very painful, I ain't having a nightmare!

Li Jr.'s face turned white.

After a long time, he sighed— thank God, from now on, I will never have to hear the dull rumble of the helicopter propeller ever again... because I am completely f*cking deaf!

...If he's deaf, he can't be a flying instructor. He would have to say goodbye to his high-paying job, 'flying instructor', and go on another career path.

The only thing to be happy about was that before this flight, he received a generous remuneration? But, he was still unable to be too happy about it.

Just when instructor Li Jr. was preoccupied with letting his imagination run wild, Senior White already started to make his move.

At this time, he used one hand to continue operating the aircraft, and used his other hand's finger like a pen to draw... a very complicated formation that looked a lot more advanced than the one he engraved on the car a couple days back.

The more complicated it got, the more insecure and uneasy Song Shuhang became.

He knew that, at this moment, there was no way to persuade Senior White anymore.

"Senior White, later when you race, please be gentle. Also, please do not ever forget, there is an ordinary human being next to you." Song Shuhang stared at the instructor Li Jr. Instructor, I can only help you so much.

"Don't worry, even if the helicopter falls apart, nothing will happen to this instructor! I can guarantee his safety, I am after all a Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable." Senior White laughed heartily and did a thumbs up, "After this ends, I will erase his memory, he won't remember anything that happened during this incident! There wouldn't even be any psychological impact, there is absolutely no problem!"

Song Shuhang secretly stroked his chest—man, his heart was beating really fast.

But this time, the reason why his heart was beating fast was not because of Senior White's charm, but because of his words, 'helicopter falls apart'. He couldn't help but replay the scenes of planes going missing on television before his eyes.

This helicopter wouldn't really fall apart, right?

"Haha, done! This is a new formation that I recently came up with after much research. It's combining 'invisibility, soundproofing, energy isolation, anti-detection' into one formation. With this formation, the helicopter would not be seen by ordinary human beings, and would not be detected by radar and such. Hahahaha," said Senior White happily.

How frightening, when did Senior White secretly carried out the research and came up with a new formation?

Subsequently, Senior White engraved a second formation on the helicopter.

As he was engraving it, he took the time to also explain, "And then, this another formation is one that exponentially increases speed. This is an upgraded edition that was created based on altering your Green Breeze Speed Boost. After the changes I made, this formation can allow for up to ten times the speed. Not bad, huh?"

Ten times the speed?

Senior White, what kind of dangerous stuff have you been researching on!

Song Shuhang's secretly calculated—the speed of the aviation academy's private helicopter wasn't that fast, approximately 150 to 170 km/h.

If the speed was ten times faster, it would become about 1500 to 1700 km/h.

And then, if we calculate the speed of sound, it should be about 1224 km/h.

That is to say that... if Senior White activated the formation to its maximum ability and increased the speed by ten times, this ordinary helicopter would have broken through the sound barrier and reached a 'supersonic' speed—provided that this poor machine was sturdy enough to withstand it, that is.

Falling apart seemed to be inevitable... unless Senior White added another formation to strengthen the body of the helicopter, making it firm and stable.

However, Senior White did not seem to have any intention to increase its sturdiness. After he finished drawing the formation of the improved version of the Green Breeze Speed Boost, he swung his arm and ended the formation engraving.

"Let's increase the speed!" Thereafter, Senior White accelerated the helicopter, and proficiently increased its speed to the maximum.

The instructor Li Jr. beside him immediately panicked—even though he could not hear anything right now, he was not blind.

Through the speedometer on the helicopter, he could see that its speed was increasing rapidly, and very soon reached 170 km/h.

The helicopter's propellers were spinning at lightning speed, and the helicopter's body started making creaky sounds, as though saying that it couldn't withstand the speed.

"No, student Song Bai, during the trial, you cannot accelerate to such a high speed, hurry and stop what you're doing! Furthermore, we cannot continue flying ahead... hurry and turn back. If you fly mindlessly and we enter a 'no-fly zone' by any chance, we would be done for!" Shouted instructor Li Jr..

Who knows what will happen when we enter a no-fly zone? Perhaps it's a free ticket to have a taste of a surface-to-air missile, sending us back to the resurrection point where we reincarnate and rebirth.

"Don't worry, there is no problem!" Venerable White gave the instructor Li Jr. a thumbs up! Because, with him around, nobody would be able to discover this aircraft.

As he was speaking, Venerable White started to channel his spiritual energy into the formation on the helicopter.

The three-in-one invisible formation got activated, and this ordinary helicopter became a high-end 'invisible helicopter' within the blink of an eye.

The naked eye of an ordinary human being was unable to see its true invisible form, ordinary human beings were also unable to hear the sound it made. Regardless of whether it was a radar or an even higher-tech air defense equipment, they were all unable to detect its existence.

Thereafter, Senior White once again channeled his spiritual energy into the 'Green Breeze Speed Boost Stronger Edition

formation’.

"Two times faster!"

The helicopter that had originally hit its speed limit actually managed to increase its speed by quite a bit. The creaky sounds made by the chassis got more pronounced.

The instructor Li Jr. could not hear these sounds, but he saw on the meter of the airplane that its speed was already off the charts. Moreover, he could distinctly feel that the speed of the helicopter was still rising.

What’s the matter, what exactly was happening?

He glanced doubtfully at Venerable White, but his face was calm and composed, with a tinge of excitement in his eyes; he was unable to tell if anything unusual was happening by looking at him.

Thereafter, he turned his head to look at Song Shuhang, who was in his ‘spacesuit’.

Through the transparent faceplate, he could see Song Shuhang was forcing a smile and shrugging his shoulders at him.

Did something really happen? Did student Song Shuhang wear the spacesuit in preparation for such a situation?

"Student Song Bai, let's return to base and land!" The instructor Li Jr. turned his head back and shouted at Venerable White.

No matter what happened, it is not too late to go back now—in any case, we should land first and return to the aviation academy's airfield and talk later.

Venerable White shook his head and rejected his request.

F*ck! Instructor Li Jr. clenched his teeth and prepared to forcefully take control of the helicopter, then land the plane under his control.

At this time, Venerable White gently pointed his finger towards him.

Thereafter, instructor Li Jr.'s entire body sat limply back on the chair. It was as though someone pressed his acupoint—he couldn't move from the neck down. He could only stare blankly at the meter of the helicopter and the scenery outside the window.

Oh, he could still turn his head to admire Venerable White's good looks?

What's happening? What exactly is happening?

Instructor Li Jr.'s brain had already started to crash. Even if he

had a strong heart, facing such a supernatural technique which only appeared in Wuxia films, it was simply game over for him.



"Too slow. too slow!" Venerable White complained. At this rate, they would be unable to overtake the fella stepping on a flying sword who provoked them earlier. If they got ditched too far behind, it would be an utter embarrassment.

"Shuhang, get ready, let's directly increase the speed to x10!" said Venerable White.

Shuhang immediately grabbed onto the helicopter tightly, his entire body tensed up. At the same time, he carefully observed instructor Li Jr.'s condition, hoping that he could be of some help to him at crucial moments.

At this time, Venerable White channeled in huge amounts of spiritual energy into the formation in one breath, and increased the speed to x10.

In an instant, the speed of this ordinary helicopter got forcefully increased to a supersonic speed of 1500 km/h.

And then, a beautiful vapor cone formed in the surroundings of the helicopter.

Such a pretty vapor cone, instructor Li Jr. inwardly expressed his

admiration.

No, wait! Vapor cone?

Your mother, is there something wrong with my vision?

Instructor Li Jr. stared blankly at the scene that was only seen in flying videos.

Surpassing the speed of sound and engaging in supersonic flight—this was the dream shared by many pilots craving for speed.

Li Jr. was still young. He definitely had fantasized that, one day, the plane he piloted would surpass the speed of sound and reach supersonic speed.

Today, his wish seemed to have been fulfilled.

But, how was this possible? The flight speed now had to be faster than that of sound!

It's just a helicopter, how could it accomplish a flight at a speed that surpasses that of sound? This doesn't make sense... I'm sure this is just a hallucination, right?

Furthermore, if an ordinary helicopter indeed surpassed the speed of sound, then terrible problems would follow immediately after.

"Creak... clang~~" At this time, the helicopter made sounds that suggested it was falling apart; the part that started breaking apart was the propellers above—they were entirely broken apart...

However, this was just the start of a catastrophe.

Chapter 216: You think you can reach space with a helicopter? Laughable!

I want to fly at supersonic speed one day! I would be able to die without regrets at that point!

This was Instructor Li Jr.'s dream.

Today, God seemed to have been in a good mood and decided to fulfill both of his wishes. The first wish was to fly at supersonic speed while flying an aircraft. The second one was to die without regrets. The first one was already fulfilled, as for the second—it would be fulfilled soon!

Li Jr. was about to cry.

He could see that the propeller of the helicopter was already gone, and the windshield also broke due to pressure when they surpassed the speed of sound. The fuselage had also started to peel off, quickly flying away.

And this was only what Li Jr. could see. If he could turn his head and look behind, he would notice that there was a scene from one of those movie scenes where the helicopter was about to explode going on. The tail was in pieces, sparks were flying everywhere, and smoke was rising.

At this time, the helicopter had the shape of a semicircle, with a great part of its fuselage already in shambles.

Since it had sustained too much damage, the helicopter started to lose momentum. For instance, its speed wasn't supersonic anymore.

Earlier, the helicopter had been so fast that all the pieces that had fallen off had long disappeared.

Instructor Li Jr. painfully closed his eyes. Before boarding the aircraft, he had signed a contract that would allow his family to receive a large sum of money if something were to happen to him.

And, before getting on the helicopter, he had already made up his mind and was ready to give up his life for this task.

But now that he was at death's door, Instructor Li Jr. was scared sh*tless!

He discovered that his resolution wasn't that strong after all. Even if he was prepared to face death, in his heart, he thought that the real chance of something happening was rather low.

And now that he was going to die for real, all his courage from before had disappeared.

Instructor Li Jr. started to cry bitterly, "Mom, I don't want to die! Uwaaah... I'm still young, I don't want to die like this!"

Even if a man cries, he won't let others see it.

But the helicopter is about to crash, who cares about face at this point! Let me cry to my heart's content!

Therefore, Instructor Li Jr. started to weep copiously.

"Tsk... aircraft are frailer than what I thought," said Senior White, somewhat disgruntled. Then, invisible sword qi suddenly erupted from his body.

The sword qi directly melted the broken windshield. Yep, it wasn't smashed into pieces but melted instead. It disappeared without trace.

Afterward, the sword qi spread in all directions.

Song Shuhang and Instructor Li Jr. couldn't see it, but all the parts of the helicopter that had fallen off, such as the propeller, tail, and some pieces of the fuselage, were hit by the invisible sword qi and destroyed.

With that, these pieces of the helicopter wouldn't bring harm to the people on the ground.

At the same time, a protective barrier spread from Senior White's body and covered the remaining parts of the helicopter, acting both as windshield and fuselage.



In the meantime, Song Shuhang took off the helmet of his spacesuit and gave it to the pitiful Instructor Li Jr.. He also gave him his Portable Life Support System so as to prevent him from dying due to lack of oxygen.

Instructor Li Jr. raised his head with great difficulty and shot a grateful glance at Song Shuhang—but he still heaved a sigh. What was the point of giving him the helmet? The helicopter was just too damaged, and they would soon crash to the ground.

"It's over! Let us meet in heaven!" After squeezing out these last few words, Instructor Li Jr. inclined his head... and fainted.

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Well, that's also fine. When he wakes up, he can just consider it a nightmare," Song Shuhang muttered.

Then, he looked at the ruined helicopter and heaved a sigh of relief—with the aircraft in this condition, they wouldn't be able to keep flying. As a result, the race between Senior White and that other guy could only be put on hold, right?

Song Shuhang advised, "Senior, we can't keep flying without the propeller. We should evacuate from the helicopter."

"..." Senior White didn't reply. He wasn't willing to give up.

Song Shuhang pushed his persuasive abilities to the limit and kept trying to convince him, "The fault lies with the helicopter, not with us. Therefore, we didn't lose any face even if we were left behind. If we had better aircraft, we could have surpassed him with ease!"

"Aye, this helicopter was too frail. Had I known earlier, I would have chosen a fighter jet." Senior White sighed with emotion.

"It's alright. We can learn to fly a fighter jet the next time. So, how about giving up this time and evacuating from the helicopter?" Song Shuhang secretly clenched his fists. It seemed that he had almost managed to convince Senior White!

"You're right, but... we shouldn't give up until it's really over!" Senior White's tone suddenly changed and became fervent.

Song Shuhang quickly tried to stop him, "Senior, that's not it. Sometimes, giving up is also a sign of great courage!"

"No, we haven't lost yet." Senior White got up from the pilot seat. Afterward, he squatted down and started to draw several formations on the chassis of the helicopter.

He drew them very quickly. It seemed he had used them quite a lot in the past.

Song Shuhang also felt they were familiar.

As the formation was being completed, Song Shuhang recognized it— Didn't Senior White use these runes to create his beloved 'disposable flying sword 004'? Previously, Senior White had casually engraved a formation on a tree branch, and after pouring his spiritual energy inside, it had magically turned into a flying sword.

Senior White is planning to turn the remnants of this helicopter into a disposable flying sword 004?

Isn't this too exaggerated?

I mean, is something like this even possible?

Changing a wooden branch into a disposable flying sword is already something unthinkable, but changing this huge helicopter into a disposable flying sword should be imposs-f*ck, it really changed!

Yes. It changed, just like that.

After Senior White drew the last rune, he clapped his hands, satisfied, and poured his spiritual energy inside the formation, completing the disposable flying sword 004.

Afterward, the fuselage of the helicopter emitted a gentle buzzing sound, similar to the cry of a sword.

"Just as I thought, it wasn't difficult." Senior White clapped his hands satisfied, "Shuhang, sit tight. We're ready for a second round!"

Song Shuhang quickly sat down and grabbed onto his seat.

Venerable White activated a sword art and gently shouted, "Go!"

"Whizz!"

The helicopter shot forward.

Even if it had lost its propeller and various other parts, this magically changed 'supersonic helicopter' dashed forward.

Moreover, it was so fast that words weren't enough to describe it.

"Ahahaha! Excellent!" Venerable White was immensely pleased. Then, he poured his spiritual energy into the improved Green Breeze Speed Boost formation, "10x acceleration!"

The speed of the 'disposable flying sword aircraft edition' increased once again. It quickly broke through the sound barrier with a boom.

Song Shuhang secretly heaved sigh. I won't say anything else. I'll just let Senior White have fun!



Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang gradually slowed down. Even if he had managed to surpass the helicopter, he wasn't too happy. It had been just too slow for him.

It was rather disappointing. In the end, a helicopter can only reach 150 km/h at best!

However, those guys inside the aircraft were rather interesting, especially the one wearing a spacesuit.

Does he think he can go to space with a helicopter? Ahaha, that dude was just too funny!

"Forget it. I should go and look for an air force base. That race with the supersonic fighter from the last time was the best!" Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang stretched himself. He was planning to leave and look for someone to challenge.

But at this time, he noticed that something was approaching from behind.

He quickly turned his head and saw a scene that he would never forget for the rest of his life.

It was an aircraft, a helicopter to be precise. And it was coming

toward him!

Let's not talk about its speed for now. Let's examine its condition first!

This aircraft had no propeller and no tail. Its fuselage was in ruins. It had no windshield, and there was still smoke coming from the place where the tail was supposed to be!

How could this thing even keep flying? Moreover, it was flying very fast! Its speed was close to Mach 2!

At this time, Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang wanted to shout at the helicopter: On which physical law are you relying to fly in these conditions?!

The helicopter quickly approached! When it came closer, Yang Yuxiang could finally see the people inside.

A handsome man was sitting in the front, piloting the aircraft—actually, there was nothing to pilot. The helicopter was in shambles, and most of its parts weren't even working.

For some reason, there was also a man who fainted in the copilot seat.

On the back seat, there was that guy in a spacesuit that had left a deep impression on him.

Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang and the handsome man looked at each other. Then, the handsome man laughed and crossed his hands. It was a hand seal used by cultivators.

Yang Yuxiang was very familiar with this hand seal, because he had used it a lot himself.

Explanation: This hand seal is used when two cultivators are racing with car-flying swords. It doesn't any have any particular profound meaning. It roughly means: You weak sh*t. If you have the courage, come and have a race with daddy!

In other words, it was a provocative hand seal.

The man in the spacesuit on the back looked at Yang Yuxiang and shrugged his shoulders. Afterward, he awkwardly laughed.

"@#%\$!! You think you can surpass me? Bring it on!" Yang Yuxiang coldly smiled, "I'm the three-time champion of the riding sword competition, Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang!"

Yang Yuxiang prepared himself and waited for that strange helicopter to come closer.

Then, once it was closer and they were on the same 'starting line', he shouted out loud and used all his strength to push the flying sword forward!

I'll show you the power of the three-time champion of the riding sword competition! You'll soon understand the difference in speed between the two of us!

Wait... what?

Chapter 217: Shuhang, should I teach you the Turtle Breathing Technique?

Wait... what? What's happening?

The grand three-time champion of the riding sword competition, Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang, waited till he and the helicopter were side-by-side. Afterward, he pushed the flying sword forward with all his strength, starting the second round with this weird helicopter!

But, just as they were side by side, that weird helicopter accelerated once again, putting a distance of seven hundred meters between them. And, in an instant, the distance increased to several kilometers!

This scene was somewhat familiar. It was identical to the scene where Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang had shaken off Venerable White's helicopter.

Yang Yuxiang could faintly make out the silhouette of the handsome man, waving at him self-satisfied.

"Not bad, not bad!" Yang Yuxiang wasn't angry, but started to laugh instead, "That's it! Surpassing your previous speed could only be considered as a warm-up. But against your current speed, I need to get a little serious."

As he finished speaking, he made a hand seal and activated a

sword art. The layer of light under his feet coiled up, changing into a small hurricane. He was called ‘Hurricane Sword’ because he excelled at wind-type techniques.

Lightning-and wind-based techniques granted you the highest speed while using a flying sword.

The strong point of lightning-type techniques was their sudden explosive power, while wind-type ones showcased greater endurance, capable of sustaining high speed for longer periods of time.

A hurricane appeared on the sword, and Yang Yuxiang assumed a ‘surfing’ posture. The sword light flashed through the sky, and he started pursuing Venerable White as fast as the wind.

The cold atmospheric wind was blowing against his face and scattering his hair in all directions, making him look even more handsome.

In only five breaths, he had caught up with the helicopter.

Song Shuhang, who was sitting in the helicopter, looked at the faraway Yang Yuxiang. He was envious—this was how you were supposed to ride a flying sword!

A cultivator that was stepping on the flying sword must either have his hands clasped behind his back, giving off the image of a powerful expert, or ‘surf’ the sword with a cool and overbearing

posture. Having the wind caress his face, with long hair dancing in the air and clothes faintly fluttering, was also fine.

So beautiful!

This was the way Song Shuhang wanted to ride a flying sword. However, whenever he was able to ride a flying sword, his style would always be horrible.

In particular, when Senior White used his ‘person-delivering flying sword’ and he was lying on the sword face-down. Even if the cultivator was handsome, he wouldn’t look cool if he were to lie like a dead frog on the sword. Instead, it would be a stain on their reputation.

Just as he was thinking, Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang caught up to them.

"Haha. You have some skill after all." Senior White praised and nodded— However, you’re still too inexperienced!

Senior White stretched his hand and made a hand seal. Then, he casually activated a sword art, "Heavenly Peng’s Flying Technique!"

The Heavenly Peng’s Flying Technique was a very common sword technique in the world of cultivators, to the point that almost every cultivator owned a volume of this technique.

But even if it was widespread, it wasn't a technique that could be taken lightly.

In the ancient times, the Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique was hailed as one of the 'Nine Miraculous Flying Techniques of the Divine Beasts'. Even if the technique that spread in the outer world was not the complete version, at least amongst Fourth Stage techniques, there was hardly one that could surpass it.

The only shortcoming was that it was too difficult to learn... even if everyone in the world of cultivators had a volume each, the number of people that had perfectly mastered it was less than a hundred.

When the Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique was activated, two golden wings appeared on both sides of the helicopter's fuselage. Then, the wings of the Heavenly Peng gently flapped...

The speed of the helicopter increased once more. After several 'whizz' sounds, it left Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang in the dust again.

"F*ck, was that the Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique?" Yang Yuxiang was scared by the sudden display of the technique. Afterward, he thought of another issue, "The Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique is a sword technique. Then, that helicopter is actually a... flying sword?"

This is destroying my view of the world. How can a flying sword change into that appearance?

"Whatever, since it has come to this, you have gained the qualifications to see my real strength!" Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang's blood was seething with excitement.

If he were to surpass the Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique, only he alone would be worthy of winning the next session of the riding sword competition.

"I feel all the blood in my body seething with excitement! Ooooh~" Yang Yuxiang raised his hands high and released all the true yuan in his body, "Get a taste of my Moonlight's Flying Technique!"

The Moonlight's Flying technique was one of the best flying techniques of the Moonset Sword School.

Wherever the moonlight shines, our flying sword will go—this was the essence of the Moonlight's Flying Technique. Unfortunately, it was daytime now. If it were night and the moon was high in the sky, the speed of this technique would have been even faster.

Yang Yuxiang laughed, self-satisfied. After using the technique, two crescent moons appeared near the hurricane on the flying sword. These crescent moons resembled small wings.

Then, he dashed forward, as fast as lightning.

This time, it took him a little longer. After fifteen breaths, he was able to catch up to Senior White's helicopter!

"Senior, that guy is catching up with us." Song Shuhang turned his head and looked behind. The speed of that cultivator riding the flying sword was getting faster and faster. The size of his figure had changed from that of a small black dot to a fist.

"Hehe. That kid isn't bad." Senior White couldn't help but gasp with admiration. To make this race fair, he had limited the speed of the Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique to the Fourth Stage.

However, his opponent was still able to catch up this quickly. This speed had already reached that of a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor.

"Swish, swish, swish!"

Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang caught up once again and was now flying side by side with Venerable White.

Then, somewhat self-satisfied, he said to Venerable White, "Fellow Daoist, I can increase my speed even further. How about you? Don't tell me that this is your limit."

Venerable White shook his head and said, "No, I was just waiting for you."

"Hahaha, interesting. Do you want to say that you can go even

faster? Then, bring it on! Let's see who is faster!" Yang Yuxiang said full of confidence.

Since he had caught up to the Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique, he was now full of confidence.

"Aye. Amongst the youngsters I met recently, you are the one that can fly at the fastest speed. Therefore, I'll give you a reward. I'll let you experience the true speed of a flying sword firsthand." Venerable White said with a smile.

That smile seemed to contain all the beautiful things of the world. Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang couldn't help but stare blankly.

And then...

He saw the strange helicopter move once again!

Its speed was incredibly fast!

So fast that it couldn't be described with mere words!

If he could be considered as fast as lightning at full speed, this strange helicopter had literally broken through space, teleporting away!

After an instant, he could barely see it.

And after another instant, he couldn't see it anymore... it had probably gone so far away that it was impossible for him to catch up to it anymore.

This speed was so incredible that it almost made him feel despair. The difference between him and his opponent was the same as the one between heaven and earth.

"The true speed of a flying sword?" Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang stood absentmindedly on his flying sword and didn't move for a long time.

Then, after ten or so minutes, he sighed and said, "That senior was incredible."

The speed that he was so proud of was like that of a snail in front of the other party.

However, Yang Yuxiang wasn't discouraged.

On the contrary, a fire started to burn in his heart.

"Senior, one day, I'll also reach that speed!" He shouted with all his strength to the empty sky.

Then, he decided to return home. It was time to close up and reach the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor!

He had already stayed in the Fourth Stage Realm for a long time. He had intentionally suppressed his realm for the past few years to become the champion of the riding sword competition a fourth time.

But after today, he decided to no longer slow down the speed of his cultivation.

Becoming the champion of the competition for the fourth time had lost its appeal. He had a greater objective right now, and also a broader view.

As for this new objective, it was to reach the same speed as that fearful senior from before. And, if there was an opportunity, he would like to have a race with him again.

Ah... last but not least.

That senior's smile was really beautiful. All the junior and senior sisters I've seen aren't match for that senior.

F*ck, what the hell was I just thinking? Hurricane Sword Yang Yuxiang fiercely shook his head, trying to get that stupid idea out of his head.

"Let's get back and cultivate. Afterward, I'll learn a stronger flying technique. To catch up to that senior, I need to completely dominate the Fifth Stage 'Flying Sword Competition'!" Yang

Yuxiang declared his objective.



At the same time, in the disposable flying sword helicopter edition.

"Aaaaaaah~" A long ear-splitting scream echoed in the helicopter.

However, it wasn't Song Shuhang's.

Although he had a little acrophobia and had recently developed tachophobia too, there was still the fuselage of the helicopter acting as protection; he wasn't too scared.

The one that was screaming was Instructor Li Jr.

While he was unconscious, Li Jr. suddenly felt a zero gravity sensation that caused him to wake up. Then, he saw that the scenery outside was changing at an incredible speed.

That zero gravity feeling was due to the excessive speed of the helicopter.

But this was only one of the reasons. The other reason was that the helicopter was flying upward. This was the real reason for the zero gravity feeling felt by Instructor Li Jr.

Senior White frowned, dissatisfied. Then, he used his hand to hit Instructor Li Jr. and made him pass out again.

"Senior, should we go back home?" Song Shuhang quickly asked. They had already left that cultivator behind, and there was no way he would be able to catch up.

"Aye." Senior White nodded.

Song Shuhang said happily, "Then, we must look for a place to land."

Senior White didn't immediately reply, but asked a question of his own, "I suddenly thought of teaching you a small technique. Do you want to learn it?"

"Which technique?" Although he was confused as to why Senior White would suddenly want to teach him a new technique, if he had the opportunity to learn one, he would definitely accept.

"It's the Turtle Breathing Technique." Senior White said calmly.

"..." Song Shuhang

As soon as he heard the name of the technique, Song Shuhang had an awful premonition!

Chapter 218: We're gonna crash, dammit, Senior's distracted!

The Turtle Breathing Technique was a technique easy to comprehend, and anyone can easily guess what it did by simply hearing its name—it was a technique that allowed a cultivator to decrease the number of times they had to breathe for a period of time.

In the world of cultivators, there were various techniques related to lowering breath and heart rates. Even Turtle Breathing Technique was divided into two different types, 'short-term Turtle Breathing Technique' and 'long-term Turtle Breathing Technique'.

Soft Feather's senior brother, Liu Jianyi the lazybones, practiced the long-term Turtle Breathing Technique as hard as he could because he was too lazy to breathe. Now, he had reached the stage where he only had to breathe two to three times a month.

As for the 'short-term Turtle Breathing Technique', it uses magic to replace breathing within a short period of time. The stronger the power of the cultivator, the higher the efficacy of the technique.

The flexibility of this technique was rather high—once a low-level cultivator had the technique, he could enter underwater or underground places that lacked oxygen to carry out activities or go on an adventure.

Alright, these ain't the problem. The problem is—why did

Venerable White suddenly choose this timing to teach him the short-term Turtle Breathing Technique? Song Shuhang panicked in his heart.

Senior White's face was still as peaceful as before as he calmly asked, "How 'bout it, do you wanna learn it or not?"

"Senior." Song Shuhang's face looked like he was in distress as he asked, "You can tell me directly, did something happen?"

Venerable White turned his head around and smiled, "Yeah, if there are no mishaps, after we continue flying high up towards the sky, we will pass through the atmosphere and fly into space!"

Pass through the atmosphere and... fly into space...

His worst fears were coming true.

"Senior White, can't we stop the flying sword? Based on your capability, stopping the flying sword isn't a problem, right?" Song Shuhang asked carefully.

In reality, if it was just the two of them, even if they flew up to space, he would just accept it and resign himself to his fate. Besides, he was already wearing a spacesuit anyway—at most he can take it as participating in a 'Senior White brings you on a space adventure for a day' activity.

But this time, they have an Instructor Li Jr. with them and there

was only one spacesuit. Wait... f*ck, is this why Senior White wants me to learn the Turtle Breathing Technique?

Is it because he wants me to give Instructor Li Jr. my spacesuit and get me to use the Turtle Breathing Technique? Song Shuhang's eyes started to water.

"You guessed right, you can give the spacesuit to Instructor Li Jr." The master of mindreading Venerable White still had a smile on just like before and gave him a thumbs up. He explained, "How should I put it, earlier when we were racing on the flying sword with that fella, we flew too fast and there's nothing we can do about the speed now, we can't stop. Of course, based on my capabilities, stopping the flying sword isn't a problem... but the fuselage of the helicopter is unable to withstand so much pressure, it will explode—which is no problem for me, but it's hard to say the same for you and Instructor Li Jr."

The corners of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched, 'It's hard to say the same for you and Instructor Li Jr.'? Could it be... death?

"I understand, Senior." Song Shuhang said, "Please teach me the Turtle Breathing Technique!"

At the same time, he removed the spacesuit on his body and gave it to the pitiful Li Jr. to wear. He felt rather apologetic towards the instructor for dragging him into this unexpected calamity.

Hopefully, when things have ended and after Senior White performs a 'brainwashing operation' on him, it would allow him to

forget this traumatic experience and continue living his life happily.

"No worries, with me around, going to space wouldn't pose any danger! I am a Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable." Senior White reassured him.

Truth to be told... Senior White lied. Yeah, he said a white lie.

Based on his capabilities, even if the speed of 'helicopter-style disposable flying sword' was ten times faster than the speed it was going at at the moment, if he wanted to stop the flying sword, he could do it with just a thought.

Furthermore, it would definitely stop in a steady and stable manner.

It's just that, Venerable White thought of the spacesuit on Song Shuhang's body, and his conversation with Song Shuhang prior to getting onto the helicopter.

Song Shuhang has always wanted to go to space, right?

Additionally, because of his admiration for astronauts, he couldn't help but don a spacesuit when he sat in the helicopter, wanting to experience what it's like to be an astronaut.

Even though he didn't know what exactly Song Shuhang was worried about... Senior White still decided for himself that since

Song Shuhang had taken care of him well on several occasions, now that he had an opportunity, shouldn't he fulfill his wish?

Even though he couldn't go too far into space, going one round around the earth and looking for a bigger meteor or other things to land on before taking a picture to commemorate the trip was all within his means.

Senior White was a person who takes good care of his juniors.

Sometimes, he can be very meticulous!



Perhaps 'an immediate encounter with space' incoming was a huge motivation for Song Shuhang, for he managed to quickly grasp the Turtle Breathing Technique.

The Turtle Breathing Technique was only a little more complicated than 'Lightning Palm'. It also required qi and blood energy, and then to engrave a '龟息' rune on each palm.

One had to use one's mental energy to activate the power of the '龟息' runes, and after that, putting both hands together to combine the seals of the technique would fully activate it, causing one to enter the state of turtle breathing.

Also, each '龟息' rune only consists of a few simple strokes.

How should he put it... he felt that all the techniques that Venerable White taught him were very similar in how they were being used. They either required engravement of runes on the palms and the usage of mental energy to activate them, or required the user to lightly call out the name of the technique, or required combining the seals of the technique on the palms in order to perform them.

All these techniques... don't tell me they are from the one-person sect 'White' that have been magically altered by Venerable White?

Under Senior White's personal guidance, Song Shuhang, who had activated the 'Turtle Breathing Technique', allowed himself to enter the state of turtle breathing.

He put both hands together to combine the turtle seals, activating the technique!

In the next moment, he felt his heart rate slowing down and his breathing... ceased!

Breathing was originally a human instinct, human beings do not need to deliberately control it—they breathe instinctively. But as of now, he had stopped breathing just like that. He personally did not feel any difference or discomfort, it was as though not breathing was innate.

Such a feeling was very strange.

...There was a nagging feeling telling him that this was not Turtle Breathing Technique but a death-bringing technique.

"Not bad, based on your current level, the Turtle Breathing Technique can last for around two hours. When the technique's efficacy is about to run out, I will remind you to renew it. In that way, your problem pertaining to breathing in space would be solved." Senior White laughed.

However, just solving only the problem of breathing was insufficient to survive in space.

Without a spacesuit, the vacuum, extreme temperatures, radiation from the sun, as well as micrometeoroids in the space could endanger the human body.

For example, in vacuum, the nitrogen in the blood within the human body will become gas, causing its volume to increase. Without wearing a high pressure airtight spacesuit, the human body would be in jeopardy as a result of the huge disparity between the difference in pressure within the body and the one in the external environment.

To Venerable White, these were no problems. To a cultivator, as long as he was a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor who had condensed the golden core, his corporeal body was strong enough to withstand the harsh conditions in space. If the problem of breathing was solved, a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor was able to live and work happily in peace in outer space.

However, Song Shuhang was a mere First Stage cultivator, his body was only a little stronger than an ordinary human being's, which was insufficient for him to withstand all kinds of dangers posed to his body in space.

"Yeah, without the spacesuit, I need to give you another form of protection." Venerable White said and took out a notebook from his pocket.

It was that kind of small palm-sized notebook. Thereafter, Venerable White started flipping through the notebook and started drawing with his finger.

"Senior White, what are you doing?" Song Shuhang asked carefully.

Venerable White replied, "Drawing a talisman to protect you and keep your life when you're drifting in space. What a pity, if you had prepared two spacesuits, you'd then be able to have a more genuine experience of an astronaut's day in space."

"Hahahaha." Song Shuhang forced a laugh— In actual fact, I never really thought of wanting to experience the life of an astronaut!

Besides, you can use a notebook to draw talismans?

Ever since Senior White refined a flying sword from the tree

branch, he once again renewed Song Shuhang's knowledge of talismans.

"Ok, done!" Venerable White tore a page from his notebook and folded it into a tiny piece before passing it to Song Shuhang, "Put it into your pocket, it will protect you just like a spacesuit once we pass through the earth's atmospheric layer."

Even though he wanted to laugh at this whole 'talisman drawn on notebook's page' thing, since this item concerned his safety, Song Shuhang accepted it carefully and put this 'talisman' into his pocket.

As they were speaking, suddenly, the 'disposable flying sword helicopter edition' seemed to encounter a boundary of some kind and Song Shuhang's vision went black.

Thereafter, a bunch of bright stars appeared in front of his eyes.

We had already passed through the atmospheric layer, and entered space?

I haven't even experienced the entire process properly.

However...

"It really is extremely beautiful!" Song Shuhang widened his eyes and felt like he didn't know where to look at—every corner was just beautiful. It was the kind of scene where people can't help but

etch it in their memory forever.

He was still within the helicopter's fuselage, with a layer of protection set up by Venerable White on the outside. Since he could still talk, he decided to take the chance to express his feelings—he wouldn't be able to make any sounds in a while when they arrived in space and had to leave the fuselage of the helicopter.

"Very beautiful, right? I have always liked flying out to take a look since a long time ago... actually, there was a period of time where I wanted to look for a planet in space to go into seclusion. However, there was a lot of problems I couldn't find solutions to, so I gave up." Senior White smiled.

After laughing... Venerable White suddenly went into a daze.

The majestic and vast starry sky of space triggered one of his old memories, causing him to get lost in his reminiscence.

Senior White... was distracted.

However, senior was distracted, but the 'helicopter-style flying sword' had not stopped—it continued flying so fast it seemed like teleportation.

At this time... a sharp-eyed Song Shuhang suddenly realized that, in front of them, there was an enormous object moving slowly, approaching them.

"Eh, Senior White, there seems to be something in front! Ah, Senior White, hurry turn around, we're gonna crash!" Song Shuhang shouted loudly.

However, Venerable White did not respond to his shouts even after a long time.

Song Shuhang looked at Venerable White— Dammit, Senior White is distracted!

Chapter 219: Senior White: Let me repair this huge hole!

Senior White getting distracted was a very frightening thing, because every time he got distracted, there was an 80% chance that it would trigger the ‘falling on the ground’ skill.

This skill sure was frightening—even if it was released in a magic world, it was at the level where it would be second only to forbidden spells!

What’s even scarier is that there was no telling when Senior White would get distracted—for all you know, he can be laughing and chatting with you at one moment, but in the next moment, he would suddenly get distracted and lost in his thoughts.

Just like now—he was still laughing earlier before he suddenly went into a daze.

"We are gonna crash, Senior White, we are gonna crash, quick, snap out of it and turn back... aaaaaah, we can’t dodge anymore!" Song Shuhang wanted to cry so badly.

At the same time, he saw the object they were gonna crash into as clear as day.

It was an enormous cylinder-shaped metallic object with a four-sided leaf-shaped electric fan on both its left and right; it looked all kinds of formidable.

A satellite?

No, a satellite wouldn't be as huge as this. That thing in front was at least over fifty meters long and almost a hundred meters wide! It had some sort of science-fiction vibe—it was the masterpiece of modern people!

‘Could it be a space station?’ A thought flashed in Song Shuhang's mind.

We're finished!

If it was a satellite, even if it got damaged upon impact, at most Senior White could destroy it completely and remove any traces, dumping it further into space.

Perhaps losing one satellite might affect earth's 'weather report' or 'cell phone communication' or something of that sort, but the probability of causing casualties wasn't big.

But a space station was different, there's always an astronaut or a few up there guarding their post, doing research, as well as doing daily maintenance. If they damaged it by crashing into it... what were they gonna do if there were any scientist in there?

Senior White was still distracted.

"Bang~~!"

The flying sword crashed into the space station hard, creating a huge hole on the right side of the station—well, the sound was created in Song Shuhang's mind, there is no way for sound to travel in vacuum after all.

In space, all kinds of crashes were fatal. If a fragment of space waste the size of a small pill crashed into a satellite, the damage done would be sufficient to render it nothing but scrap metal.

Right now, the fuselage of the helicopter under his feet had crashed into the space station with full power, at an extremely high speed. It was definitely going to be like a bullet shooting through a soda bottle, causing the whole space station to explode!



Just as Song Shuhang was deeply worried, suddenly, the protective outer layer of the 'helicopter-style flying sword' that Venerable White set up burst open!

This protective shield became the buffer layer between the space station and the 'helicopter-style flying sword'. After the fuselage of the helicopter crashed into the space station, creating a hole, it stopped damaging the space station further.

Thereafter, the flying sword seemed to have used up its force and slowly stopped...

It stopped?!

The space station was not completely destroyed!

Song Shuhang couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief.

However, Song Shuhang looked at the enormous hole on the space station again and used all his strength to rub his face— What should we do? What can we do after this?

If the space station gets destroyed because of this hole, it would surely become the most costly 'road' accident in history!

❄ ❄ ❄

On the other side, twenty minutes ago.

Within the space station.

A bald man wearing a thick spacesuit sighed heavily, "Anthony, have we stayed in the space station for too long?"

"Oh, Agüero, both of us have been stuck in this hellhole for five full months! But, we are finally going back today." The other man, who didn't look old but was already full of white hair, replied, "We have already completed nearly sixty experiments here, that's a rather good accomplishment. At last, I finally don't have to look at

you and your bald head anymore!"

"Me too, I'm also sick of seeing you and your white hair for five months straight." Aguero laughed.

Both of them joked with each other, still wearing their spacesuits.

Then, all they had to do was to wait for a space shuttle to come pick them up to send them back to earth.

Being stuck in a hellhole such as this for a full five months was hard to bear even for a research junkie like Anthony. Luckily, tough times were finally over.

Both of them had already waited in the space station for very long, but the highly-anticipated space shuttle took forever to come.

Suddenly... the space station shook violently—it seemed as though it got hit by something.

"Oh god dammit! What happened?" Anthony shouted.

"Is that the space shuttle that's coming to pick us up? But why was there no notification and no signal?" The bald Aguero raised his voice.

"Did something crash into the space station? Quickly, let's go and

have look through the monitors!" Anthony shouted frantically. After all, they were in outer space—if by any chance there appeared some serious problem, it could very likely spell death for them both!



The violent crash finally made Venerable White snap out of his thoughts.

"Oooh, how did I get distracted?" Senior White embarrassingly hit himself on his forehead, "Yeah, where did our conversation stop? Oh, since we have already entered space, we have to look around and see if there are any small meteorites or anything floating around, that can serve as a landing point for us."

"There's no need for that, Senior." Song Shuhang forced a smile, "We just crashed into something, and if I did not guess incorrectly, it's a space station."

"Ah, we crashed into something? Did it get shattered?" Senior White asked in a daze.

Song Shuhang replied, "No, nothing shattered since its volume is rather huge. Additionally, when we crashed, the protective shield was activated, and it seemed to have dampened our momentum, thus the crash only resulted in a hole."

"Ah, thank God. Luckily, nothing got shattered." Senior White

looked relieved.

Indeed, thank God it wasn't shattered. Song Shuhang thought to himself.

At this time... Instructor Li Jr. sitting in the co-pilot seat woke up, but he was still in a daze.

When he woke up, he realized that his body was enclosed within a spacesuit. Then... he seemed to have regained his hearing! He could hear the sound of his breathing.

However, his body below his neck still would not budge.

"Where is this?" Li Jr. asked while sobbing, but it seemed like his voice was unable to travel out of his spacesuit. Only he could hear his own voice.

At this time, a voice appeared out of nowhere in his mind—without going through his ears—and spoke in his mind, "It's space."

He was communicating in his mind? Li Jr. got a huge scare; he turned his head to look at his surroundings. And then, he saw a black space with several bright stars...

Is this really space?

What exactly happened?

No, let me try recalling.

Li Jr. recalled—today, he was teaching two special students, and brought them to pilot a helicopter in the sky. It was a very normal day.

Then, the first student, Song Shuhang, smoothly completed his journey in the sky for one round. No mishaps happened, it was worthy of celebration.

Thereafter, the second student, Song Bai, also started operating the helicopter, flying in the sky.

Then... for some reason, his beloved helicopter seemed to surpass the speed of sound? The scene of his helicopter breaking through the sound barrier in his mind was clear as day. Thereafter, what did happen?

He went deaf, and then he passed out.

When he woke up again, he found himself in space?

What kind of freaking development was this! Even a third-rate storyline wouldn't have a development such as this, right?

After a long time, Instructor Li Jr. stiffly turned his head around,

looked at Venerable White who was next to him, and then cried, begging him, "Mr. Song Bai, can you please let me go back?"

Even though he did not know the specifics of what happened, Song Bai was definitely the one responsible for all of it!

"Yeah, I will bring you back, don't worry!" Venerable White replied.

"Boohoo..." Instructor Li Jr. started feeling sorrowful for reasons he did not understand and started crying out loud.



Song Shuhang asked, "Senior White, what should we do next?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna settle Instructor Li Jr.'s memory first and then leave him in the helicopter. And then... I'll think of a way to repair the hole left by us in the space station!" replied Venerable White. Song Shuhang might have misinterpreted it, but there seemed to be a tinge of excitement in Senior White's voice?

Wait, what did Senior White just say earlier—he wants to repair the space station?

No way, definitely no way!

Senior White already had problems disassembling an air

conditioning unit, no... it wasn't just an air conditioning unit, all kinds of electronic appliances in the house had already been dismantled by Senior White once, but none of them survived. We can see this point clearly by looking at the revamping of Medicine Master's multistoried building.

Senior White was a small expert at dismantling machines, but assembling them was impossible for him.

Hence, Song Shuhang sincerely suggested, "Senior White, as for repairs, we should leave them for the space station's maintenance staff to settle. I feel that secretly leaving might be better, don't you think?"

"No way, it's a hole we created, so we have to fix it." Venerable White was firm in his decision and said, "I know what you're worried about, but you don't have to mull over it anymore.

I am no longer the person I used to be a week ago—after disassembling so many electronics and machinery, my knowledge of modern electronic devices has increased and I'm familiar with them now! I can definitely fix a mere hole in the space station!

Even if I can't fully repair it, I still have magic! At most I will use magic to fill the hole made by us!"

Venerable White was full of confidence.

...It was true though, even if it wasn't fully repaired, Senior

White could still fill the hole with magic. And then, all that would be left was to wait for the maintenance staff onboard the space station to slowly repair it.

Song Shuhang silently nodded his head. Thinking that way made him feel a lot more at ease.



Thereafter, Senior White started to perform a certain technique on Instructor Li Jr., and began to erase his recent memories.

"Don't kill me, don't kill me." Li Jr. called out, not knowing what was happening.

"Don't make any more noise. If you continue shouting, don't blame me if I erase more of your memories than I should!" Senior White threatened him.

Li Jr.'s face turned pale white—erase my memories?

Immediately, his mind started playing all kinds of scenarios: for example, the protagonist getting captured by aliens, then being put through all kinds of scary experiments. After the experiments are done, the protagonist gets brainwashed, removing all his memories, before being releasing him back to earth to continue his life—but, because he had gone through all kinds of scary experiments, the protagonist would often subconsciously go out of control and transform into a monster, eating humans...

And this pitiful protagonist, he used to be a flying instructor...
whom his colleagues that he was on close terms with called Li Jr.!

Chapter 220: Ah? Where did Instructor Li Jr. go?

"I don't want to be brainwashed!" Instructor Li Jr. said with tears streaming down his face.

"Pat!" Senior White gently patted on Instructor Li Jr.'s helmet, knocking him out again.

"Done! It's really troublesome to use the memory-erasing technique. I deleted his memory until this morning when he met us. If he hadn't uselessly struggled, I could have let him keep a few more memories." Senior White said.

Song Shuhang shot a look at Instructor Li Jr—he felt sorry for him.

Afterward, Venerable White unfastened his seatbelt and said excitedly, "Now, let's go fix the hole in the space station!"

"Let us go?" Song Shuhang pointed at himself. Do I also have to come?

"Of course! This hole is quite big. If we're together, we might be able to fix it a little faster." Senior White replied.

"Alright." Song Shuhang agreed.

He had absolutely no idea on how to fix a space station, but at least he would be able to keep an eye on Senior White if he were to tag along.

"Let's go!" Senior White grabbed Song Shuhang and dissolved the protective barrier surrounding the helicopter-style flying sword. Afterward, he lightly jumped and arrived on top of the space station.

Once the protective barrier was gone, Instructor Li Jr, who was still inside the helicopter, started to flutter. Luckily, the seatbelt was still latched. Therefore, he didn't fly away.

The various accessories inside the helicopter also started to flutter. If they weren't properly dealt with, they would surely turn into space junk.

Senior White, who was still holding Song Shuhang, arrived at the edge of the hole. They were both protected by a magical art and were currently invisible.

Then, Senior White stretched his hand and made a sign. An invisible force seized all the broken accessories in the aircraft that had started to flutter and pulled them to his side. Maybe he wanted to use these broken accessories to fill the hole?

Next, Senior White activated a sword art, and the fuselage of the helicopter slowly came out of the big hole in the space station.

Song Shuhang stared for a long time at the place of the collision. He had no idea which part of the space station was this.

He could see that the thick metallic layer outside now had a huge hole, while there were many broken circuits and pipes on the inside.

Even if Song Shuhang was a student of the mechanical design and manufacturing department, he knew nothing about the design of this space station. Even after looking at it for a long time, he wasn't able to gain any insight.

"How should I fix it?" Venerable White squatted down near the hole. As first thing, he put a protective barrier around the hole to keep the broken equipment inside the space station.

"Senior, is there a magical art to restore things? For example, you use the technique, and the damaged object returns to its previous state as if time had flown back?" Song Shuhang asked.

Venerable White turned around and gave him a supercilious look, "You think that there is really such a technique in the world?"

If such a technique existed, Venerable White would have been the first to learn it.

"However, thanks to the experience I've gained after disassembling all those electrical appliances and cars... I know that

if wires are damaged, patch them up. If pipes are damaged, solder them. You can't go wrong if you proceed this way! As for the damaged external layer, we'll just replace it with a new one. Afterward, everything will be fine!" Senior White said full of confidence.

Song Shuhang nodded and said, "You can give it a try."

Anyway, they would try their best. If they were able to fix it, good. Otherwise, he would ask Senior White to use a protective barrier to block the hole and leave the rest to the staff of the space station.

"Leave it to me." Senior White started to tinker with the big hole. From time to time, he would ask Song Shuhang to look for some components amidst that pile of 'fluttering accessories'.

Little by little, Senior White fixed that complex-looking circuit and the broken pipes were also soldered together—it was unknown whether they were connected in the correct order, but everything seemed fine at first glance.

After thirty minutes.

"Hahaha. As long as I pour my heart into it, things won't go wrong. Fixed!" Senior White stretched himself. Then, he said to Song Shuhang, "Come. Help me take a few pictures. Once we're back, we'll send them to the group. The title will be: Fixing the hole in a space station!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

However, he still took his mobile phone and helped Senior White take a few photos.

"Alright, done! Now, only the outer metallic layer is left. Should we cut down the fuselage of the helicopter and solder it to the space station?" Senior White proposed.

"We can't. Let's not talk about the strength of the material, the fuselage of the helicopter has a lot of markings on it. If someone discovers that it used to be a part of a helicopter, how will we explain the fact that it arrived in space and magically soldered itself to a space station?" Song Shuhang immediately rejected the idea.

"You have a point. In that case, I'll arrange a small defensive formation first. After a week, if they haven't fixed it yet, I'll go back to Earth to get a few steel plates to solder onto the space station." Senior White nodded and used his spiritual energy to draw a small formation on the edge of the hole. Afterward, he poured his spiritual energy inside to activate it.

With that, a protective barrier was now surrounding the hole. This barrier would last for around a week.

"Done. Let's leave." Senior White said satisfied.

Then, he grabbed Song Shuhang and lightly jumped, returning to

the helicopter.



Senior White proposed, "How about searching for a meteor or some other thing to have fun? Afterward, we'll return to Earth."

"Fine." Song Shuhang felt his heart. Today's experience had been a little too much for him. Right now, he wanted to return home as soon as possible!

But after seeing Senior White's excited face, he couldn't bring himself to refuse him. Alright, since I'm here, I might as well accompany Senior White for a stroll in space.

After entering the helicopter, Song Shuhang was stunned. He quickly turned his head and looked at the front seat.

"Senior White... where is Instructor Li Jr.?"

The front seat was empty, and there were no traces of Instructor Li Jr.!

Senior White was also at a loss, "What happened? Where is that guy?"

"Senior, did he run away once he regained consciousness?" Song Shuhang said.

Venerable White shook his head, "Impossible. He will stay unconscious for at least twenty-four hours due to my technique."

"Then, why is he not here? Did he float away...?" Song Shuhang carefully examined the front seat of the helicopter and immediately broke out in cold sweat—when they went to repair the hole in the space station, they took great care in strengthening Instructor Li Jr.'s seatbelt.

But now, the seatbelt in the front seat was... broken!

It was broken!

"Senior White, this is bad. Instructor Li Jr. is really drifting in space!" Song Shuhang said impatiently.

"Don't worry. It didn't take us too much time to repair the hole. He couldn't have gone too far. I'll use my mental energy to find him." With that, Venerable White released his mental energy and started to search in all directions.



Going back in time, around ten minutes earlier.

Inside the space station.

"Aguero, did you discover anything through that damned monitor?" The white-haired Anthony shouted.

"F*ck. There is a huge hole in the space station. I have no idea what we've bumped into. Sh*t, not even a warning from the system. How the hell was this hole even made." The bald Aguero cursed.

"That aside, will that hole influence the performance of the space station?" Anthony thought of another matter. After all, their lives were at stake.

"There shouldn't be a problem. That place was a mechanical arm and won't cause problems to the rest of the space station." Aguero replied.

Just as they were discussing, the monitors caught the image of a white object that was passing by.

"What's that?" Anthony was scared by that thing—suddenly encountering an unknown object in space was indeed scary.

Aguero quickly zoomed in with the camera. Next, they discovered that that white object was a human being wearing a spacesuit.

"It's an astronaut!" Aguero said in disbelief.

"Does he have some relations with the thing we just bumped

into? Quick, bring him over here." Anthony shouted.

"I hope that guy is still alive." Aguero said.

The flashback continues. Around five minutes earlier...

The two astronauts brought their colleague inside the space station, taking him into the service module.

"It's an Asian guy, and he's still alive! Tsk, this guy's luck is really good." Aguero continued, "Let's wake him up and ask him what happened."

Around four minutes before Senior White and Shuhang returned...

The two of them tried everything in their power but were unable to wake up the Asian guy.

Suddenly, Anthony's eyes suddenly lit up, "Let's take off his spacesuit. I have an impression of this model. If I'm not mistaken, there should be a camera on the helmet, and inside the spacesuit, there should be a hard disk and video screen. I'll put his spacesuit on and see what happened to him before he fainted."

Around two minutes before their return to the helicopter...

The two astronauts quickly took off the spacesuit of the Asian

guy. Afterward, they made him wear an extra spacesuit they had in the space station.

Anthony, who had a similar build to the Asian guy, wore the spacesuit and started to fiddle with it.

A black layer covered the originally transparent part of the helmet, blocking Anthony's sight. This was the video function of the helmet.

It was a feature added to spacesuits in 2019. It was very cool but also quite useless, and since using it increased the number of risks, there weren't many spacesuits making use of this feature.

"Strange. This guy didn't activate the camera? How come all I see is a black screen?" Anthony said dissatisfied. After meddling with the spacesuit for a while, he wasn't able to find anything useful.

The present time...

The door of the service module opened on its own.

Anthony and Agüero both turned their heads and looked at the entrance. However, there wasn't anything there.

And just as they wondered what had happened... they started to feel dizzy.

The two of them were unable to resist and soon fainted.

Three people wearing spacesuits were floating in the service module.

"Done. Who would have thought that Instructor Li Jr. would end up in the orbital module of the space station." Song Shuhang's smiling form appeared in the middle of the service module.

Then, he went forward and grabbed the astronaut with a familiar spacesuit, quickly leaving the orbital module afterward.

Chapter 221: A pekingese flying an airplane!

Song Shuhang left the space station with 'Instructor Li Jr.'.

Outside the space station, Venerable White was holding a spacesuit in his hand. As soon as he saw Song Shuhang, he waved at him.

Just now, it was thanks to Senior White's long-range technique that all the people in the service module had fainted, allowing Song Shuhang to bring out Instructor Li Jr. without problems.

However, he didn't go with Song Shuhang. He said he needed to take care of something else.

Song Shuhang secretly shot a look at the spacesuit in Venerable White's hand. The matter Senior White was talking about shouldn't require getting hold of a spacesuit, right?

"Since we've found him, let's leave. It would be embarrassing to stay in this place any further." Venerable White said via secret sound transmission. After all, they had bumped into someone else's space station, creating a huge hole within it.

Then, Venerable White activated a sword art. The 'helicopter-style flying sword' came over with a whizz and steadily stopped in front of Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang dragged Instructor Li Jr. along and entered the

helicopter. Afterward, he used a rope to firmly bind Li Jr. to the seat—this time, he wouldn't let him float away!

Next, he sat in the backseat and asked, "Senior White, do you want to delete the contents of the surveillance system?"

Sound couldn't spread in space, but Senior White could understand Shuhang's words through mental energy.

On the other hand, he could directly deliver his voice in Shuhang's mind via secret sound transmission.

Therefore, it wasn't a problem to communicate in space for these two.

Song Shuhang and Venerable White were protected by a magic art and couldn't be discovered by surveillance cameras, but the same couldn't be said for Instructor Li Jr... the process of him floating closer to the space station and getting dragged inside by the other two astronauts should have been recorded.

"Haha. Just now, I went and deleted one hour worth of video records from the space station. However, I have no idea at what intervals they communicate with Earth. If they maintain a connection at all times, that footage might have been already sent to Earth. Actually, even if the footage has reached Earth, it doesn't really matter." Senior White said with a smile, "When I knocked out those guys in the service module, I also erased their memories. They won't remember anything that happened in the last one or two hours. Therefore, they won't remember meeting Instructor Li

Jr. when they wake up. At that point, even if the surveillance video has reached the people on Earth, the astronauts will have no recollection of it; it will be ultimately classified as 'space's strange events'. Therefore, let them rack their brains and come up with whatever they want."

After all, there were already many similar mysteries regarding space.

For example, a few years ago, the picture of a human silhouette captured on Mars was very hot. There were some other rumors too, such as astronauts seeing something similar to alien spaceships passing by or the moon being an artificial satellite.

Many of these rumors were coming together with pictures and videos as proof. But so what? How many people on Earth were believing them?

After a while, they would be treated as jokes. Maybe the members of some country wouldn't be satisfied and would invest money to reach the heart of the matter, but they were doomed not to find any valuable information.

"Alright. Let's search for a place to have fun. Right, you can put on this spacesuit. With that, you'll finally be able to feel like an astronaut." After saying these words, Senior White delivered the spacesuit to Song Shuhang.

I'll finally be able to feel like an astronaut?

Song Shuhang took the spacesuit. Right now, he felt both touched and guilty.

He was touched because Senior White still remembered his dream of being an astronaut.

And, he was guilty because this dream was actually a lie.

Well, it wasn't a complete lie either! Deep down in his heart, he had always wanted to wear a spacesuit and take a stroll in space. This time, he'd just take advantage of the opportunity!

"Thank you, Senior!" Song Shuhang said gratefully.

"You're welcome." Senior White narrowed his eyes. It seemed he was in a good mood.



Song Shuhang wore the spacesuit. Even if it was cumbersome, it was still very comfortable.

Senior White rode his flying sword, shuttling back and forth in space.

More than thirty minutes later, they finally found an asteroid of a suitable size.

They parked the helicopter on the asteroid, and Song Shuhang, who was wearing a spacesuit, tightly held onto the asteroid with one hand, displaying various poses. In the meantime, Senior White took many pictures.

Then, he exchanged positions with Senior White. Senior White sat with his legs crossed and a hand supporting his chin.

Song Shuhang also took many photos.

Unknowingly, they spent an hour on this small asteroid.

At last, Senior White narrowed his eyes in a smile and said, "Did you have fun?"

"Yes, it was very enjoyable." Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"That's good. Then, let us return." Senior White faintly smiled and squinted his eyes.

Without him noticing, he had already been with Shuhang for quite some time. In the meantime, he had grasped most of the modern world knowledge too. After instructing Shuhang about a few cultivation-related problems, he was planning to take his leave.

Nothing lasts forever. This trip to space was to compensate Shuhang for the trouble he had caused during the past few days.

"Fine, let's go!" Song Shuhang stretched himself.

Once he was engrossed in it, he had stopped worrying about this and that. This trip to space had been quite a good experience in the end.

After getting inside the helicopter, Venerable White covered it with a protective barrier.

Afterward, the 'helicopter-style disposable flying sword' took off as sword qi erupted from it, finally heading toward Earth.

When the sword qi erupted, the asteroid they had been standing on was split into two pieces.

One of the pieces kept floating in space, but the other one strayed off from its orbit and slowly started to go toward the Earth. Perhaps it would be attracted by the gravitational field of the Earth one day and change into a meteor.



China, True Monarch Yellow Mountain's immortal cave.

Fairy Lychee was smiling as before as she said, "Then, Senior, let us meet again!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain in the back also had a bright smile as he waved his hand, "Be careful on your way home. Hahaha."

Fairy Lychee smiled shyly. Then, she rode her flying sword and quickly disappeared from True Monarch Yellow Mountain's line of sight.

Once Fairy Lychee was gone, True Monarch Yellow Mountain's bright smile twisted, "DOUDOU!!! You're dead! Let's see who is going to save you once I get my hands on you!!"

Just as he was clenching his teeth in anger, his mobile phone rang.

He looked at the phone and discovered that it was Caselli from the Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center.

Why would she call him?

Was it because little friend Shuhang and Senior White caused some problems?

True Monarch Yellow Mountain answered the phone, "Miss Caselli, do you need something?"

"Mr. Huang Wenzhong." Caselli had a sobbing voice, "I need to report you something. It's about Mr. Song Shuhang and Mr. Song Bai."

"What kind of disaster did they give rise to? Did they destroy some of your aircraft? Don't worry about that. No matter how much damage they caused, I'll compensate for it later." Said True Monarch Yellow Mountain with the air of a nouveau riche.

"N-no, it's not about that." Caselli said somewhat worried, "More than three hours ago, our flight instructor Li Jr. took Mr. Song Bai for a test flight, but we lost contact with the helicopter midway... even up till now, there was no reply from their part. I'm starting to get worried. Maybe they had some problems with the flight? Should we widen the area we've been scouring?"

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain's corner of the mouth twitched. They haven't returned after three hours, and they even lost contact with them?

Did Little Friend Shuhang's fears come true and Venerable White sent the aircraft into space?

It can't possibly be this bad. After all, it was only a helicopter. It's unlikely that it will end up in space, unless Venerable White magically changed it...

"Cough, cough. You don't need to worry about them. I'll try to get in contact with them in a while, and even if something were to happen, I won't hold you responsible. Leave everything to me." True Monarch Yellow Mountain assured.

After True Monarch's words, Caselli felt a little more at ease.

"Ah, yes. Mr. Huang Wenzhong, there is another matter that I need to report." Caselli said, stuttering.

Another matter? Except the calamity known as Song Shuhang and Venerable White, what else could have afflicted the training center?

"It happened ten minutes ago... one of the aircraft of the training center suddenly took off without our flight instructor in it." Caselli stopped after speaking these words.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain had a bad premonition after hearing her words.

"Maybe you won't believe what I'm about to say, and actually, I wouldn't believe it either if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. However, I still feel that I should tell you. The one piloting the aircraft wasn't a person but a pekingese! Mr. Huang Wenzhong, you must believe me. We've got no intention of purposely ruining the aircraft and ask you for money, but this pekingese is still smoothly flying the aircraft as we speak! We can even make a video to prove that we're not lying!" Caselli felt like crying.

If they hadn't seen it with their own eyes, who would believe that a pekingese could fly a helicopter? Moreover, even doing so smoothly?

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain clenched his teeth. DOUDOU!! I'll peel off your fur!!



In the sky, Doudou was very satisfied as he was using his paws to fly the helicopter in circles. He was getting better with every circle.

"Hahaha! I bet Yellow Mountain would be stunned! He didn't want me to drive a car, so I decided to directly fly a plane! Hahaha!" Doudou said self-satisfied.

The dog fur he had given to Song Shuhang was the main body, and that 'Doudou' that had shed the dog fur was the clone.

Doudou, who was in the form of dog fur, had quietly listened to the theoretical lesson while in Song Shuhang's pocket. Afterward, he had carefully watched Song Shuhang in the flight simulator room.

He had also learned many things while Li Jr. was teaching Song Shuhang.

He waited until Song Shuhang changed into his spacesuit and left. Next, he seized the first opportunity he got and boarded a helicopter.

Then, all the above described things happened...

Chapter 222: True Monarch Yellow Mountain's deep depression!

After clenching his teeth in anger, True Monarch Yellow Mountain said in a deep tone, "Keep a close watch on that pekingese, and don't let him board any other aircraft! Once he's done flying, do everything in your power to keep him in place. Don't let him run! As for the other matters, I'll send someone to deal with them."

Hopefully, Doudou won't cause too much trouble this time.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain wasn't afraid that the men of the training center would make a video and put it online.

After all, even if they were to put online the video of a pekingese flying a helicopter, people would think that it was either made via a computer or that it was the advertisement of a movie shooting.

But even if it were to start a commotion, True Monarch Yellow Mountain had means to deal with it—after all, it wasn't the first time that Doudou was causing problems. Doudou had caused trouble countless times, and it was always True Monarch Yellow Mountain that was cleaning up his mess behind the scenes. He was already an expert in this field.

After hearing his words, Caselli heaved a sigh of relief and began to take action according to True Monarch Yellow Mountain's orders.

After hanging up, he then called Song Shuhang.

Immediately, the warm voice of the system lady transmitted from the phone, "Sorry, the number you dialed is temporarily unreachable. Please try again later."

The number is unreachable? Are they really in space?

Without Little Friend Shuhang and Senior White there, who will take Doudou down from the helicopter?!

He always had a specialized squad at hand to take care of the mess left behind by Doudou, but they were too far from his current position.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain was getting worried.



After twenty minutes, Venerable White returned to Earth with the helicopter-style flying sword.

Even if space is beautiful and makes one feel happy, only on Earth can I truly be at ease. Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"Senior, where are we?" Song Shuhang asked thoughtlessly. By looking down, he could faintly see skyscrapers and many lights.

Moreover, it was nighttime.

However, when he and Senior White had left, it was still early morning.

"I don't know either. I casually entered the atmosphere without looking where I was going. We'll discover where we are once we descend to the ground." Venerable White replied.

After a while, the two of them descended to a certain height. Song Shuhang quickly saw a very eye-catching structure.

It was the big statue of a goddess wearing ancient greek clothes.

The goddess was wearing a crown with seven pointed ends, holding a torch in her right hand and a book in the left one. Under her feet were broken cuffs and chains.

"The Statue of Liberty?" Song Shuhang suddenly broke in cold sweat. How did we end up in the United States?

Venerable White stabilized the helicopter and seized up the statue of the goddess, "Oh, this is the Statue of Liberty that is very famous on the net! So ugly!"

"Ugly? It's not. I think that the statue of this goddess is quite fine." Song Shuhang held his chin. He was no expert in

appreciating art, but he wouldn't call the statue before his eyes ugly.

As soon as he finished his sentence, he shot a look at Venerable White— Wait a moment. Is Venerable White using himself as a reference when determining if something is ugly or beautiful? If that's the case, the Statue of Liberty is indeed ugly.

After making this guess, Song Shuhang immediately probed out, "Senior White, do you think I'm handsome?"

Senior White was taken aback, but soon after, he laughed, "Shuhang, you think that my aesthetic standards are very high? There is no such thing. There is not much difference with that of an average person... maybe it's just a little higher. From my point of view, you're passable, certainly not ugly."

"Ah? Only not ugly? Recently, I felt as if I have become quite handsome." Song Shuhang said while holding his chin.

"..." Venerable White.

"Hahaha. However, we're still in the United States. It's better if we return home. If we go in that direction, we'll be able to reach China." Song Shuhang pointed to the east and laughed.

"I see. Let's go then." Senior White activated his sword art once again. The helicopter-style flying sword took off once more.



On the way back, Song Shuhang had nothing to do. Therefore, he took the phone and tried to see if there was signal. With a phone credit of 10 million RMB, even if abroad rates were applied, it was nothing but pocket change.

At this point, Song Shuhang sent several pictures to the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

In the first batch of pictures, Senior White was fixing the hole in the space station. In these pictures, Venerable White was earnestly connecting pipes and wires; he seemed very engaged.

Title: "Senior White earnestly repairing the hole in a space station."

After sending these pictures, Song Shuhang had yet to refresh the page when comments of several seniors started to pop up.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Little Friend Song Shuhang, did you really go to space? No wonder I couldn't get in touch with you guys just now."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator also quickly replied, "On the other hand, I'm wondering why little friend Shuhang and Senior White went into space to repair a space station? What exactly happened?"

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman explained, "Haha. If I'm not mistaken, Senior White and little friend Song Shuhang had flight lessons together today."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "He took flight lessons with Senior White? This is madness!!! Who else besides Senior White can send an ordinary aircraft into space? Little Friend Shuhang, I suggest you to get a life insurance. It will be useful."

Scholar Drunken Moon: "I see. They went into space while they were taking piloting lessons! Anyway, Brother Thrice Reckless, the one who is mad is not little friend Song Shuhang but you! Maybe you're unaware of it, but Senior White is also in the group now. LUL."

Medicine Master: "LUL."

Immortal Master Copper Trigram: "LUL!"

Su Clan's Seven: "LUL!"

"LUL your sister!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber got mad, "Senior White is in the group?! Did he already read my comment? F*ck, how do you delete comments again? Stop laughing and tell me!"

Dharma King Creation: "I have no idea how to do it, but I can teach you of a way. Go search on the Internet. LUL."

Cave Lord Snow Wolf: "I know how to delete messages, but I

won't tell you. LUL."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "You bastards! Pray not to meet me again. Otherwise, I'll make sure to give you a taste of my Seventy-Two Swift Saber Strikes!"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "I think we've neglected something important. After looking at the picture again, I'm wondering about something else—where did that huge hole come from?"

"You're right! Where did that huge hole come from? 🤔" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman also attached a perplexed emoji.

Medicine Master: " @Stressed by a Mountain of Books, Same question."

At this time... another ID suddenly popped out.

Venerable White: "I got distracted and bumped into the space station with the helicopter, but it's all fixed now. Hahaha."

"Senior White is incredible!" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber immediately started to flatter. He had just finished deleting that message from before with great difficulty, and as soon as he saw Senior White, he thought of saying sweet words to him.

"Thrice Reckless, I saw your message 😊" Venerable White continued, "The one you deleted."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "..."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain reappeared and changed the topic of conversation, "Cough. Venerable White, Little Friend Shuhang, where are you now? I need your help with a small matter."

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "We're in the United States. We're on our way back to China right now. Senior Yellow Mountain, what did you need?"

"Aye." True Monarch Yellow Mountain heaved a sigh, "If possible, I would like you and Senior White to hurry back a little bit faster."

Venerable White: "What happened?"

"Doudou boarded an aircraft!" Even if it was only a short sentence of four words, everyone in the group could feel True Monarch Yellow Mountain's deep depression...

"Impossible. Doudou stayed back home and should be looking after the house!" Song Shuhang subconsciously said.

But right at this moment, he thought of something.

He put a hand in his pocket. Originally, Doudou's dog fur should

have been there, but now, there was nothing inside.

Doudou!

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Doudou must have used some magic arts to follow you. Anyway, he caused you a great inconvenience. Once you have caught him, feel free to hit, scold, and lecture him as much as you like!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain said bitterly.

Hit, scold, and lecture him as much as I want? The problem is, will I even be able to hit him?

"I understand. Senior White and I will rush back as fast as possible." Song Shuhang replied.

After closing the chat, Song Shuhang looked at Venerable White.

Senior White laughed, "Then, sit tight."

"Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique"

The wings of the Heavenly Peng appeared on both sides of the fuselage. Just as the wings flapped, the helicopter reached a supersonic speed, quickly heading toward China.



On another side, inside the space station.

The spacecraft 'Soyuz' had smoothly docked at the space station. Its objective was to bring back to Earth the two astronauts named Aguero and Anthony.

"Where are Aguero and Anthony? Why aren't they replying?"

"Let's enter and look. They shouldn't be still doing experiments, right? The last time I called Anthony, he remembered that he had to finish an experiment. Then, he closed himself in the laboratory, refusing to come out."

After a short moment.

"Found them! Heavens, they are both unconscious!"

"What happened? Damn, just what happened in this space station? Let's take a quick look at the surveillance system."

"Someone deleted all the video records. Several hours worth of records are missing. What's the matter?"

"Oh my God! There is also a huge hole in the space station... oh? But it seems that someone repaired it?"

"Let's leave it for later. Let's send Agüero and Anthony back to Earth first. Once they wake up, we can ask them what happened."

Everything inside the space station was a mess...

Chapter 223: Anthony is taking a long time to take off his helmet!

When Venerable White used the Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique, the speed of the helicopter changed as fast as lightning. It would take them a little more than one hour to reach China. The quality of the material of the helicopter was limiting its speed. If Senior White were to use his Meteor Sword, the speed would have been several times faster.

On the way back, Song Shuhang took out his mobile phone and started to search on the Internet for news regarding space stations. After all, they had just bumped a hole in one of them!

Many news popped out when he typed 'space station' on Baidu.

[Latest news: The spacecraft Soyuz has successfully entered the orbit of the international space station and is preparing to dock! Soon, the two astronauts on board will be able to return home!] This news was posted 6 hours ago.

[Latest news: The spacecraft Soyuz has taken off. The numbers of astronauts that will stay on the international space station this time will be five. They'll replace the two astronauts that are currently on board, and they'll perform at least 70 experiments up there.] This news was posted 1 day ago.

There was no mistake. He could tell that it was exactly the space station he and Senior White had created a hole in.

And it seemed that the spacecraft Soyuz had entered the orbit of the space station 6 hours ago... therefore, they should already be on board and met the astronauts, right?

Song Shuhang broke in cold sweat while thinking of this. Luckily, they had been quick to leave. Otherwise, they might have ended up meeting the people from the spacecraft.



One and a half hours later, Song Shuhang and Senior White arrived in China, near the Jiangnan area.

"Should we directly go to the training center?" Venerable White asked.

Song Shuhang thought a bit and said, "Senior White, we should look for a good place to land first. Then, we need to create the scene of a helicopter crash and set Instructor Li Jr. free."

The helicopter was completely ruined, and if they were to go back to the training center like this, the people there would get a scare.

It was better not to give more problems to True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

"You have a point." Venerable White nodded.

Then, he found a desolate place and stopped the helicopter there.

Song Shuhang took Instructor Li Jr. and got off.

Venerable White deleted all the formations he had engraved on the fuselage of the helicopter. Next, he created a hole with his foot near the helicopter, throwing the fuselage inside.

It was fine to choose a random place to arrange the scene of the accident. True Monarch Yellow Mountain would send someone later to work on the details.

Song Shuhang put Instructor Li Jr. on the ground. Then, he was preparing to take off his helmet and spacesuit as he said, "Senior White, can we let Instructor Li Jr. wake up already?"

"Sure." Senior White agreed and was preparing to cancel the technique he had used.

Song Shuhang was preparing to take off Instructor Li Jr.'s helmet when he noticed something—he remembered that the helmet was transparent in the front, but now, there was a black layer there, hiding Instructor Li Jr.'s face.

He slowly removed the helmet.

Next, Song Shuhang's eyes widened, and his whole person froze on the spot.

"Senior, wait a moment!" Song Shuhang called out. He prevented Senior White from releasing the hypnotizing magic art.

At the same time, he immediately put the helmet where it was and took a deep breath.

"What happened?" Senior White asked curiously.

Song Shuhang rubbed his eyes, "Let me rub my eyes a little. Maybe I'm having hallucinations because I'm tired."

Senior White was puzzled...

Song Shuhang stretched his hands out and removed the helmet once more!

Once the helmet was removed, the face of the man beneath was revealed.

This person was in his forties and had a good complexion. Maybe because he had overworked himself, his hair had grown white ahead of time.

"We got scammed! Who the hell is this?!" Song Shuhang really felt like flipping over a table! (ノ逆益逆)ノ——ノ

What happened to Instructor Li Jr.?

This is clearly the spacesuit I gave him. There is even China's flag on it!

But why is this foreigner wearing it?

"So, what about Instructor Li Jr.?" Venerable White was also curious and asked.

"I don't know where he is either!" Song Shuhang wanted to cry but had no tears, "However, I think I grabbed the wrong person. Instructor Li Jr. might as well be still in the space station."

"..." Venerable White.

"This is the same spacesuit I gave to Instructor Li Jr.! But for some unknown reasons, this foreigner decided to wear it. Moreover, he even covered his face with that black layer, making it even more difficult to tell them apart!" Song Shuhang said.

This small mistake was bound to cause further trouble.

"Don't panic!" Venerable White said. After thinking a bit, he added, "Should I build a disposable flying sword 004 and send him back to the space station?"

As soon as Senior White said this, a certain scene appeared in Song Shuhang's head—Senior White created his disposable flying sword 004 and set the space station as the destination. Then, he activated the sword art and sent this unknown foreigner flying into the sky.

And then, that space station they had bumped into suddenly exploded with a mushroom cloud—and the cause of the explosion was the impact with the disposable flying sword!

After thinking of this fearful scene, Song Shuhang shook his head.

"Senior, it's better if we find a way to deliver him to the space station personally. Moreover, Instructor Li Jr. is also still up there. We don't have just to send this guy over there; we also have to take Instructor Li Jr. back!" Song Shuhang said.

"You're also correct." Venerable White nodded.

"In this case, let's go catch Doudou first. Later, we'll make another trip to space!" Song Shuhang heaved a sigh. Now, he could only hope that the astronauts of the Soyuz spacecraft would be slower than them, letting him and Senior White swap Li Jr. for this foreigner before their arrival.



Since Instructor Li Jr. was still up there waiting for them, Senior

White and Song Shuhang didn't directly return to the training center. Instead, they rode a flying sword and went to look for Doudou.

At this time, Doudou was casually flying around with the helicopter.

"Wahaha! How could a mere helicopter baffle me? Let alone a helicopter, one day I'll get my paws on a space shuttle too! Yellow Mountain can't stop me!" Doudou said cheerfully. From time to time, his paws would fiddle with the instruments in the helicopter; he seemed very skilled.

He was flying and flying, but then his smiling face froze.

Senior White, who was riding a flying sword, appeared right in front of the helicopter. He had a calm smile on his face.

And behind him, there was Song Shuhang who was carrying a man wrapped in a spacesuit; his face wore a fiendish grin as he said, "Doudou!"

Doudou made a hollow laugh, "Ahaha. Shuhang, you've come back. Welcome back! Ahaha."

"Let's go back home!" Song Shuhang said.

"No, I don't want to go back. I want to keep flying this helicopter, and I want to try another model too!" Doudou objected. He had

waited a long time to find the right opportunity to board an aircraft, how could he give up so easily?

"Senior, we don't have too much time. Let's just kidnap Doudou!" Song Shuhang suggested.

Senior White faintly smiled and said to Doudou, "Doudou, be a good dog. Fly this helicopter back, and then we'll go home."

"I don-I'm sorry, I'll immediately fly it back!" Doudou still wanted to refuse, but as he saw Senior White's smile getting brighter and brighter, he decided to compromise.

His sixth sense as a monster beast was telling him that he would end up in a tragic state if he kept annoying Senior White. He might even send him to the moon with his disposable flying sword 004.

Therefore, Doudou flew the helicopter back to the Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center with a face full of tears.



Inside the training center, Caselli, who was trying to determine the position of the helicopter stolen by Doudou through the radar, felt like a cat on hot bricks.

At this moment, the voice of a man echoed in her headsets, "Caselli, good news. The helicopter taken by the pekingese has returned."

This was the instructor that Caselli had entrusted with looking for the helicopter stolen by Doudou; he was monitoring the helicopter from the outside with his car.

"That's great! Keep a close watch, nothing must go wrong!" Caselli relaxed a bit.

The other instructors also heaved a sigh of relief.

One of them casually turned the TV on to lighten the atmosphere.

They had many TV channels here at the training center. Not only did they have access to Chinese channels, but also many aviation-type foreign channels. With that, the instructors could broaden their knowledge in their free time.

This instructor had selected a foreign aviation channel.

At this time, a pretty hostess with golden hair and blue eyes was covering some aviation news, "According to the latest reports, the spacecraft Soyuz has successfully picked up the two astronauts on the international space station and is right now on its way back to Earth. Ten minutes ago, the spacecraft left the 'blackout zone' and activated its sunshield. It will land shortly. Let's welcome the two astronauts that have come back from space, Aguero and Anthony!"

Afterward, the camera switched to the place where the

astronauts were about to land.

In the last three years, aerospace technology had developed quite a bit, reaching a very high level.

Therefore, astronauts were able to land more quickly and safely.

Previously, astronauts needed around one day to properly land when returning from space, but now they needed around two hours. Moreover, it was unlikely for them to face any danger in the landing process.

At the landing zone.

"Hello, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Barbara, the journalist on the site. The spacecraft Soyuz has just successfully landed. The bodies of the two astronauts are in good condition, and with the help of the staff, they are now sitting on chairs, ready to give us an interview. Therefore, we're about to interview from close up the two heroes that have just returned from space. The first one is—Mr. Aguero!"

Aguero took off his spacesuit and waved at the crowd.

Venerable White's hypnotizing technique had expired not long after he had boarded the spacecraft leading him toward Earth.

Even if he had lost part of his memory, it didn't stop Aguero from accepting the cheers he was receiving. After all, it was an honor to

be greeted like this.

"And here is our other hero—Anthony!" a warm applause echoed once more. Perhaps they were his fans or his relatives, but there were some people loudly shouting Anthony's name in the crowd.

However... Mr. Anthony had yet to take off the helmet of his spacesuit!

Chapter 224: Their abilities to stir trouble are topping one another!

When examining closely, you could see that Mr. Anthony's body was trembling.

Was Mr. Anthony excited?



My name is Li Xihua, I am a young aviation academy flying instructor. My marital status is single.

I have good relations with people. Within the aviation academy, everyone cordially calls me Li Jr.

I have always loved the blue skies since I was young. When I was a child, I wished I could be a small bird, because if I were a small bird, I would be able to fly freely in the sky with no constraints.

I yearned for the sky just like that... and the more mysterious and vast space above it!

Thereafter, I started to strive hard for my goals.

After I grew older, I became a flying instructor at an aviation academy. I learned how to fly and frequently flew in the skies. I had fulfilled my childhood dreams.

After that, I had a new dream, that is... if the opportunity arises, I want to operate supersonic aircraft, to charge in the sky at top speed without any obstructions!

Due to the fact that the helicopter I'm using to teach students is too slow, even though I had fulfilled my blue sky dream, I had no opportunities to fly freely in the sky.

Moreover, ultimately, speed is every man's passion! Think about it, when the aircraft surpasses the speed of sound, it rumbles and begins supersonic flight. Just based on the fact that it's faster than the speed of sound, it feels awesome!

Of course, this wish was fundamentally impossible to fulfill—after all, I am just an ordinary private aircraft instructor. It is impossible for me to have an opportunity to fly a supersonic aircraft.

Actually... deep down in my heart, I have a more preposterous dream—I want to enter space and personally touch an asteroid with my own hands.

I want to see how a space station actually looks like, and I want to stand outside the atmospheric layer and use my own eyes to see what the sun looks like, as well as the stars and moon, not forgetting the Earth.

This dream, is definitely much more absurd.

However, suddenly one day, when I woke up from a nap, I found myself within a metal cabin, wearing a spacesuit, in the midst of descending to the ground.

What is actually happening? Why am I wearing a spacesuit?

I don't have no recollections of it at all!

After the metal cabin successfully landed, my whole body felt weak and devoid of strength. Thereafter, there were two people who came to open the door and helped the other astronaut and me up, and seated us on our respective chairs.

In front, there was a bunch of foreigners with blue eyes; they kept cheering in English, and then shouting a name, "Anthony, Anthony!" while facing us.

"In that case, welcoming the return of our hero, firstly—it's Mr. Agüero!" said a pretty Caucasian lady.

The audience around started cheering.

The fella wearing a spacesuit next to me took off his helmet, revealing his bald head. He smiled and raised his hands, reveling in the cheers of the audience.

Can anybody tell me... just what exactly is going on here?

Let me try to recall—I remember that due to the fact that we urgently needed a large sum of money recently, we accepted a risky mission at the aviation academy, that is to guide two complete newbies to operate aircraft in the sky.

As for the two rich newbies, it is said that they had never even touched a plane before but they already want to start flying in the sky. Accepting this mission was indeed putting our lives at risk.

Thereafter, from what I remember, I met up with the two newbies. One of them was a university student with a bashful smile, and the other was a handsome and charming young man.

And after that... I had no more recollection. Vaguely, it seemed as though a lot of things had happened, but I have no memory of them whatsoever, like I just woke up from slumber.

But when I opened my eyes, it was this very scene right before my eyes.

At this time, the beautiful Caucasian lady called out once again, "The other hero is... Anthony!"

"Anthony! Anthony!" the surrounding audience started cheering again... are they calling me?

I am Anthony?

This can't be right, I am Li Xihua, the flying instructor Li Xihua!

The big problem is, my body is trembling—if I am Li Xihua, then where did Anthony go?

If I am Anthony, then why do I have Li Xihua's memories?

"Everyone calm down, Anthony is perhaps still trying to get used to the earth's gravitational force. It's ok, can the staff please help him remove his helmet!" requested the bald-headed Aguero next to him.

Don't, don't remove my helmet! I cried out in my heart.

However, my body is too weak, I'm unable to move.

The two staff smiled and went up to me and helped me undo the connector connecting the spacesuit and the helmet before removing it.

In the next moment... everyone at the site quietened down.

Pin drop silence!



The bald man Aguero opened his mouth, what happened? The

person whose helmet was removed wasn't Anthony but another young Asian man!

What was happening? What about his fellow partner Anthony, where did Anthony go?

What exactly happened at the space station? Why didn't he have a single memory of it?

The audience at the sides rubbed their eyes—oh God, who'd be able to tell them where did this young Asian man come from?

What about Mr. Anthony?

This pin drop silence lasted for a very long time.

After a long time, there was still not a reaction from a single soul.

* * *

Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center.

"Splat!!!" a flying instructor who was in the midst of drinking water spat out his water before choking on it, and continued coughing.

He reached out his hand and pointed at the zoomed-in face of an

Asian man on the television screen.

"Li Jr! It's Li Jr, right!? I did not recognize the wrong person, it definitely is Li Jr! That hairstyle of his was done at the hair salon two days ago with me!" said this flying instructor.

Truth to be told, nobody needed his reminder, for the flying instructors around who knew Li Jr. were already shocked. Their mouths were wide open, enough to fit a fist in them.

"What happened, why did Li Jr. appear within the Soyuz spacecraft that returned from the space station? And became a hero who had returned from space?"

"Return from space? A few hours ago, Li Jr. was just accompanying two nouveau riche to fly a helicopter, what space are you talking about?"

"Could that be Li Jr.'s distant relative? Previously, they introduced him as 'Anthony' or something?"

"Impossible, if Li Jr. had such a relative, how would I not know? I am his prospective future brother-in-law—I am very familiar with the relatives he has in his family!"

"It is definitely Li Jr. himself, you see the black mole under his left ear, even if he were a twin, they wouldn't have the exact same mole, right?"

A huge commotion began in Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center, everyone started having a discussion at the same time.

Caselli also looked at the television screen; what she was thinking was much deeper than these instructors—she thought of a fella named Song Shuhang.

Before he entered the helicopter, he insisted on wearing the spacesuit.

Such an odd act, Caselli couldn't help but to think a lot about it!



In the sky, the helicopter operated by Doudou quietly descended and the workers rushed over to provide support.

Doudou openly jumped out of the aircraft and the workers beside did not stop him. Miss Caselli instructed them before not to hurt this pekingese, and just to be careful and not allow it to come in contact with other aircraft.

Song Shuhang stood on Senior White's flying sword, both of them were invisible. Song Shuhang's gaze shifted to the scene broadcasted on the television in the Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center.

And, he saw instructor Li Jr's stiff face filling the entire television screen.

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry; ultimately, Senior White and he were one step behind, instructor Li Jr. had already been brought back to earth.

Venerable White pointed at instructor Li Jr. on the screen and asked, "What should we do? Save him?"

"What can we even do? We can only leave him there for the time being!" Song Shuhang secretly let out a sigh. He fished out his phone and dialed True Monarch Yellow Mountain's number.

Very soon, True Monarch Yellow Mountain picked up the phone.

Song Shuhang said, "True Monarch, Doudou is already here."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain sighed deeply and said, "That's good, keep an eye on him, don't let him stir up any trouble! As for the other stuff, I will send someone to settle it; it won't have any consequences, so you don't have to worry."

"Also, the helicopter that we broke apart previously was tossed in the outskirts of Jiangnan City... shall I send the coordinates to you on a map?" Song Shuhang asked.

"No problem, later when the staff settles Doudou's issue, they will also settle the helicopter problem while they are at it." True Monarch Yellow Mountain answered readily.

Based on True Monarch Yellow Mountain's capabilities, a few minutes was good enough to settle the problems.

"And one last thing." Song Shuhang said embarrassingly, "Today, didn't America sent the Soyuz to the space station to fetch two astronauts back..."

"The space station that both of you crashed into, right? Since you've already crashed into it, it's no big deal. Nobody in the chat group invested in that space station. You can rest assured." True Monarch Yellow Mountain laughed.

"Cough, this isn't the problem I'm about to tell you. Honestly, because of various kinds of reasons... we accidentally left the flying instructor Li Jr., who was in charge of teaching us, behind on the space station, and brought an astronaut named 'Anthony', who was originally in the space station, back with us. Right now, it is being broadcasted live on television—instructor Li Jr. was mistaken as an astronaut and got brought to America. He is being interviewed at the moment." Song Shuhang forced a laugh.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain on the end of the line rubbed his face with all his might.

Wasn't every single one of them too good at getting into trouble?

Not only did he stir trouble all the way to the space station, he also stirred trouble all the way back on earth—on the other side, in America.

For some reason, recently, he kept having a nagging feeling that his fellow daoist friends' abilities to stir trouble were topping one another.

His head hurt; and liver too!

"What about that Instructor Li Jr. now?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain sighed.

"The live broadcast showed that he is still sitting on the chair, looking as though he's about to cry. Oh... seems like someone is coming over to pick him up. It's hard to tell whether it's FBI or CIA, I couldn't see clearly." Song Shuhang said weakly.

"You guys wait, I'll get people to come pick you guys up. Right now, the guy called "Anthony" is still with you, right? I will contact a friend and get Instructor Li Jr. in exchange. But, perhaps it's gonna take a few days."

"Sorry to cause you such inconvenience," said Song Shuhang apologetically.

"It was also hard on you." True Monarch Yellow Mountain encouraged Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang looked at the television screen... Hopefully Instructor Li Jr. returns home safely after being taken away. It was said that Americans' taste was very unique, and Instructor Li Jr. was quite good-looking—which bode ill for his chastity.

Chapter 225: The small monk: I'm going out to make some money for my hemorrhoids operation!

The white-haired Anthony slowly regained consciousness... he felt that he was in a rather turbulent place. He had felt the same when he had sat on the tractor a long, long time ago. That extremely uncomfortable feeling of being continuously shaken.

"Goddammit! Can't you just let me sleep in peace?" Anthony slowly opened his eyes.

It was bright! Very bright actually! Super bright!

When he opened his eyes, he discovered that everything around was an expanse of brightness. Moreover, this white light seemed to come from all directions, with no dead angles. It was the same as those shadowless lamps used when performing surgeries. You couldn't see a single shadow!

He had the feeling of being on a ship. But if it was a ship, why could he see clouds right next to it?

At this time, a warm voice echoed near his ear, "Child, you're finally awake."

Child? I'm in my forties and soon to be fifty years old—and you're calling me 'child'? Anthony's corner of the mouth twitched. Then, he turned his head and tried to look at the owner of the

warm voice.

When he saw the owner of the voice, he was scared shitless.

It was a completely white and flawless human figure that was emitting white light from every pore. On its back were three pairs of wings that were slowly flapping, making it look even more sacred and inviolable.

An... an angel? Anthony's mouth was wide open.

Why am I seeing an angel?

Did I... die? No way. I couldn't have died in such an unreasonable way!

"Excuse me, where am I?" Anthony asked with a sobbing voice. He wasn't that old yet, and he had still a lot of experiments to do. He also had many dreams yet to realize. If possible, he didn't want to die yet!

"Don't worry, child. There is no need to be scared. We're on Paradise." The six-winged angel had a smiling face and a gentle voice that made one's heart warm.

However, even that smiling face was unable to dispel Anthony's despair.

Paradise... then, I'm really dead? his eyes rolled over, and he fainted again...

"Senior White Crane, stop scaring him like that! What would we do if he were to be frightened to death by you? Remember that we have to exchange him for Instructor Li Jr." At this time, a man in black clothes quietly appeared on the angel's side, a smile on his face.

"What nonsense are you babbling about? I didn't try to scare him. Moreover, 'Paradise' is the name of the boat. I wasn't lying." The angel had a gentle voice as before. Soon after, its body flashed, and all the holy light that was filling the surrounding area stopped. Its true form was finally revealed.

It was a huge white crane with three wings on both sides. This was its real form. The angel from before was something it had used magic to change into.

It was very good transformation, almost identical to the angels in Western legends. It was unknown if it was due to its human form, but it had quite a bit of status amongst the Westerns.

This person was True Monarch White Crane, Yellow Mountain's good friend.

Instructor Li Jr. was taken away by the FBI or a similar organization. With True Monarch White Crane's help, it shouldn't be too difficult to exchange him for Anthony.

Actually, True Monarch Yellow Mountain could have easily sent someone to seize back Instructor Li Jr. directly, but that would have caused further unnecessary trouble.

Alright, all the things mentioned above were only excuses!

The truth was that True Monarch White Crane once owned a big favor to Senior White, a kind of life-changing favor. Therefore, whenever Senior White needed help, White Crane was the first one to volunteer to help him.

However, there was also another problem. White Crane wasn't willing to, or it would be better to say that it did not dare to, see Senior White face to face—it was said that after receiving that great favor from Venerable White, it stayed by his side and acted as his faithful servant for more than two months.

But one day, it f*cked up and proposed to Senior White.

There is no need to explain what happened next.

That was True Monarch White Crane's most happy and most painful memory. But even up till now, it did not dare to see Venerable White.

However, it still wished to help him if possible, even if it was an insignificant matter. As long as it could help, it wanted to help.

Therefore, True Monarch Yellow Mountain left the duty to

rescue Instructor Li Jr. to it with a clear conscience.

Instructor Li Jr. was now in the hands of the FBI or another American organization because of Senior White. Therefore, helping in taking him back was like helping Venerable White.

Not only would True Monarch White Crane do its utmost to complete the duty, but it would also owe a favor to True Monarch Yellow Mountain for allowing it to help Senior White!

Only a fool would refuse someone that would help you with a matter and also owe you a favor at the same time!



"Anyway, Senior White has come out of secluded meditation, right? Who is in charge of introducing him to the modern world this time?" True Monarch White Crane asked the man in black clothes.

This man in black clothes was True Monarch Yellow Mountain's subordinate.

This man was known in the world of cultivators as 'Heaven Shrouding Hook' Zhou Li. His job was to deal with all the mess left behind by Doudou. True Monarch Yellow Mountain had an entire squad of people like him.

"Oh, Venerable White came out of secluded meditation quite

some time ago. But, it seems that a rookie is in charge of taking care of him." Heaven Shrouding Hook Zhou Li said.

"A rookie? Did those guys in the group become smarter and decided not to meet Senior White? A bunch of people with no control over their emotions!" True Monarch White Crane snorted in contempt.

"..." Zhou Li.

You're the least qualified person to complain about the willpower of the people inside the group! At least, none of them went as far you did, proposing shamelessly to him!

"I bet that this new guy has already submitted to Senior White's infinite charm, am I right?" True Monarch White Crane asked. It believed that no matter if it were a man or a woman, a human or a beast, all would be captivated by Senior White's incredible charm!

Zhou Li thought a bit and replied, "How should I explain it... according to what I've heard from True Monarch Yellow Mountain's mouth, this rookie was affected by Senior White's charm, but they're still normal friends."

"What? They're still normal friends? Is this rookie a man or a woman? A human or beast?" True Monarch White Crane quickly asked.

"A male, human." Zhou Li replied.

"A male? Is that rookie gay? He was unexpectedly able to resist Senior White's charm!" True Monarch White Crane said astonished.

"..." Zhou Li.

Senior White Crane, what kind of logic is that! It is exactly because Little Friend Shuhang's sexual orientation is normal that he is able to resist Venerable White's charm!

On the other hand, True Monarch White Crane couldn't be considered gay either.

It belonged to a very special race that had inherited the bloodline of ancient divine beasts. Their race was born from eggs. When they were born, there was no distinction between sexes.

Only once they had found their true love and concluded a special engagement would their sex change in accordance to that of their beloved one.

Generally speaking, they were a classy race with little to no moral integrity. Before they were married, they wooed both boys and girls. You could say they had complete freedom to love.

"Tsk. It seems I'll have to go and meet this rookie face-to-face once I'm done retrieving Li Jr." True Monarch White Crane's two wings stretched and arrived behind its head; it seemed it was

deeply pondering something.

I must thoroughly teach this rookie and let him understand how incredible Senior White's charm is.

In this world, no one is allowed not to love Senior White! Every creature that is not loving Senior White is a mistake!

I must personally educate this newbie with a distorted view of the world!

True Monarch White Crane's both eyes were ablaze with flames.



On another side, Jiangnan area.

A little more than one hour before, Song Shuhang and Venerable White grabbed Doudou and waited in the space above the Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center for quite a long time. At last, that specialized (in cleaning up messes) personnel sent by True Monarch Yellow Mountain made its appearance.

Song Shuhang left Anthony to these specialists and told them the place of the 'helicopter crash'.

Then, all the matters of a Pekingese flying an aircraft, the helicopter crash incident, and the matter of Instructor Li Jr.

becoming an astronaut were left in the hands of these specialists.

After everything was settled, Song Shuhang, Senior White, and Doudou returned home together.

After returning home, Song Shuhang called, "Guoguo!"

It was rather embarrassing, he told the small monk to stay home and look after the house, but he and Senior White rushed into space. After all that going back and forth, they didn't even prepare lunch for the small monk.

Little Guoguo shouldn't have starved, right?

Song Shuhang called two times, but there was no response.

"Weird, there's no response. Is he sleeping?" Song Shuhang asked confused.

Then, he searched throughout the entire building once, but there were no traces of the small monk.

"Where did that rascal run to?" Song Shuhang clenched his teeth.

"Shuhang, look at this." At this time, Senior White pointed toward the dining table on the third floor. Above the table was a novel that Shuhang had rented from the library and had yet to return.

Song Shuhang moved closer and discovered there were two rows of big characters written on the cover.

First row: "Elder Brother Shuhang, I'm going out to make money. Don't worry about me."

Second row: "PS: Previously, I searched on the Internet for a bit and discovered that to have your hemorrhoids surgically removed, you need to pay between 3000 and 5000 RMB! If you stay in the hospital for a few days, it's even more expensive! When I left the temple, I brought with me only 1032.60 RMB, and I still need quite a bit for the surgery. Therefore, I'm going out to make some money. I'll be back soon, Elder Brother Shuhang!"

"AAAAAH!!!" Song Shuhang clenched his fists and said, "Bastard! You're purposely trying to anger me, aren't you?! I told you to behave and stay at home, but you actually ran away! Do my words count for nothing?! And that PS... PS your sister! Hemorrhoids or not, wait till I catch you. I'll spank you till you shit all over the place!"

Doudou shrank his head in fear. It seemed that Song Shuhang was rather angry today?

Chapter 226: Benefactor, do you buy children here?

The sun was setting and the color of the sky fading.

In a small mountain village in the outskirts of the Jiangnan area.

Cao Delian was sitting at the entrance of his old house, smoking quietly. After finishing the cigarette, he smoked another, and then another one. After a while, he seemed to have made up his mind.

He returned inside the room and opened a closet, revealing a lot of small Buddha statues and idols.

"All the Gods that are known and unknown. After completing this deal, I'll retire for good. Therefore, I ask you to watch over me, and let me smoothly complete my last deal. After I turn over a new leaf, I'll coat your bodies with gold." Cao Delian lit up some incense and respectfully placed some fruits as offerings.

Then, he carefully closed the closet and deeply exhaled.

Today will be the last deal! Afterward, I'll turn over a new leaf and go live in another city and change my identity. Cao Delian thought to himself.

He slightly straightened his clothes up and turned around, preparing to leave this old house and look for a target for the last

deal.

When he turned around, he discovered that a small monk had appeared in front of his gate.

This small monk seemed to be around 8 years old. He had a round face and looked rather lovable. It made one want to pinch and twist his round cheeks ruthlessly.

Moreover, he had a very serious expression. This made him look even more lovable.

If I were to sell this child, I'm sure many people would go mad to buy him, right? Cao Delian's occupational disease kicked in as he thought this.

As he was thinking, the small monk joined his palms together and greeted him, "Hello, Benefactor. Is Benefactor Cao at home?"

Ah? This small monk knows my name?

Cao Delian was confused. However, he kept his cool and returned the greetings, "Hello, Little Master. I'm precisely Cao Delian."

"That's good then." The small monk heaved a sigh of relief, "This small monk needs Benefactor Cao's help with a matter. Right, can we go inside to talk?"

Cao Delian was temporarily at a loss. However, he still nodded and let the small monk enter the house.

Cao Delian asked cautiously, "Why is Little Master looking for me? Did someone send you here to relay a message?"

"No." The small monk made another greeting gesture, "I looked for you because I needed your help. I asked about you everywhere and was finally able to find your address."

He asked everywhere about me? Cao Delian was confused. He asked, "Why was Little Master looking for me?"

"I'll explain then! I've heard that you buy and sell children here. Is that true?" The small monk revealed an innocent smile and said, "I came here to ask this. Benefactor Cao, do you really buy children?"

After saying these words, the small monk slightly blushed, "If you really buy children, what do you think of me? Although I'm already 6 years old, I'm still quite lovable, am I not? If you're interested, what about buying me for about 5000 RMB?"

Cao Delian was dumbfounded and had no idea WTF was going on.

What's going on? Is this a trap? Or is this kid just making fun of me?

After seeing Cao Delian's dumbfounded expression, the small monk thought that the price was inappropriate. "Is it too much? 4000 RMB is also fine, but I can't go below that. I need to undergo a surgery to remove hemorrhoids, and I need at least 5000 RMB for that. Right now, I only have around 1000 RMB on me."

Cao Delian was still in a state of dumbfoundedness...

"Is 4000 RMB still too high? But I can't lower it any further. Otherwise, I won't be able to afford the surgery!" The small monk frowned.

He needed 4000 RMB for his hemorrhoids operation and decided to sell himself?

What kind of reasoning is that?!

After a long time, Cao Delian finally asked, "Little Master, stop joking. Where are your family members?"

The small monk thought for a bit and replied, "In a very faraway place. Even by air, it would take you 4-5 hours."

So, it takes 4-5 hours via plane? That is indeed very far.

Cao Delian felt that his stomach had started to ache, "Then, how did you exactly come here?"

"I secretly ran away from the temple. After flying for 4-5 hours in the sky, I finally reached the Jiangnan area. There, I met an acquaintance and spent the night in his house. However, I decided to run away to make some money." The small monk replied honestly since Buddhist monks weren't supposed to tell lies.

After hearing all this, Cao Delian's eyes lit up.

His stomach ache disappeared, and his heartbeat sped up a little—Is this small monk a gift from God to allow me to conclude that one last deal? Will I make a big profit this time?

This small monk seemed to have a good background. His skin was soft and fair, and he would grow handsome. Moreover, he was only six this year. Although his brain had some problems, he could be properly taught if given some time.

After thinking a bit, Cao Delian asked, "Where is that acquaintance you talked about?"

The small monk replied, "I don't know. He left with another senior, and they didn't come back for the whole day. Therefore, I came out alone. Benefactor Cao, why are you asking all these questions? Can you tell me if you're willing to buy me for 4000 RMB or not? If you aren't interested, I'll go to another place and ask there."

This is really an opportunity bestowed by the heavens! Cao Delian clenched his fists excited—he thought of many ways to proceed.

As long as he could successfully sell this small monk, he might even be able to live the latter half of his life without worrying about food. These were the gains of having prayed to those idols day and night.

He had already decided to kidnap and sell this small monk.



Cao Delian was a careful man. After getting out of the house, he carefully looked around. There was no one lying in ambush. It seemed it wasn't a trap.

This small monk had mental problems and had really come here to sell himself.

His luck was too good. He had now decided to bring the small monk to another city in the southeast area and sell him there for a high price! At the time, even if the acquaintance of small monk were to discover that there was something wrong, he would be already gone without a trace.

After thinking all this, Cao Delian returned inside the house and asked, "Do you really want to sell yourself?"

"Yes. I urgently need money to treat my hemorrhoids." The small monk nodded.

Alright. If you want to treat your hemorrhoids, then so be it!

"Good. Come with me then!" Cao Delian said to the small monk.

Then, he casually packed a few things and arrived in front of his old car.

Next, he gently said to the small monk, "Get on the car. Uncle is going to bring you to a nearby city."

"Benefactor Cao, does that mean that you've decided to buy me?" a smile appeared on the monk's face.

"Yes. Now follow me and get in the car!" Cao Delian replied. At the same time, he opened the back door and hinted the small monk to get on it.

However, the small monk didn't directly get in the car. He stretched his palm and said, "You have to pay first. Since you've decided to buy me, you need to pay up first. Afterward, I'll get into the car."

As expected, this small monk has mental problems!

Seeing the small monk's resolute face, Cao Delian clenched his teeth and took out his wallet as he nodded. Then, he gave him 4000 RMB and said, "Here are your 4000 RMB!"

When I get to the next city and knock out this small monk, wouldn't that money return to me anyway?

The small monk carefully checked and then took the money, satisfied. "Thanks, Benefactor Cao! I'm sold to you now! How about going to treat my hemorrhoids first?"

Holy shit, this guy is really a retard. Cao Delian ridiculed in his heart, but he still replied, "We'll go to another place to perform the surgery! The medical treatment there is better. Minimally invasive treatment and painless abortion-ugh! I mean, you won't feel any pain when they operate! And there won't be any relapses after the treatment!"

The small monk seemed to have somewhat understood and nodded, "I see. Then, we'll do as you say and go that place."

Afterward, he cutely crawled up in the back seat of the car.

Cao Delian was excited and quickly started his old car. He pressed on the accelerator and the car dashed forward.

Oh man! One must have faith. Burning that incense for those idols wasn't for nothing! Wahaha!



In Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

Song Shuhang asked, "Doudou, can you find the small monk?"

Doudou squatted down and spat out his tongue, trying to act cute. Then, he crooked his head and said, "Of course, woof! I can easily find him with my sense of smell."

Song Shuhang tried to please him and gave him some chicken-flavored dog food, "Then, help me find and bring back the small monk."

Doudou took the dog food with his front paws and quickly ate it. Afterward, he crooked his head again and said, "What do I gain? Woof!"

If you wanted Doudou to help you, you either had to give him something good in return or ask him when he was in a good mood.

Song Shuhang thought and said, "I can teach you to drive a car! I'll look for a place where there is no one and let you drive there for a while."

Doudou gave him a supercilious look and spat out his tongue. Next, he started rolling on the ground. It seemed that Song Shuhang's terms weren't enough to satisfy him.

Song Shuhang clenched his teeth and said, "Once you're good enough, we can engrave the invisible and anti-reconnaissance formations on a car and drive it at fast speed! It's up to you where

to go!"

When he heard these words, Doudou got up and said, "Sure, leave it to me! Woof, I'll quickly find the small monk and tell you his whereabouts. Woof!"

With that, Doudou stopped rolling on the ground and directly flew out of the window, a satisfied expression on his face.

Once Doudou was gone, Song Shuhang wished he could slap himself several times. Just now, he had spoken too much and actually told Doudou he would go with him on a high-speed trip. Was he tired of living?

After a few days, he was planning to visit the hospital and get a 'quick-effect heart helping pill'. He felt that it was becoming difficult for his heart to bear all these responsibilities.

"Shuhang, do you have free time?" Senior White, who was checking up materials on the computer, turned his head and asked.

"I'm free." Song Shuhang replied. After his evening practice, he was basically free.

"Then, I'll teach you how to refine qi and blood pills in the evening. After all, I said I would teach you once you had collected all the materials." Senior White said.

Chapter 227: Did The Sleeping Gas Lose Its Effectiveness?

After hearing Senior White's words, Song Shuhang was in high spirits and said, "Please wait, Senior, I will go retrieve the herbs for refining the qi and blood pill!"

After waiting for him to retrieve the herbs, he and Venerable White went to Medicine Master's pill refining room.

Inside the room, there were a few herbs that have not been used by Medicine Master, fuel required for refining pills, and a furnace for the pills.

The pill furnace was divided into two, lying on the ground—from what he remembered, the last time when they were eating on the rooftop, Venerable White disassembled the pill furnace, and the lower half portion was for Penniless Thief Sect's Candy to use for cooking. Afterwards, he didn't assemble them back together and just tossed them in the pill refining room.

"Haha, I will reassemble them immediately." Venerable White smiled bashfully and hurried in front to piece them together.

This model of the pill refining furnace was originally a separable one, hence there was no need to worry about Senior White ruining the pill furnace.

"Oh right, Shuhang, do you know the fire-controlling art?" asked

Venerable White.

"I don't." Song Shuhang shook his head—initially Medicine Master said that after he had completed the Foundation Establishment, he would teach him the fire-controlling art as well as how to use the pill furnace before teaching him a few methods to refine 'liquefied medicine'.

Once Song Shuhang learned how to make some 'liquefied medicine', Medicine Master would show him the way to gain mortal money.

But after Senior Medicine Master went to help his good friend with his illness, he had not returned ever since... and hence, he had no time to teach Song Shuhang the fire-controlling art.

"Eh? I heard the people within the chat group mention it before, weren't you helping Medicine Master perfect the new version of the 'body tempering liquid'? And yet you don't know the fire-controlling art?" Senior White was puzzled.

Song Shuhang laughed embarrassingly and said, "Senior White, you didn't know? I did not use the pill furnace to refine the body tempering liquid."

That is to say, ever since he met Venerable White till now, he had never refined the body tempering liquid in front of him before!

Venerable White said out of curiosity, "Then, in that case, how

did you refine the body tempering liquid?"

Song Shuhang pointed at the hot pot and electric furnace in the corner of the pill refining room and said, "I just used that set of equipment to refine it, hehe."

"Aren't those for cooking?" there was a look of curiosity in Venerable White's eyes and he said, "Interesting. After we had finished refining the qi and blood pill, if we still have time, you should show me how you refined the 'body tempering liquid' using the electric furnace once."

"No problem."

"However... it's rather inconvenient if you haven't grasped the fire-controlling art. The fire-controlling art and the Lightning Palm are different—it isn't as easy to grasp that technique," Venerable White said, furrowing his brows.

"Senior, we have a fire-controlling magical treasure here." Song Shuhang took out the rechargeable 'Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan' from his pocket.

"Fire-controlling magical treasure? Eh, I've never seen such a thing before." Senior White reached his hand out, took Song Shuhang's fire-controlling magical treasure and started scrutinizing it. "How do you use it?"

Song Shuhang pointed at the fan and did a brief introduction for

Venerable White, "It's very convenient. When you press the red button, you can control the increase in intensity of the flame—you can increase it six times in total. The blue button, on the other hand, is for lowering the temperature. The button in the middle is the power switch; at the same time, you can see the reserve energy of the 'Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan' according to the shade of the color (whether it's dark or light)."

"Reserve energy, this thing doesn't need to use a spirit stone as a power source?" Senior White asked out of curiosity.

Song Shuhang said, "It doesn't use spirit stones, it uses electricity. It can be recharged. It is said that Senior Medicine Master researched and developed it with someone. Because spirit stone was an energy source that cannot be regenerated, they decided to research a method to use electricity to replace spirit stones."

"I see... let me give it a try." Senior White chuckled and pointed at the lower portion of the pill furnace.

There was some black substance in the lower portion of the furnace, it wasn't coal, but something unknown. In any case, it was a form of fuel used by Medicine Master to refine pills.

A flame appeared in the air above Senior White's finger and lit up that piece of black substance.

Thereafter, he opened the Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan, pressed the red button and lightly fanned.

Immediately, the size of the flame got a lot bigger.

The more he fanned, the fiercer the flame became.

After continuing this for six consecutive times, the color of the flame underneath the pill furnace became closer to white gold, reaching to a temperature of approximately 1400 degrees Celsius.

Thereafter, Senior White pressed the blue button and waved six times again. The color of the flame rapidly decreased and quickly went back to an ordinary dark red color.

"Very convenient, so Medicine Master had already been putting in a lot of effort in order to successfully combine cultivators' items with modern technology."

Indeed, Senior Medicine Master was rather avant-garde.

Yeah, just that this magical treasure still requires recharging—that feels kinda backward. Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"Senior White, let's refine the qi and blood pill, shall we... huh?" when Song Shuhang looked at Venerable White, his whole body stiffened.

All he saw was Senior White disassembling the 'Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan'... God knew when he even started.

During the time span of one sentence, the Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan had already been disassembled by Senior White into several sections.

"I see, this is the idea of a genius. The magical treasure and technology were perfectly combined, I really gotta compliment little Medicine Master," mumbled Senior White.

Thereafter, he seemed to have heard Song Shuhang's yell and blankly raised his head to look at Song Shuhang.

"Aiya, hahaha. I disassembled it out of habit..." Venerable White said, wearing an innocent look on his face.

Song Shuhang silently looked at the Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan that had been disassembled into separate components.

"Fear not, I will assemble it back to its former glory. Things like that are different from pure electrical appliances—with magical composition, putting this back together can be done in a couple of minutes! There's definitely no problem at all," said Senior White with a face full of confidence.



A minute later.

Senior White happily showed a completely assembled Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan to Song Shuhang and said, "How does it look, it's been fully restored! I told you before, there's definitely no problem at all!"

"You're awesome, senior!" Song Shuhang sucked up to him a little, "Why don't you try to test if it still functions well?"

"Of course!" Senior White pressed the red button and lightly fanned facing the pill refining furnace.

As he fanned, the color of the flame rose and became pink.

After fanning six times consecutively, the flame eventually became white gold.

What, could it be that an item that was fixed by Senior White actually works and did not fail!?

"Nicely done, Senior!" Song Shuhang gave him a thumbs up. From the looks of it, if electrical appliances have magic elements, Senior White would be able to fix it perfectly!

"Hahaha, of course." Senior White pressed the blue button once again and fanned while facing the pill furnace in a bid to bring down the temperature of the flame.

He fanned once!

The flame... was still as fierce.

The white gold flame was rather dazzling.

"Huh?" Senior White pressed the blue button once again and fanned with all his might...

The flame was still swaying elegantly.

The white gold flame was indeed very beautiful.

Senior White fanned as hard as he could—the flame did not change a single bit.

"Haha, haha." Senior White scratched his head in embarrassment, "I seem to have broken the function to weaken the flame."

"..." Song Shuhang.

"It's ok, I will definitely fix this fan. If it can't be fixed, I will wait for little Medicine Master to return and get him to fix it! Also, I will teach you the fire-controlling art—it's much more useful compared to the fire-controlling magical treasure. The flames will get bigger and smaller according to your will with just a thought." As Senior White spoke, both his hands performed a magical seal.

The flame beneath the pill furnace immediately weakened, and eventually returned to the usual dark red.

Senior White was pleased with himself and said, "How was it, don't you think fire-controlling art is more practical? Magic treasures are after all mere worldly possessions!"

"You're right, Senior." Song Shuhang replied.

Even though the fire-controlling magic treasure was good, the fire-controlling formula was more appealing to him—comparing them was akin to comparing a handgun and fireball technique.

"Then, let me teach you the fire-controlling art!" Senior White's eyes lit up.



Time flew quickly.

In the blink of an eye, it was already in the wee hours of the night.

Human trafficker Cao Delian finally arrived at his destination, Wenzhou City—no less than 400 km away from the area of Jiangnan.

Muahaha, after reaching here, even if the small monk's friends

have all sorts of means and ways, they can forget about finding him and taking him back. Cao Delian was very pleased with himself.

It didn't matter why this small monk would sell himself to him in the first place. After that, he just gotta sell him off and receive a huge sum of money, then he would completely stop human trafficking for good.

As the car continued moving, from the rearview mirror, Cao Delian noticed the small monk's palms were put together; he seemed to be chanting scriptures, or he might be simply sleeping.

"Eh, Benefactor Cao, have we arrived?" the small monk Guoguo opened his eyes and looked at Cao Delian.

"We're about to arrive, hehehe." Cao Delian made a weird laugh.

Then, he wound up the windows in the car and set the air conditioner to internal circulation.

Finally, he switched on the air conditioner.

Warm air blew from the air conditioner... but it was not just warm air, there was also some special gas with only a faint strange smell to it.

That was the result of Cao Delian modifying the air conditioner—what was released was a form of sleeping gas. He got an

acquaintance to help him with the gas; it was extremely effective.

When the gas got released, Cao Delian secretly used his cuff to cover his nose. He had already experimented before—even for a fully grown man, it would only require ten seconds or so for him to pass out.

One, two, three... five, six... nine, ten! Cao Delian chanted in his heart, at the same time turning his head to look at the small monk.

The small monk's head was drooping, with both palms put together. He seemed as though he had fallen asleep.

Done . Cao Delian thought to himself.

He still used his cuff to cover his nose—there was a secret compartment in his cuff, containing an antidote that counteracted the sleeping gas.

Approximately five minutes later, Cao Delian drove to an underground parking lot with not a single soul in sight, and parked the car.

Thereafter, he secretly switched off the air conditioner and opened the windows.

"It's going very smoothly." Cao Delian mumbled to himself.

After those five minutes, the small monk was already sleeping like a log.

Oh right, I should retrieve the money from the small monk's body—it's 4000 RMB after all.

He went next to the small monk and put his hand into the small monk's pocket.

Previously, he saw the small monk putting some money into that pocket.

"Pat!"

At this time, a young and tender hand reached out and hit Cao Delian's hand.

"Benefactor Cao, what are you doing?" the small monk opened his bright eyes.

Cao Delian got a huge shock— F*ck, what's happening, why is the small monk still awake?

Could it be that there's a problem with my sleeping gas?

At this time, Cao Delian's first thought was to switch on the air conditioner again and smell to see if the gas had already expired...

Chapter 228: Benefactor Cao, you need to be spanked if you lie. Ah~

Luckily, the little rationality he had left prevented Cao Delian from doing something disastrous—he did not switch on the air conditioner again to smell the sleeping gas.

Thereafter, he looked at the small monk's puzzled face, and forced a laugh saying, "Haha, I thought you were sleeping, so I wanted to carry you out of the car."

...That being said, the small monk's hand was pretty strong, earlier after he smacked Cao Delian's wrist, the stinging pain was still there.

"I see." The small monk nodded his head, and smiled brightly, "Thank you Benefactor Cao, but small monk was just chanting scriptures, not sleeping. In the temple, this is the hour to chant scriptures after dinner. Even though I've left the temple, I will not fall behind my sutras homework."

"Hehe, hehe." Cao Delian forced a continuous laugh. Seeing how awake the small monk was, he was incessantly depressed. Dammit, the sleeping gas actually did not work?

Forget it, if it didn't work, then so be it.

This small monk is only a 6 or 7 year-old child. Kids at that age usually love sleeping when night comes. I shall wait till he falls

asleep at night before secretly taking those 4000 RMB back! Cao Delian thought to himself.

"Benefactor Cao, we have arrived at our destination, right?" The small monk turned his head and looked at his surroundings, and suddenly thought of something and touched his own butt before excitedly asking, "Benefactor Cao, are we going to the hospital now? You said that when we have arrived at our destination, you'd find a good hospital for me to do the hemorrhoid surgery and treat it so there would not be any pain or relapse, right?"

"There's no rush, you can treat your hemorrhoids anytime. But firstly, come with uncle to a good place. It's already late, let's rest for the night." Cao Delian wore a harmless smile on his face.

His smile was able to make one feel warm and that they would be able to rely on him.

In order to practice that perfect smile, Cao Delian went through quite a bit of hardships!

"But Benefactor Cao, you said it before—once we arrive at our destination, you'd find me a good hospital immediately to do my hemorrhoid surgery!" The small monk furrowed his brows, his face became extremely stern.

Dammit, is this little fella out of his mind?

Hehe, we have already arrived in Wenzhou City, I don't have to

follow the small monk's wishes anymore.

He was trafficking a child after all—not only did he have to wear the perfect, comforting smile, sometimes he also needed to use vicious tactics as well. There's a phrase that goes 'carrot and stick'—it describes the situation perfectly.

Hence, Cao Delian looked serious and made a fierce and scary face at him. "Hemorrhoid, hemorrhoid, treating hemorrhoids my a*ss! You better obediently listen to me—it's late now, we should find a place to rest for the night. If you don't listen to me, I will throw you into the huge river and feed you to sharks!"

The small monk continued to look stern and his eyes furrowed even more.

After a moment, the small monk said in a deep voice, "Benefactor Cao, you clearly said that when we arrive at our destination, you'd look for a hospital for me to treat my hemorrhoids. Did you lie to me?"

"That wasn't considered lying, I was just coaxing you!" Cao Delian laughed grimly while pulling up his sleeves—if this small monk still refused to listen, he was going to beat him up real hard.

He was a brat—once he's been beaten once, he would listen. Cao Delian was very familiar with this line of work.

"Lying is a terrible conduct, master once said that people who lie,

need-to-be-spanked!" The last few words were said in a staccato manner, with his teeth clenched.

After finishing his words, there was fear in his eyes, albeit faint; that was the psychological trauma he had as a result of constantly being beaten on his butt for two years.

"Dammit, acting up again? Get spanked? Not if I beat you to death first!" Cao Delian flew into rage out of humiliation and reached out with his hands to grab the small monk— I will be the one who spanks you first!

The small monk's face became even more stern and he stood still, not budging an inch, allowing Cao Delian to grab him by his clothes.

After Cao Delian grabbed the small monk, he pulled at him, wanting to grab him up and beat him hard.

However... when he used his strength to drag him, he felt as though what he was grabbing wasn't a child but a very heavy chunk of metal. The small monk's legs were as though they had taken root in the soil—they would not move a single muscle.

What's happening? Cao Delian was in disbelief and once again used all his might to lift him!

The little master still would not budge, like a mountain.

"Benefactor Cao, people who lie need-to-get-spanked!" The small monk said in a deep voice, like an angry Buddha.

Thereafter, he reached out his with hands and pinned down the hand Cao Delian used to grab his clothes with instead. He didn't seem to use that much strength, but Cao Delian's entire body got flung like a windmill.

Eventually, he fell hard onto the ground, on all fours and with his butt sticking out.

What's happening? Earlier, just what exactly happened in that instant? Cao Delian got a huge scare, his brain was akin to a Ferrari with the engine of a tractor—completely jammed.

But before he could even think anything, suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his butt.

"Pat!"

The small monk reached out his palm, squatted next to him and fanned really hard at his butt.

...Your mom, that small monk's palm is practically not a human one! It was entirely just like an iron whip whipping him, causing a burning pain. The butt of a human being was a body part with more fat, but the slap to his butt with the small monk's palm was so hard that he felt the pain travel to his bones.

"Aaah..." Cao Delian let out an embarrassing and miserable cry. It was too painful, he instinctively cried out.

"You liar! You liar!" The small monk reached out with his palm once again and attacked Cao Delian's butt continuously on both sides.

"Aaaaaaah..." Cao Delian cried continuously, his mucus and saliva were dripping down.

He kept crawling and moving on the floor with all his might, wanting to dodge the small monk's devilish hands.

However, after he crawled only one step, the small monk dragged him backwards by grabbing his legs, effortlessly bringing him back to the original position. Cao Delian's fingers created five obvious drag marks on the ground.

"Pat pat pat pat!"

"Do you still dare to tell lies?" The small monk said angrily.

"I don't dare, I don't dare to do it again!" Cao Delian's face was filled with tears; the extreme pain caused his mind to go blank. In any case, he dared not go against the words of the small monk.

If they were in the ancient war times, fellas like Cao Delian would definitely spill all the information they know to the enemy once they get captured and tortured.

"Pat pat pat!"

The small monk continued to hit him and said angrily, "So, are you going to bring me to the hospital to do my hemorrhoid surgery?"

"I will bring you there immediately, I will bring you there immediately!" Cao Delian begged loudly, "Don't beat me anymore, if you beat me further, I will become disabled! I will bring you to the hospital immediately!"

The small monk stopped his hand movements, put his palms together and stood up. The angry look on his face started to dissipate and he smiled warmly instead as he said, "Excellent, excellent. Benefactor Cao is willing to repent, there is nothing better than someone repenting for his mistakes. I hope that Benefactor Cao will remember this lesson, and from now on, never lie ever again."

"Yes, little master. I will definitely change, I will definitely change. I will never lie ever again in this life!" Cao Delian said while crying.

"So, are we going to the hospital? I can feel my hemorrhoids becoming more and more painful," said the small monk sternly.

"We'll go, we'll go. I know that the Number Six hospital is nearby, they are very good at treating hemorrhoids." Cao Delian replied—at the same time, he became slightly more clear-headed.

F*ck, what happened earlier?

Where did this small monk, who looked at most 8 years old, get so much strength in his hands? Cao Delian, a fully grown adult, actually couldn't gather enough strength to defend himself?

This martial art is off the charts! I have absolutely no strength to retaliate at all.

This couldn't be the Shaolin Kungfu from folklore, right?

This begs the question—if this small monk is so formidable, why would he come to me to sell himself?

That fella, he couldn't be setting me up, right?

If he's really out to set me up, what should I do? Run away from his side?

But I cannot give up right now—I brought the small monk all the way to Wenzhou City from the area of Jiangnan. All I have to do is look for a buyer and happily sell the small monk away.

Furthermore, I already decided that this would be the last time, and after completing this transaction, I will stop doing this line of work entirely.

Cao Delian rubbed his butt and slowly got up.

At the same time, his mind started thinking really fast.

Oh yeah, why do I have to fear the small monk's formidable martial arts skills? I just have to make sure not to come in conflict with him and when I get a few sellers to take a look at him, I only have to hand him over to one of them.

Since I can't handle the small monk, then I should just leave it to the seller to deal with him?

It had to be said that the human heart was as such—in the face of benefits, it was easy to lose one's rationality. Just like a person dabbling in stocks—his rationality tells him that it's about time to withdraw, but when he sees the stocks rising continuously, he would still think: One last day, let me earn for one more day! Thereafter, he'd end up losing terribly.



At last, Cao Delian brought the small monk to the Number Six hospital.

Because it was night time, they could only go to the emergency room.

The business at the Number Six hospital had always been good. Even if it was night time, there was still a long line of people

waiting to register.

At this time, the small monk and Cao Delian joined the back of the line that was slowly inching forward.

One by one, the people in front completed their registration and paid their registration fee before looking for their respective doctors.

When the small monk saw a patient pay some money after registering, his face suddenly turned pale, "Registration... requires money?"

He searched 'how much does a hemorrhoid surgery cost?' on the internet. According to his findings, it costed approximately 3000 to 5000 RMB, but he forgot to include the registration fee.

"Benefactor Cao, can you lend me some money?" The small monk turned his head around and looked pitifully at Cao Delian.

Cao Delian looked at small monk and secretly rubbed his own butt that was still in extreme pain. He then smiled brightly and said, "No problem, it's just a registration fee, I can pay it on your behalf."

"Benefactor Cao, you're quite a good person. I am extremely grateful." The small monk's eyes showed that he was sincerely touched by his gesture.

Cao Delian secretly swallowed his saliva.

The line gradually moved forward and soon, it was the small monk's turn to register.

"Who's the patient? What treatment are you looking for?" The nurse at the counter raised her head and asked.

"I'm the patient. I have hemorrhoids, I want to do the hemorrhoid surgery!" The small monk raised his hand and replied.

"Oh, this little fella is really cute." The nurse smiled and looked at Cao Delian, "Sir, are you his father?"

"No, he's someone who bought me." The small monk replied on his behalf.

Chapter 229: Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist is having a sense of crisis!

The small monk also added, "And he just spent 4000 RMB to buy me!"

"Boom!"

The pen in the hand of the nurse froze. Then, she shot a frightening gaze at Cao Delian, "Are you one of those bastards that sell children? Or are you a slave trader?"

She particularly hated slave traders because they would often kidnap and sell newborn babies in hospitals.

When the young nurse finished her sentence, all the surrounding people fixed their gazes on Cao Delian. Some young and vigorous men revealed fiendish grins and started to warm up their fists.

Cao Delian's face became white.

"A misunderstanding! It's a misunderstanding!" Cao Delian immediately waved his hand—he subconsciously thought of lying and saying that he was the monk's father.

But just as he was about to speak, an intense pain transmitted from his buttocks! He broke in cold sweat and swallowed the words he was about to say.

Goddammit—if he were to lie, this brat would spank him in front of everyone, making him lose all face!

"The kid was just joking. Do you really think that a slave trader would bring a child to a hospital to treat his hemorrhoids?" Cao Delian vigorously weaved his hand and said.

The young nurse was taken aback, "That's also true. A slave trader wouldn't bring a child to a hospital and have the doctors check up on him. Especially if it was something like hemorrhoids that are not life-threatening."

A bitter expression appeared on Cao Delian's face—a very bitter one.

He, Cao Delian, was a slave trader that had been forced to bring this brat to the hospital and let him undergo a surgery!

After paying the registration fee, Cao Delian grabbed the small monk and immediately went to see the doctor. He was unwilling to stay amongst this crowd more than necessary...



After he was gone, the cute expression on the nurse's face disappeared. She coldly smiled and took the phone; she was planning to call the police.

"Just now, that small monk said that the man bought him for 4000 RMB. Even if that man wasn't a slave trader, he might still be a bastard that kidnaps and sells children. Whether that kid was joking or not, it's still better to report it to the police."

The surrounding people immediately approved of the actions of the nurse.



On another side, Cao Delian was bringing the small monk to see the doctor specialized in treating hemorrhoids.

After walking a little, he stopped and said, "Little master, the doctor is right ahead. You can go and have him examine your hemorrhoids; he will make arrangements for your operation. My addiction kicked in, and I need to go out and smoke a little first."

The small monk was confused, "Benefactor Cao, aren't you coming with me?"

"I'll wait for you outside. After smoking, when the time of the surgery is decided, I'll look for you." Cao Delian said with a bitter smile.

"I see. You don't have to worry, Benefactor Cao. I'm already six; I can take care of myself. I'll come look for you as soon as the operation is completed." The small monk joined his palms together and saluted. Then, he excitedly ran towards the doctor with the

registration ticket in his hand.

When the small monk was gone, Cao Delian quickly turned around and escaped through the back door.

He felt that there was something wrong with the gaze of the nurse from before. Maybe she already called the police.

First, he would get out of here. He was planning to take his old car and stop outside the hospital. He would carefully observe the situation, and if the police were to come, he would immediately run away.

If they didn't come, then he would wait for the small monk to finish his surgery before picking him up again.

For the past few years, medical technology had become much better. If the hemorrhoids weren't too serious, an injection was enough to cure them. If it were serious, then you would need a small operation that would take 20-30 minutes. It was possible to make arrangements for the operation within one hour; it was rather convenient and quick.

Therefore, he could afford to wait since it wasn't too much anyway.

I'm just too f*cking clever! Cao Delian praised himself.

However, he hadn't noticed that there was a pekingese on the top

of his head; the pekingese snorted with contempt.

"This guy actually brought the small monk till Wenzhou City! You made me run a long way. Tsk." Doudou was in a bad mood. He was thinking how to punish Cao Delian.

However, he decided to call Song Shuhang first and report to him that he had successfully found the small monk Guoguo.

Doudou pulled out an iPhone from his fur.

He bought this online. As for the money... he obviously used True Monarch Yellow Mountain's credit card.

As for being able to receive the merchandise despite being a pekingese, he had some tricks up his sleeve.



Meanwhile... inside Medicine Master's multi-storied building, Senior White was still teaching Song Shuhang the fire-controlling art.

Song Shuhang quickly made a hand seal and released his mental energy and qi and blood power from the Heart and Eye Apertures, changing it into a burst of energy capable of controlling fire.

"Rise!" Song Shuhang lightly shouted.

The flame under furnace faintly moved and became slightly brighter...

Song Shuhang asked excited, "Senior, did the flame become stronger?"

"Aye, it increased, about the size of the tip of a fingernail." Senior White bitterly laughed.

Song Shuhang hanged his head in dejection. This fire-controlling art was hundreds of times more difficult to master than the Lightning Palm!

"Senior, maybe I don't have talent for pill refining? Is this the reason I can't master this fire-controlling art?" Song Shuhang asked.

"No, don't lose heart! The fire-controlling art is just very difficult to master, even more so for a First Stage cultivator like yourself. Even some people that have reached the Third Stage Acquired Battle King Realm can't properly use this technique." Senior White comforted him. After thinking a bit, he also added, "When I learned the fire-controlling art, it also took me much longer than the Lightning Palm!"

"Is that true?" after hearing these words, Song Shuhang's confidence rose a little.

Senior White nodded, quite satisfied—at the time, it took him only a glance to learn the Lightning Palm. However, he had to earnestly look at the fire-controlling art and then simulate its function inside his mind once before properly learning it. It had indeed taken him much longer.

Song Shuhang kept practicing for two more rounds. Maybe it was thanks to Senior White's encouragement, but this time, the flame suddenly increased by one half!

"Success!" Song Shuhang said excitedly. Then, he sat on the ground.

He had consumed a lot of mental energy and qi and blood. Even the stockpile of qi and blood from the ghost spirit was depleted.

"After resting a bit, eat some qi and blood pills. We'll start practicing again in a while. Once you've grasped the fire-controlling art, I'll teach you how to refine qi and blood pills." Senior White said with a smile.

"Sure, I think I'll be able to learn this technique in 2-3 days at most!" Song Shuhang said with confidence.

Senior White nodded and received the Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan, "I'll take this fan and try to have it repaired."

"Alright." Shuhang replied.

But at this time, the phone in his pocket rang.

He looked at the phone and saw an unfamiliar number from the Jiangnan area.

Who is calling me this late at night? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

He answered the phone.

"Woof! Shuhang, I found the small monk Guoguo." Doudou's voice transmitted from the other side.

So, it was Doudou's number... wait, since when does Doudou have a phone?

Right, you can buy a phone online, but what about the SIM card? Don't you need to show your ID to get one?

Wait, I'm getting distracted, did Doudou just say that he found the small monk?

"Where is that brat now?" Song Shuhang evilly smiled. As soon as he got a hold of that brat, he would spank him till making him shit all over the place!

"He ran very far. He's in Wenzhou City right now, trying to have his hemorrhoids treated in a hospital." Doudou said with a laugh.

"Wenzhou City? How the hell did he go that far?" Song Shuhang was dumbfounded.

"So, what now? Do you want me to help you catch him? I'm in a good mood right now. As long as you're willing to accompany me to pilot a plane, I'll help you catch this small monk." Doudou proposed his terms on the phone.

"No need. You just need to keep an eye on him. I was planning to go to Wenzhou City anyway." Song Shuhang replied.

"You were planning to go to Wenzhou City?" Doudou was confused.

"Of course! It has been summer vacation for quite some time; I need to go home." Song Shuhang said with a smile.

His parents lived in Wenzhou City.

Since it was summer vacation, it was also time to make a trip back home. After all, he hadn't seen Papa Song and Mama Song for an entire semester.

In addition, he had prepared some Spirit Green Tea to give to his parents and help them get better.

Right, I should give some to Zhao Yaya too...

And if there were time, he would go to see his grandparents and the distant relatives that lived in other cities.

After recalling this, Song Shuhang turned his head and said to Senior White, "Senior, do you want to come with me to Wenzhou City? We have some famous snacks, and there is more variety compared to Jiangnan College Town's Luo Xin street area. Moreover, those snacks are delicious."

"Are there bayberries there?" Senior White suddenly asked.

"Ah... yes. Although they are not a local specialty, we still have a lot of bayberries." Song Shuhang replied— Senior, aren't you tired of them after eating all those bayberries for the past few days?

"Alright. We'll go after Instructor Li Jr. returns." Senior White said, beaming with joy.



In an unknown location in China.

A person was riding a flying sword and strolling about in the sky.

Recently, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was very free.

It had been three days since he had come out of True Monarch

Yellow Mountain's 'Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique', but Yellow Mountain had yet to look for him to catch him again!

"Ahaha, is that stupid Yellow Mountain still unaware that I got out of the seal?" Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist said, self-satisfied.

For the past few days, he had had so much fun.

After being sealed for two hundred years, he had discovered that the outside world had become incredible!

In these three days, he had tasted hundreds of different types of food and played a lot of games.

Moreover, he had also posted many selfies on his personal blog in the chat.

As always, his pictures were the object of admiration of hundreds of people inside the group.

It's a wonderful feeling. Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist sighed with emotion.

The only problem was that he was feeling a sense of impending crisis lately. However, he didn't know about the origin of this crisis...

Chapter 230: Benefactor Cao, There Is Someone Looking For You

The small monk underwent his surgery without problems—his hemorrhoids weren't as serious as he had thought.

The doctor just needed to give him two injections in the place where the hemorrhoids were and insert a treating device inside the small monk's butt afterward. Then, he operated the device and started the treatment.

It took less than twenty minutes to complete the treatment.

They didn't even have to use the minimally invasive surgery.

There was no operation and he didn't bleed either. After twenty minutes, the hemorrhoids of the small monk were almost completely cured. But at this time, the small monk was still maintaining a posture with his legs apart, waiting for the effect medicine to be over.

"Alright. Come again tomorrow and the day after for another treatment. We'll keep the treatment going for two days. After the third day, your hemorrhoids should be completely gone." The doctor was an auntie with a kind face. After seeing the small monk's chubby face, her maternal instinct had kicked in.

"Ah? Three times in total?" the small monk was surprised. After a while, he asked cautiously, "Can I ask how much does it cost?"

The auntie narrowed her eyes into a smile and said, "400 RMB for each time, 1200 in total."

"Eh?" the small monk heaved a sigh of relief, and a happy expression appeared on his face. This treatment was cheaper than what he had thought!

After taking off her gloves, the auntie pinched the small monk's cheeks, "Keep the posture and don't move. It will be over after five minutes."

"Thank you, Benefactor!" the small monk joined his palms together and said earnestly.

"Pff!" the auntie laughed and squeezed the small monk's buttock. Afterward, she continued with her treatment.

After five minutes, the small monk came out of the operating room. He stretched out his hand and felt his butt— It's really much better! It doesn't hurt anymore!

As long as this problem with hemorrhoids was solved, no matter in which place his master would throw him to cultivate, he wouldn't feel any fear!



He had only taken a few steps when three police officers led by the nurse approached the small monk.

"The kid is still here." The nurse pointed at the small monk and said, "I was talking about this small monk. He might have been kidnapped and sold."

The three police officers stopped and seized up the small monk.

The small monk blinked and joined his palms together. Afterward, he greeted the police officers and the young nurse, "Hello, Benefactors. Were you looking for me?"

"Hello, little master." An old police officer arrived at Guoguo's side and squatted down. He tried to be as gentle as possible as to avoid scaring the kid, "Earlier, you said that an uncle bought you for 4000 RMB, right?"

"Yes, that's correct." The small monk nodded.

The old police officer continued to ask, "Do you know the name of that uncle? Where is he now?"

"That benefactor's name is Delian, and his surname is Cao. Before I got into the operating room, he said he needed to go out for a smoke." The small monk replied in details.

"Cao Delian? Does this name ring a bell?" the old police officer turned around and asked the other two.

The police officer on the left shook his head.

The one on the right took out a device that resembled a mobile phone and started to look up something. Inside that device were stored all the criminal records of the police station. The material was even more detailed in regards to those criminals that were still on the loose.

However, Cao Delian's name wasn't present amongst the records.

"Captain, I didn't find anything about Cao Delian." The police officer on the right also shook his head.

"Little master, do you know about that Cao Delian's occupation? Do you know where he is right now?" the old police officer asked once again to the small monk.

"Of course I know. He is a human trafficker." The small monk replied honestly.

"Are you sure? Little master, this isn't a joking matter." The old police officer said firmly.

"Yes, I'm sure of it. I needed to go through many channels to find him. In the area of Jiangnan, he is a very famous slave trader." The small monk sighed with emotion, "That's why he bought me for 4000 RMB!"

"Little master, can you bring us to this Cao Delian?" the old police officer asked in grave tone— This kid is still small after all. Only after seeing that guy in person can we determine if he's a slave trader or not.

"Unless something unexpected happened, he should be waiting for me outside the hospital." The small monk nodded and said, "Just follow me. By the way, why are you looking for Benefactor Cao? Do you have business with him?"

"We're looking for him because we have to ask him something." The old police officer's corner of the mouth twitched.

The police officers felt that this little master had some problems, and in more than one aspect!



At this time, a fist-sized Doudou was hovering over their heads. He was invisible, and none of them could see him.

If Doudou wanted to hide, the small monk had no chance of finding him by relying on his strength.

"This is getting more and more interesting. So, the police officers are now going to meet that Cao Delian? I think it would be very interesting to let them meet face-to-face." Doudou muttered.

Just as he was thinking how to punish that Cao Delian, he had

found a good opportunity.

Therefore, Doudou made his move.

He quietly flew over to those three police officers' side and swept them with his tail, concealing them.

In the next instant, the forms of the three police officers were hidden.

The three police officers could still see each other, and the small monk could also see them. But if anyone else were to pass by, they would only see the small monk Guoguo and none of the police officers.



Cao Delian was sitting in his old car, waiting for the small monk Guoguo to come out of the hospital.

Just now, he had been continuously paying attention to the front door of the hospital, and he didn't see any police officer enter the place—of course, a hospital had several entrances. So, it was possible that a police officer could have entered from somewhere else.

Therefore, he had to keep a close watch. If there was someone else with the small monk when he came out or if someone was sneakily following him, he would start his car and immediately

run away!

"Given the time, the small operation should be over, right?" Cao Delian looked at the watch and muttered.

Just as he was muttering, he saw that the small monk had come out.

After all, that bald head was just too dazzling in the middle of the night. The light of the street lamps was getting reflected after hitting Guoguo's bald head.

Cao Delian didn't immediately call him. He shrank in the car and cautiously looked all around the small monk.

There wasn't even a living soul around.

It seemed that the nurse hadn't reported him to the police; he had been worrying too much. However, it was always good to be on guard. Therefore, he didn't regret it.

After confirming that there was no one else around, Cao Delian stretched his hand and used the horn, signaling his position to the small monk.

"There you are!" the small monk noticed him. Afterward, he ran toward him with a smiling face.

After arriving there, he opened the door of the car.

"Benefactor Cao, so you were really waiting outside the hospital." The small monk said with a smile.

"Hehe. I waited for you quite a long time." Cao Delian threw the butt of the cigarette away and said, "Is the operation done? If yes, we should get going."

"Yes, it's done. However, I have to come again tomorrow and the day after. The treatment will continue for three days, only then it would be thoroughly healed." The small monk said with a smile.

Cao Delian immediately became stiff— F*ck, would I have to repeat this process for the next days to sell this small monk?

"Right, Benefactor Cao. These three benefactors behind me wanted to have a talk with you." The small monk pointed at the three police officers behind him.

"Who?" Cao Delian looked around cautiously. But after looking behind the small monk for a while, he didn't see anyone.

"I'm talking about these three benefactors that are standing right in front of you." The small monk pointed toward the place where the three police officers were standing.

Cao Delian was scared—what the hell was going on? He couldn't see anyone!

Doudou, who was lying on the car, was very happy.

He gently moved his paw, and then, a key suddenly appeared within it. It was the key of Cao Delian's old car.

Next, he gently swept his tail, removing the concealment he had placed on the bodies of the three police officers.

And just like that, three police officers magically appeared in front of Cao Delian.

Scary!

This was really scary!

"The police!" Cao Delian called out in alarm. He immediately went for the place where the key was supposed to be. He was planning to start the car and run for his life.

But when his hand got there, he discovered that the key was gone...

The three police officers were also confused.

They had been standing in front of Cao Delian for a while, but he hadn't noticed them at all. Afterward, he started to call out in alarm as though he had seen some ghost.

But given his reaction when he saw them, they concluded that there was something fishy with this Cao Delian.

If you didn't have a guilty conscience, you wouldn't be afraid if someone were to knock on your door in the middle of night! But seeing how he had reacted, he certainly had something to hide.

The old police officer said in a grave tone, "Slave trader Cao Delian, you're under arrest! Follow us to the police station!"

After receiving that huge scare, Cao Delian tried to calm himself down. He threw all caution to the wind and risked everything, "Police officers, aren't you making a mistake here? I'm just your average man. How did I exactly turn into a slave trader? You can't slander a good man without evidence!"

After saying these words, Cao Delian couldn't help but praise his quick-witted mind!

He didn't have previous offenses. Even if the police officers were to drag him to the police station, as long as he vehemently rejected the charges, what could the police do to him?

At this time, the small monk said somewhat confused, "Ah? Benefactor Cao, you aren't a slave trader? It doesn't make sense! Didn't you buy me?"

"I was just playing with you at the time!" Cao Delian said with a

serious face.

"But you still brought me from the Jiangnan area to Wenzhou City." The small monk Guoguo said.

"..." Cao Delian froze.

At this time, his brain was operating at full speed—trying to find an explanation to this statement! If he couldn't think something up, he was done for!

"Moreover, before I came to you and asked you to buy me, I thoroughly looked at your info. For example, I obtained information about the children you sold from a man named 'Triple Blade Kill'." After finishing his sentence, the small monk took a thick exhibit out of his clothes.

"You shouldn't look down on me! If I wasn't sure that you were a slave trader, why would I go to your place and ask you to buy me?!" the small monk said proudly.

At this time, Cao Delian and the three police officers were all dumbfounded!

Chapter 231: I'll Spank You Till You Shit All Over The Place!

The old police officer took the exhibit from the small monk's hands and started to look through it. The more he read of the contents, the more his eyes were becoming bright!

He immediately stretched his hand and pointed at Cao Delian, roaring, "Arrest him! We'll bring him with us to the police station!"

Thanks to the information in this exhibit, not only could they prove that Cao Delian was a slave trader, they could also follow the traces and catch the whole bunch! If they were lucky, they could inflict great damage to this big group of human traffickers.

And this Cao Delian was the key to solve this case; they couldn't let him escape no matter what!

The two police officers in the back surrounded him like ferocious animals.

"Dammit!" Cao Delian pushed the door of the car open and quickly ran away.

As soon as the small monk took out the exhibit, he had already decided to run away—he didn't expect that after doing this job for all his life, he would fail and get busted right at the last deal!

But, he wouldn't get caught so easily. Although his body wasn't too strong, he was still a slave trader. Therefore, he had already made preparations if he had to flee from the police one day.

And to avoid getting caught by the police, he had spent a long period of time mastering parkour.

Yep, Cao Delian was an incredible traceur, and he had even put many incredible videos online under the name 'Masked Stranger'.

As soon as they saw Cao Delian dash ahead, the two police officers were dumbfounded.

They saw him accelerate and stretch his hands toward the car ahead. Afterward, he used the car as a support and beautifully turned his body midair, leaping over it. Then, he kept running forward, aiming at the three meters tall platform ahead.

Cao Delian kept accelerating. He relied on inertia to step on the wall and used the intersection between the walls to climb on the platform like a monkey.

At this time, the two police officers had just bypassed the car!

"F*ck!" the two police officers angrily cursed. They too trained quite often; however, they weren't part of the armed police. If they were to run in a straight line, maybe they weren't inferior to Cao Delian. But, the opposite party was as agile as a monkey, and they had no hopes of catching him in this environment.

At this time, the small monk blinked. He turned his head and said to the old police officer, "Eh? Benefactors, do you want to catch Benefactor Cao?"

"We won't be able to catch him." The old police officer heaved a sigh. After seeing Cao Delian's quick movements, he knew that it was impossible to capture him.

The best they could do was to put him on the wanted list.

"Oh. Do you need me to help?" the small monk Guoguo joined his palms together and asked.

"Ah?" the old police officer looked at the small monk, somewhat confused.

"After having my hemorrhoids cured, I was planning to forcibly drag Benefactor Cao to a Buddhist temple deep in the mountains and have his head shaved. Afterward, I was planning to have him live there in seclusion and not let him leave the temple until he had repented for all the sins he had committed. But now, I think that leaving him to you guys wouldn't be a bad idea either." The small monk said earnestly.

In the next instant, the old police officer saw the small monk jump. Then, his two short legs started to lightly step on the ground, giving the onlookers an illusory feeling. After a breath, the small monk had already left behind the two police officers.

When facing that three meters tall platform, the small monk also stepped on the wall and used the intersection of the walls as support to get on the platform.

"What the hell?!" the two police officers called out in alarm once again.

Cao Delian being a traceur was already out of their expectations.

However, this small monk surprised them even more! One had to remember that the small monk only looked around 7-8 years old, but that platform was three meters high!

...This had already surpassed the field of parkour. Was this... Chinese Kungfu?

"Boss?" the two young police officers turned their heads and looked at their leader, "What do we do now?"

The old police officer scratched his head and said, "Let's wait!"



On the car, Doudou shrank his tail. 'Wait, what did that small monk just say? He wanted to bring that guy deep in the mountains and have him live his entire life as a monk? Where did this kid learn this stuff? He's only six years old, and his heart is already

this black.'

After thinking a while, he concluded that cultivators like Stupid Yellow Mountain were the best.

Human beings tended to ignore the wrongdoings of those close to them. On the other hand, he could always impartially see the wrongdoings of others.

Actually, dogs weren't any different—Doudou had unexpectedly forgotten about True Monarch Yellow Mountain creating hundreds of accounts to fool around with Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist.

Around two minutes later.

The small monk leapt down from the three meters tall platform while dragging a person along.

The cigarette in the old police officer's mouth immediately fell on the ground.

The one the small monk was dragging along was the slave trader Cao Delian!

Martial arts master!

These words appeared in the mind of the old police officer like an

announcement and wouldn't go away no matter what.

"As promised, I'll leave him to you guys." The small monk Guoguo casually threw Cao Delian in front of the three police officers.

The three police officers looked at the fainted Cao Delian, who still had a panic-stricken expression, and swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

The old police officer was the first one to regain his senses.

"Arrest this guy and bring him to the police station!"

The two young police officers went ahead and handcuffed Cao Delian.

"Little Master, what is your honorable name?" the old police officer went to Guoguo's side and asked with the tone of someone that was trying to curry favors.

"My name is Guoguo, and I don't have a dharma name yet. The abbot said that I'm not old enough to have one." The small monk joined his palms together and replied honestly, his face solemn.

The old police officer kept asking, "Little Master, in which temple did you train?"

This question made the small monk frown. He was in a dilemma now.

The abbot told him that he couldn't casually leak information about the Faraway Wandering Temple to strangers.

However, Buddhist monks weren't supposed to lie either.

How should he reply then?

At this time, Doudou, who was still sitting on top of the car, coldly snorted.

Then, an oppressive voice directly echoed in the old police officer's mind, "There are some questions that you shouldn't ask! Woof!"

The old police officer was taken aback. He looked around, but he couldn't see anyone.

However, he immediately came to his senses and said apologetically to the small monk, "I'm sorry, Little Master. I was rude."

Just now, was it the senior of this small monk that warned me?

However... what did that final 'woof' mean? Or maybe it wasn't a 'woof', but just a strange way to finish the sentence?

The old police officer said goodbye to the small monk and left with his colleagues and Cao Delian.

Actually, he really wanted to stay here and chat with this small monk. Even if he could only pick up random bits of the monk's knowledge, it was all good.

That was Chinese Kungfu! Real Chinese Kungfu!

Unfortunately, a senior was watching over the small monk. Therefore, he had no way to fulfill his wish.

Now that he thought of it, it was only natural. If such a small child left the temple, it was a given that an elder would follow him and protect him, right?



The small monk Guoguo looked confused at the departing old police officer; he touched his bald and dazzling head.

"I'm not sure why he apologized, but I had just thought of an answer with great difficulty." Said the small monk Guoguo with regret.

It took him quite a while to think of this answer—I'm sorry, but the abbot forbade me from telling the name of the temple to

others.

He felt that it was an excellent reply.

Unfortunately, the old police officer suddenly apologized and took his leave. He didn't even have time to say these words.

"Cough, woof!" at this time, Doudou gently barked, revealing his presence.

"Ah?" the small monk turned his head and looked toward the car.

Then, he saw a pekingese lying on the roof of the car with one paw propping up his head and the other holding a bunch of keys. He was lying down exactly like a human being. This pose was pretty cool.

"Doudou!" the small monk happily called out after seeing Doudou.

But soon after, he lowered his head with shame. He asked cautiously, "Doudou, how come you're here?"

"Tsk, if I weren't here, how would Shuhang feel at ease?" Doudou whistled.

The small monk joined his palms together and apologized, "I'm sorry for troubling you."

"You don't have to apologize to me, but you better apologize to Shuhang when you meet him! Woof!" after thinking a bit, Doudou took out a phone from his fur, "Come, I'll show you something interesting."

"?" the small monk tilted his head and looked at the phone, somewhat dubious.

Doudou showed him a short video that he had secretly recorded.

On the screen, Song Shuhang was holding a fist, towering with rage, "Bastard! You're purposely trying to anger me, aren't you?! I told you to behave and stay at home, but you actually ran away! Do my words count for nothing?! And that PS... PS your sister! Hemorrhoids or not, wait till I catch you. I'll spank you till you shit all over the place!

I'll spank you till you shit all over the place!

...shit all over the place!

...the place!

The small monk Guoguo stood there like an idiot. Then, he carefully touched his butt, and his solemn expression changed into a sour one.

"Tsk, do you want to look at it again?" Doudou pressed with his paw on the screen, and the video started once again...

I'll spank you till you shit all over the place!

I'll spank you till you shit all over the place!

The small monk wanted to cry.

"Tsk, I'll tell you another piece of news—Wenzhou City is Song Shuhang's native place, and he's planning to come here in two days." Doudou was really enjoying looking at the small monk's panic-stricken face.

Guoguo's whole body was stiff.

"Doudou, what should I do?" Guoguo asked in a sobbing tone.

"You should have thought twice before running away! Because running away from home is an awful thing! Do you know how much your family would be worried?!" Doudou was sincerely scolding the small monk—at this time, he had forgotten that he himself was known as the monster dog that kept running away from home all year round.

"I'm sorry." The small monk's eyes were wet.

Doudou patted his shoulders, "Cheer up. There is still some time

left before Song Shuhang comes to Wenzhou City. In the meantime, you should think of how to apologize to him and make his anger subside."

The small monk made an effort to nod.

"First, let's search for a hotel to settle down." Doudou leapt down the car, "Come, get into the car!"

"The car? But, I don't know how to drive!" the small monk was dumbfounded.

"Leave that to me!" Doudou said heroically!

He had already decided to give it a try... and now, he finally had the chance. He even had the key in his paws, wouldn't he deeply wrong himself if he were to let this opportunity go?

Chapter 232: A Criminal Wearing A Pekingese Mask Racing On The Streets!

"Doudou, you actually know to drive?" the small monk opened his eyes wide and sighed with emotion.

"Hpmh. I even know how to fly an aircraft. How can a car stop me? Today, I boarded a helicopter and flew in the sky for a while." Doudou said self-satisfied.

Immediately, the small monk looked at Doudou with admiration. His trust in Doudou increased even more, and he got in the backseat of the car without hesitation.

Doudou laughed and slightly increased the size of his body, allowing his hind legs to reach the pedals while in a sitting position.

Then, he looked at the instrument panel and buttons.

Although it was old, the car had an automatic transmission.

"Tsk, it's unexpectedly a car with an automatic transmission. It requires no skills at all to drive." Doudou said with disdain.

Experts should use cars with a manual transmission! Just like in those movies where you would accelerate, change the gear, drift, change the gear, and accelerate again! It was just too cool!

If the car had an automatic transmission then so be it. He might as well enjoy himself.

After sighing with emotion, Doudou inserted the key and started the car.

As expected, driving with the body of a pekingese isn't too comfortable. This seat isn't made for dogs after all. Tsk.

Due to his body structure, whenever he was grabbing the steering wheel with his paws, his hind legs would stick upward, making it difficult to reach the pedals.

Moreover, there was that additional sense of shame. From this viewpoint, he could constantly see his 'Little Doudou' through the gaps in the steering wheel, making his dog face become red with shame.

Of course, he could endure all this if he wanted to. After all, he was the monster dog Doudou! His will wasn't so weak!

Then, just like this... Doudou pressed on the accelerator.

The engine of the car roared... but the car didn't move forward.

What's happening?

"Oh? I forgot to put the right gear." Doudou stretched his right paw and put the car into driving mode.

Then, he pressed on the accelerator once again!

The engine of the car still roared... but it didn't move forward as before.

Just what's happening?

Doudou looked around and made a hollow laugh, "Haha, I forgot that the handbrake was still on."

Then, he stretched his paw and released the handbrake.

A layer of sweat started to form on the forehead of the small monk sitting in the backseat.

Even if he was six and a little slow-witted, he could clearly see that Doudou had no idea how to drive a car!

Speaking of which... Doudou didn't say that he knew how to drive a car. He only said that he piloted an aircraft and that a car couldn't possibly stop him! I was too naive; I've been fooled by Doudou's words!

What should I do now? What if we get into a car accident? The small monk was very worried. He had only 5000 RMB with him.

Would that be enough to compensate for the damage?

What if it's not enough? Should I sell myself again?

While the small monk was letting his imagination run wild, Doudou released the handbrake and pressed on the accelerator once again.

The car finally moved forward.

"Woooof! So goddamn easy! As long as I'm serious, there is nothing that can stop me. Guoguo, sit tight. I'm gonna accelerate!" Doudou said self-satisfied.

In the backseat, the heartbeat of the small monk couldn't help but speed up...



On the other side of the globe, in the United States.

In a strictly guarded prison, Instructor Li Jr. was being hung up and beaten.

"Tell us, where did you hide Anthony?!" a fierce-looking tall black man roared.

"I don't know... I really don't know..." Instructor Li Jr. replied in a sobbing voice. He continued with his stuttering English, "Don't beat me... if I knew something, I would have already told you! I really don't know anything..."

"Tsk, this guy's mouth is really tight." The black guy clenched his teeth. They had used various types of torture, but they weren't able to open this Asian guy's mouth.

Instructor Li Jr. body and mind were both broken— Tight your a*ss! I really don't know anything!

The white officer standing near the black guy smiled evilly, "Well, it doesn't matter. Leave him to me. I'll lock him inside the jail I manage, and I guarantee that he'll spill everything. I think the guys in that prison will surely like his fair and smooth skin, right? Hehehe."

After hearing these words, Instructor Li Jr. mustered his strength and howled, "No! I really don't know anything! I don't even know who the hell this Anthony is; I'm just an ordinary flight instructor!"

From the words of the white police officer, he had understood that his chastity was at stake if were to be thrown inside that prison. He didn't want to go there no matter what!

The fierce-looking black man ruthlessly struck with the whip and said in Chinese, "You don't know? Like hell you don't know! If it wasn't you who took away Anthony, why would you appear on the

spacecraft?!"

"I don't know! I don't have any memory of it! Just the day before yesterday, I was teaching some students how to fly a helicopter. You can go to China to check; I never went to space!" Instructor Li Jr. howled.

"It seems you're one of those types that don't lose heart till they reach the Yellow River! Then, throw him in that jail!" the black man sneered and continued to speak in Mandarin, "I want to see if his a*ss is as tight as his mouth!"

The white police officer also evilly smiled, "Don't worry. I'm sure both of them will loosen up!"

Instructor Li Jr.'s face immediately became white.

Should I bite my tongue and commit suicide to save my chastity?

But how much of my tongue should I bite? Do I need to bite it till the root? And will I still die if it's not completely severed?

What should I do?

Can someone save me?

At this time, the door of the interrogation room opened.

The man that entered the room was wearing a loose Chinese-style gown and had a warm smile. Holy light seemed to cover his face. Whenever someone was looking at him, all their evil thoughts would instantly disappear.

And behind this man with a bright face was a western man with gray hair.

"Anthony!" the fierce-looking black man called out in alarm after seeing the western man.

"Yes, it's me." Anthony gently nodded—he felt that he had had a terrible nightmare, but after waking up, he didn't remember anything about it. Instead, he was now inside a prison?

Then, the man with a bright face passed some files to the two police officers. These files probably contained information about his identity.

After reading these files, the fierce-looking black man's expression changed into one of respect. He handed the files back.

"Release this Asian man. He really knows nothing about this matter." The man with a bright face said with a smile.

The black man didn't hesitate and released Instructor Li Jr.

Instructor Li Jr.'s whole body was soft; he weakly sat on the ground— Did someone save me?

"Child, you suffered many hardships!" the man with a bright face went forward and gave Instructor Li Jr. a light hug.

"Uwaaah!" Instructor Li Jr. felt that he had been treated unjustly. His tears erupted like a volcano and just wouldn't stop. He tightly hugged the man with a bright face and bitterly cried.

He was truly heartbroken...

The man with a bright face gently patted on his back, knocking him out.

Then, he nodded at the two police officers and took Instructor Li Jr. away.



The next day, July 10th. Early morning.

After getting up, Song Shuhang fed the ghost spirit a 'soul bead'. He had recovered these soul beads from Altar Master's base with Senior Brother Three Realms' help.

These soul beads were completely useless to normal cultivators; only ghost cultivators could make use of them. However, they were also a very good tonic for the ghost spirit in Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture.

Next, Song Shuhang practiced as usual. Recently, he felt that his third aperture, the Nose Aperture, was almost full of qi and blood.

It had only been a month since he had contracted the ghost spirit and opened his Eye Aperture.

If an ordinary cultivator were to rely on practice alone, they would need around three years to open the Nose Aperture.

But Song Shuhang had had many fortuitous encounters lately. Not only had he found a batch of qi and blood pills, he had also contracted a ghost spirit and found a 'bamboo shoot' to clear his nose and enhance his sense of smell while accompanying Senior White for a drive. Moreover, he also had the ancient bronze ring to continuously condense the spiritual qi of the world and strengthen his body.

In addition, he had practiced every day without slacking off.

Other than using cheats, he was also diligent. And now, he was unknowingly on the verge of opening his Nose Aperture.

He stretched himself and went downstairs. Unexpectedly, Senior White hadn't gotten up today.

Song Shuhang went to his room and knocked. However, there was no reply.

The door was on the latch. Song Shuhang opened the door and shot a look inside.

Senior White was sitting cross-legged on the bed. A cloud of spiritual qi was revolving on top of his head—he was in the middle of practice.

Venerable White was known as a cultivation madman. Recently, he hadn't practiced that much because there were too many modern things that had piqued his interest.

Song Shuhang didn't want to disturb him. He cautiously closed the door and left.

After going downstairs, he boiled some noodles and turned the TV on to see if anything interesting was going on.

He casually switched channels till he arrived at the 'Wenzhou Channel'.

The channel was broadcasting news related to Wenzhou City.

The host was a man with a straight face. He was using standard Mandarin to describe the contents of the news, "A car accident happened last night at 11 PM on Fenghuang Street.

A [Dongfeng](#) was rushing on the street at more than 100 km/h. At last, it crashed into a villa on the street and even bumped into a Ferrari parked in the courtyard.

According to the description of the owner of the house, a huge pekingese was driving the car when the accident happened. The police guessed that the driver was wearing an animal mask. This behavior is extremely wicked. The police said that they'd look further into this accident and find the ones responsible!"

"Pfff!" Song Shuhang spurted out the noodles he was eating. Some of them even came out of his nose...

The name of a chinese car brand.

Chapter 233: The Youth In Green Clothes Riding A White Horse Has Come Again?

You couldn't blame these police officers for drawing such a conclusion.

If they were to say that the driver was a husky, then you might even believe it. After all, given their size and temperament, it might not be impossible for them to board a car and start it. After all, humans used huskies for a similar job—they were used to pull sleds. There was some vague relation to cars.

But if they were to say that it was a pekingese... leaving other things aside, where would you find such a big pekingese? Then, the logical explanation would be that it was someone wearing a pekingese mask racing on the streets. That was the only explanation that made sense!



Song Shuhang tried not to choke on the noodles.

What criminal wearing a pekingese mask! After hearing the words: pekingese, racing, and car accident, even if he were to use his a*s instead of his brain, he would still be able to link this accident to Doudou.

He was 100% sure that this was Doudou's doing.

‘He even bumped into a Ferrari?’ Song Shuhang started to sweat. Then, he took the phone and started to search on the Internet for the price of a Ferrari.

After looking it up, he discovered that the starting price was 3 million RMB—and this was the price without counting taxes and whatnot.

Going ahead, there were Ferraris that cost: 5 million, 10 million, 20 million, [Insert random number] million. There were many different types, and the price was continuously increasing. You didn’t have to fear if there was an expensive car, you only had to worry if you had enough money or not!

Song Shuhang felt his pocket. He even thought that the 4 million RMB he had gathered from Altar Master over those two expeditions was quite a bit of money. But now, it seemed that that money was barely enough to buy the cheapest Ferrari.

I’m getting distracted... I should contact Doudou first and ask him what happened.

If this was really Doudou’s doing, he would have to contact the owner of the villa and find a way to compensate him. Doudou damaged a Ferrari! He didn’t know about the model, but even with his 4 million RMB, he might be unable to cover the cost.

Wait! Doudou caused this problem, why should I suffer the consequences?

Didn't True Monarch Yellow Mountain had an entire squad of people whose job was to clean up Doudou's messes? If this was really Doudou's doing, he just needed to notify True Monarch Yellow Mountain. He would take care of the rest.

Thinking of this, Song Shuhang calmed down a bit.

Then, he unlocked the phone and went to the contact list, selecting Doudou's number. When Doudou called him yesterday, he saved his number.

After ringing for about ten times, the phone was picked.

"Woof, Shuhang! Why are you calling so early in the morning, ruining this poor dog's beautiful dream?! Woof, be on the watch, I'll bite you when I'm back!" Doudou gloomy voice spread from the phone. While speaking, he even yawned. It seemed that he was very exhausted.

"Doudou, tell me the truth. Did you drive a car yesterday? Also, did you crash into someone's house and destroy their Ferrari?" Song Shuhang said in a grave tone.

"Woof, how do you know? Did you place a camera in my fur? Shuhang, you're violating my privacy by peeping like this!" Doudou said with indignation.

"Peeping your a*ss! Do you think that everyone is like you, with no moral integrity?" Song Shuhang said angrily, "Everything you

did is on the TV, okay?!"

"Eh? Haha, it's even on the TV? That's quite embarrassing." Doudou made a hollow laugh.

"Where are you now?" Song Shuhang clenched his teeth in anger.

"Inside a hotel in Wenzhou City. It took me a while to find this hotel and settle down the small monk. Nowadays, very few hotels allow you to stay over without an ID." Doudou muttered.

The small monk is also there?

"Alright, but you better not cause any more trouble! If you cause a ruckus again, you better forget about seeing me again!" Song Shuhang said vexedly.

"..." Doudou was strangely silent for a while.

Then, he cautiously said, "Shuhang, the sentence 'you better forget about seeing me again' makes me feel very uneasy. You didn't fall in love with me, right? I already told you the previous time that I'm a male pekingese, and if you wanted to engage in a human-monster relationship, I wasn't a suitable target. If you're really into it, I can still introduce you that cute cat younger sister."

"Ugh!" Song Shuhang spat out a mouthful of blood and hung up.

Then, he scrolled on the screen; he wanted to give a call to True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

But right at this time, someone rang the bell.



Song Shuhang raised his head and looked outside—it was an acquaintance!

The person that had come was wearing a black suit and had a serious face. This person was none other than ‘Heaven Shrouding Hook’ Zhou Li. He was the cultivator that True Monarch Yellow Mountain had sent over to process the trouble created by Doudou last time.

It seemed that he was carrying a person on his shoulders.

"He came at the right time. I won't need to call to True Monarch Yellow Mountain now." Song Shuhang said happily.

Then, he went downstairs and quickly opened the door.

After opening the door, Song Shuhang warmly welcomed him, "Senior Brother Zhou, you came at the right time!"

"Ah?" Zhou Li was baffled.

However, he was a professional in the field—he quickly understood the situation.

After seeing Song Shuhang's manner, he thought of a possibility. Zhou Li revealed a bitter smile and asked, "Did Doudou cause trouble?"

"Yes, but it's not as serious as the last time." Song Shuhang said somewhat embarrassed.

"Brother Shuhang!" Zhou Li heaved a sigh. He patted Song Shuhang's shoulders and said, "I too would like to go on a vacation and rest sometimes..."

"Ahahaha." Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh.

"Therefore, I hope you could be more strict with Doudou. Even if it's only one week worth of vacation, I'm fine with it. I don't mind going on a date once in a while." Zhou Li sighed with emotion, his tone very sad.

He was planning to go on a date with a fairy maiden? Senior Brother Zhou really has it hard!

"I'll try my best, I'll try my best!" Song Shuhang felt sorry now.

"Good luck, Brother Shuhang. I believe in you! You can do it!" Zhou Li heaved a long sigh and said, "Well, what did Doudou do this time?"

"Cough, Doudou caused some problems in Wenzhou City. He drove a car and crashed into a villa, destroying the Ferrari of the owner." Song Shuhang coughed.

Zhou Li stayed silent for a while. Then, he curiously asked, "That's all?"

"Yes, that's all." Song Shuhang replied.

Zhou Li heaved a sigh of relief, "Luckily, we only need to compensate him with money. Settling this problem will be pretty fast!"

Afterward, he put the person he was carrying on his shoulders down, entrusting him to Song Shuhang, "Little Friend Shuhang, I'll leave him to you. This is Instructor Li Jr. that you left behind in space. We finally recovered him from the United States."

Instructor Li Jr.?

Song Shuhang quickly supported him. He was feeling very guilty now—if he hadn't taken the wrong person with him, Instructor Li Jr. wouldn't have ended up in America, going through all the trouble.

Hopefully, they didn't cause him too many problems.

Song Shuhang was about to check his state when he discovered that there were no signs of mistreatment on his body. Except for his somewhat pale face, he seemed perfectly fine. It seemed that they didn't torture him.

However, he was still worried and asked, "Did he go through much trouble in the United States?"

"Luckily, we got there in time, and he didn't suffer too much. But if we were even one step too late, I don't know what might have happened. It's likely that both his body and mind would have received a good banging." Zhou Li laughed and continued, "Moreover, we have already healed the wounds on his body and gave him some spiritual medicines. Right now, his body is even stronger than before. You could say that he somewhat benefitted from this misfortune."

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief, "It's all good then."

"But there is still a small problem." Zhou Li said somewhat embarrassed.

"What problem?"

"It's about his memory. We decided to delete the memories related to his trip to the United States because keeping those memories was only another form of suffering for him. With these memories gone, he would be able to keep living happily."

Maybe it was because his memories were deleted too many times recently, but we couldn't cleanly delete everything.

However, we didn't dare to try deleting his memory again. There was a high chance of him turning into an idiot by doing so. Therefore, I decided to directly bring him here and let Senior White deal with it." Zhou Li said with a smile.

"Alright, I understand." Song Shuhang nodded, "Then, I'll let Senior White take care of his memories. Right, do you want to come in and sit?"

"No, no. I must leave and go to Wenzhou City to handle the disaster caused by Doudou. I'll come in the next time if I have time. I'll go now, see you!" Zhou Li laughed. Afterward, he turned around and quickly left.

When he was leaving, he turned around and said via secret sound transmission, "Shuhang, the hypnotizing technique used on Instructor Li Jr. will expire in around twenty minutes. Keep an eye on him."

After finishing his sentence, he raised his legs and quickly ran away.

'I don't understand. What is he scared of?' Song Shuhang scratched his head. He took Instructor Li Jr. and returned upstairs.

Once Senior White is done cultivating, I'll ask him to deal with

Instructor Li Jr.'s memories. Then, we'll be able to send him back to the training center.

It's better not to let his family members worry more than necessary.



Song Shuhang put Instructor Li Jr. on the sofa. There were still twenty minutes left before he would regain consciousness. Hopefully, Senior White would be done practicing by the time.

Song Shuhang also sat on the sofa and closed his eyes, starting to quietly practice the True Self Meditation Scripture to strengthen his mental energy.

He felt that his Nose Aperture was about to open. Therefore, he couldn't fall behind in regards to mental energy!

After practicing for about 17-18 minutes... Song Shuhang suddenly felt strange. He could hear the sound of someone taking a walk.

Did Instructor Li Jr. wake ahead of time?

Song Shuhang opened his eyes.

And then, he was dumbfounded.

He saw a desert—a desert that stretched as far as the eye could see. There was nothing except sand and also no traces of life.

He quickly raised his head and looked at the sky.

There, he saw a vortex that resembled a black hole, rotating slowly.

"F*ck!" Song Shuhang couldn't help but curse. How did I get here?

Then, the sound I heard before...

He quickly turned his head toward the place where the sound was coming from.

He saw that a man and a horse were approaching him from a faraway place.

The horse was completely white and didn't have a single spot of a different color. It was an excellent steed!

The man was a youngster with green clothes, and he was very good-looking!

Chapter 234: Fighting And Seeking Death Until The End

Just like the last time, after noticing Song Shuhang, the young man in green clothes riding the white horse said happily, "Little White, Little White! I finally found you!"

Having experienced this scene the previous time, Song Shuhang made a fist and welcomed him, "Bring it on! It's been a while since I've seen you!"

Of course, these words did not affect the young man. Unless you said the keyword 'rest', the young man would keep repeating the same fixed lines.

However, Song Shuhang wasn't planning to 'rest' just yet. He wanted to fight with the young man in green clothes and see how much he had progressed since the last time.

The last time he had been here, he only knew the Basic Buddhist Fist Technique. However, this time, he had grasped the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> footwork and the <Immovable Body of the Buddha> supplementary body tempering technique. In regards to Daoist techniques, he had learned the Lightning Palm. Even if his realm was almost the same as back then, his fighting prowess was on another level.

"Little White, where did you run off to, I thought you lost your way," the young man in green clothes stood in front of Song Shuhang, grinning radiantly. He was like those NPCs in games—

acting according to a fixed pattern, even the lines he was saying were the same.

"Enough chit-chat. What do you want to train in this time?!" Song Shuhang said heroically—in the meantime, he secretly used the power of qi and blood to draw the 雷 character on the palm of his hand. With that, he could use the Lightning palm at any time!

"Little White, shall we train some hand-to-hand combat techniques?" the young man in green clothes didn't throw him any weapon; instead, he assumed a martial stance.

Song Shuhang laughed, "That's exactly what I was hoping for. Look at my power, Basic Fist Number Three!"

He didn't wait for the young man to attack, he decided to make the first move to gain an advantage. He used the Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk and sharply increased his speed.

After approaching the young man, he released the Basic Fist Number Three. This fist was like a violent storm that pounded toward the young man.

He had learned his lesson after being beaten for nearly an hour last time.

The young man was skilled in every field, and his stance was flawless. He used a finger technique that resembled the 'Nine Swords of Dugu', and against that technique, Song Shuhang's Basic

Buddhist Fist Technique had previously suffered a complete loss.

Under these circumstances, he could only use speed to overcome skills.

Song Shuhang's cultivation had slightly increased from last time; in addition, he had the help of the ghost spirit and that extra speed from the Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk. Therefore, this storm-like fist was even faster than last time and the angle it was hitting from even trickier.

"Hehe. Little White, bring it on!" the young man smiled.

Then, just like last time, he easily evaded Song Shuhang's barrage of fists like a loach. Although these fists were quick, none of them could touch his body!

After seventy fists, Song Shuhang's barrage came to an end.

At this time, the young man raised his finger and said, "Hehe, Little White. Take my move!"

As before, this finger attack reminded Song Shuhang of the Nine Swords of Dugu. It directly aimed at the places where his fist technique was weak. He wasn't able to ward it off because he attacked precisely when his fist had lost all its momentum, being in its weakest state!

Last time, it was exactly this godly finger that made Song

Shuhang wish he could die, making his whole body ache.

But this time, he was already prepared... he had been saving up the Lightning Palm just for this moment!

The finger of the young man aimed at Song Shuhang's shoulder.

Song Shuhang's shoulder immediately became numb and aching as though it had received an electric shock. But thanks to the <Immovable Body of the Buddha>, he could withstand this kind of pain.

Taking advantage of the fact that young man was in the middle of his attack, Song Shuhang made his move and lightly shouted, "Lightning Palm!"

The 雷 character in the middle of his palm shone and turned into a ball of lightning. Along with the movement of Song Shuhang's shoulder, the Lightning Palm went toward the young man.

The young man, as if he had thought that Song Shuhang wouldn't use Daoist techniques, didn't dodge.

The Lightning Palm made a crackling sound and hit the young man directly!

The strength of this technique was enough to create a hole of the size of a basketball in a hard rock. However, the strength of this young man was unknown. Therefore, it was unknown how much

damage he would suffer from the hit.

Song Shuhang wasn't worried that the young man would die... this place was only an 'illusory reality' created while Senior White was cultivating—even if the young man were to die, a brand-new 'young man in green clothes' would spawn after a while!

"Bang!"

After being hit by the Lightning Palm, the young man was sent flying and rolled several times on the sand. Lightning was entwining his body while sending out crackling sounds. The electricity completely paralyzed him, and his body was continuously twitching.

"Hahaha! Idiot, I can use the Lightning Palm now!" Song Shuhang laughed self-satisfied—he had finally released some of his anger.

The last time, the young man had tortured him in various ways in this same desert. Now, the Lightning Palm let him breathe a mouthful of fresh air. It was a good feeling!

Just when Song Shuhang was loudly laughing, the young man rolled on the ground twice and got up.

He patted his green clothes and said to Song Shuhang, "Little White, you're so shameless! You unexpectedly used a Daoist technique!"

Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide, 'What the hell? Even after being hit by the Lightning Palm, there isn't even a scratch on his body?'

"In that case, I'll also be impolite!" the young man said a brand-new line.

...It seemed that Song Shuhang using the Lightning Palm had changed the plot, just like when he said the word 'rest' last time.

However, it seemed that the plot wasn't changing for the better this time!

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva, "Don't be like this. Wouldn't it be better if we both stayed polite? Moreover, I'm feeling a little tired. How about resting a bit?"

However, the word 'rest' didn't have any effect on the young man this time.

"Hehe. Look at my magical technique! Invincible Nine Manifestations of the Dragon God: Ferocious Thunder and Lightning!" the young man joined his palms together and chanted a long series of words.

Is he trying to intimidate me?

Just when he thought this, Song Shuhang heard the sound of a muffled thunder coming from the sky. Soon after, a rain of lightning came down from it, aiming at Shuhang.

You heard correctly—it was a rain of lightning!

The lightning was as concentrated as raindrops. It was even scarier than the heavenly tribulation of the Third Stage Acquired Realm that Sixteen had faced.

Song Shuhang looked at the sky, desperation filling his face. With this much lightning, he had nowhere to hide. Even if he used the Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk at full power, he could travel for a hundred meters at best. But that thunderstorm was covering an area of at least 500-600 meters!

It seems that I've brought a disaster upon myself, right...?

Song Shuhang wanted to cry but had no tears.

Soon after, Song Shuhang yelled like a pig that was being slaughtered...

It was quite painful.

Song Shuhang felt his entire body being roasted by the lightning... even his consciousness had started to fade.

Please, stop! If I'm hit again by the lightning, I'm going to die!

However... I've got the feeling that I forgot something.

As soon as he saw this desert, the first thought that crossed his mind was how he should make the young man pay for the beating last time. He didn't notice it before because he was too agitated, but now, he had the feeling that he had forgotten something.

Right, where is Instructor Li Jr.?!

Instructor Li Jr. was still sleeping on the sofa!

He wouldn't have also encountered the young man in green clothes, right? Instructor Li Jr. is just a mortal, won't he die after this treatment?

Instructor Li Jr, don't die!

Soon after, Song Shuhang felt the world fade to black; he had lost consciousness due to the lightning...

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Instructor Li Jr. slowly opened his eyes.

"Ah? What is this place?" he looked at the desert in confusion.

Ah? This is a desert!

What happened? How did I end up in a desert?

Let me recall what happened—it seemed that I urgently needed money and therefore decided to teach two rich rookies how to fly an aircraft. This morning, after signing a contract with the aviation school, my colleague and I waited for those two people to come over to learn how to pilot an aircraft.

Then, he met those two people. One was a handsome man; the other was a university student with a friendly smile.

As for what happened afterward... he didn't remember. It seemed that he could vaguely recall the faces of some Caucasians, but he didn't remember the exact details of what had happened.

"What happened? Why am I in a desert? Am I dreaming?" Instructor Li Jr. rubbed his temples. Then, he stretched out a hand and inserted it in the sand, picking it up.

He could feel the sand slipping away through the gaps in his fingers; the sand seemed real. Instructor Li Jr. pinched his tight; he felt pain! It wasn't a dream. He was really in a desert!

Does that mean that I got into an accident while giving flight lessons to those two rookies? Did the aircraft crash here?

But that's impossible! There are no deserts near the area of Jiangnan!

"Little White, you finally woke up!" at this time, Instructor Li Jr. heard a melodious voice of a man.

Instructor Li Jr. turned his head and discovered that there was a young man in green clothes not too far away from his position. The man was wearing an ancient robe, and he was riding a completely white horse!

This young man is very handsome. Are they shooting the scene of a movie set in ancient times?

However, who is this Little White? Was he referring to me?

"Little White, where did you run off to, I thought you lost your way." The young man said as he narrowed his eyes in a smile.

"Wait, little friend. Did you just call me Little White?" Instructor Li Jr. pointed toward himself and said somewhat confused. "Did you mistake me for someone else?"

My name is Li Xihua, I am a young flying instructor in an aviation academy. My marital status is single.

I have good relations with people. At the aviation academy, everyone cordially calls me Li Jr.

However, strange things happened in the past few days—first, they mistook me for Anthony, and now, they are mistaking me for Little White. Just who the hell is this Little White?

Ah? Wait!

Who the hell is Anthony?!

Today, Instructor Li Jr. discovered a frightening matter—there were many strange shards of memories in his head. Or maybe a big chunk of his memory was missing...



As though he hadn't heard Instructor Li Jr.'s words, the young man took off a long sword from the horse and threw it at Instructor Li Jr.!

"Little White, shall we train sword techniques?" after saying these words, the young man took off another long sword from the horse!

Chapter 235: There Seems To Be Strange Things In The Midst!

Instructor Li Jr. stared at the sword next to his feet—the sword was very bright and sharp!

Additionally, under the light, the sharp edge of the sword was able to reflect a ray of light that was piercing to the eyes! Judging solely from its appearance, one could tell that it was an exceptional treasure sword that was so sharp it could easily slice a falling strand of hair.

If it pierced into a human body, it probably would claim one's life, right? Instructor Li Jr. was worried to death.

It they were filming, it didn't warrant them to use a real weapon, right? Even though some perverted production teams did use real weaponry to create a sense of reality, at least theirs weren't sharpened to that extent!

Hence, Instructor Li Jr. ran his mouth and said, "Hold on a second, little friend, are you misunderstanding something? I am not Little White. Furthermore, I am not an actor. If this is a filming set, all I did was just accidentally stumbling onto it, and unknowingly became a walk-on!"

However, unless you hit the young man's G spot—ugh! I mean, weak spot with a particular keyword, he would keep going on with his fixed lines and not change the storyline.

"Little White, look at the sword!" the young man in the green robe raised his sword and his body moved in front of Instructor Li Jr. in a flash, after which his hand shook and the sword light transformed from one to three rays—three sword flowers were seen aiming at Instructor Li Jr.'s shoulder, abdomen, and thighs.

Instructor Li Jr. was only an ordinary human, he had absolutely no means of avoiding the quick sword of the young man in green robe. He was just like a wooden figurine and took a direct blow from the young man's sword.

Thereafter, fresh blood splattered from his shoulder, abdomen, and thighs...

Pain!

Then, instructor Li Jr. fell to the ground like an average hoodlum and cried in pain— What is this all about, what feud do I have with him? What kind of grievance? What made him confront me and stab me with a sword immediately after?

Luckily, the young man in the green robe was only acting as 'Little White's sword training partner', and did not make any lethal attack—he was only using the sharp end of the sword and lightly pierced it into his muscles, mildly tearing his skin.

The young man kept his sword and looked at Instructor Li Jr.'s body that was lying on the ground with a baffled expression and said, "Eh? Little White, why didn't you dodge?"

Dodge my a*ss, I couldn't even see the sword clearly!

"Sobs..." Instructor Li Jr. cried out of injustice. Although it was said that a man does not shed his tears easily, today, for reasons that even Instructor Li Jr. himself did not know, he suddenly felt sad and that he had been treated extremely unfairly. Hence, he started crying out loud.

Perhaps it was the effect of him losing that part of his memories? He might have felt that during the period where he lost his memories, he seemed to have undergone an extremely unfair treatment? Hence, coupled with the fact that he got stabbed by a stranger for no apparent reason, he got so upset that he could no longer repress his emotions?

Instructor Li Jr. really wanted to stop crying because he felt that he himself crying so hard as a man in front of a little boy was very embarrassing.

However, the more he wanted to control the sound of his cries, the louder it got. Soon, tears blurred his vision and he couldn't open his eyes.

Seeing him cry to such an extent, the young man stiffened. Thereafter, he hurriedly rushed to instructor Li Jr.'s side and asked out of concern, "Little White, Little White, what happened to you?"

As he was speaking, the young man reached out his finger once

again and pointed lightly at all three bleeding wounds.

The bleeding stopped, just like that.

"I am not Little White, I am not!" Instructor Li Jr. choked with sobs— I am Li Xihua, flying instructor Li Xihua!

"Little White, you don't wanna do sword training?" the young man in the green robe actually went forward along the plot and entered the next phase.

"Then today, I shall teach you something different, and after that, tomorrow, let's try something different. Didn't you tell me you wanted to learn fist techniques the last time? Why don't I teach you fist techniques?" asked the young man in a green robe.

This plot seemed to be the same one Song Shuhang experienced when the young man in the green robe taught Song Shuhang the basics of sword techniques within the 'real illusion'.

"I don't wanna, I wanna go home!" replied Instructor Li Jr..

However, the young man ignored him entirely, and instead reached out his hands and lightly pulled, pulling Instructor Li Jr. up from the ground.

"Look carefully, Little White! This is the basic fist technique!" after finishing his sentence, the young man performed a set of fist motions for Instructor Li Jr.

To cultivators, this was a very ordinary staple basic fist technique. It was the type of 'body tempering fist technique' that Medicine Master wanted to teach Song Shuhang from the start. However, after Medicine Master accepted the Poisonous Dragon Plant, he switched to teaching Song Shuhang the 'Basic Buddhist Fist Technique' instead.

After completing the first demonstration, the young man turned his head around, looked at Instructor Li Jr., and asked, "Have you memorized the steps?"

Instructor Li Jr. was dumbfounded— What, memorize what exactly?

It isn't a gymnastics broadcast, how can I learn by just seeing it only once?

Even if it was a gymnastics broadcast, one needs to watch it several times and then follow the steps a couple more times before being able to learn it!

"If you've memorized it, let's practice fist techniques, ok?" the young man smiled brightly.

Instructor Li Jr. complained, "What, I did not memorize a single bit!"

However, after finishing his sentence, the young man pounced in

front of him like a ferocious tiger going down a mountain, and a threw a punch at his head.

Instructor Li Jr. could only feel his vision go black... and fainted immediately as he fell onto the floor, losing consciousness.

However, even though he had fainted onto the floor, the young man did not have the intention to let him off.

His fists were akin to raindrops falling, mercilessly attacking his body. It was similar to the fate suffered by Branch Leader Jing Mo's substitute body.

Fortunately, the young man decided to change to practice fist techniques—if it were a sword instead... Instructor Li Jr.'s body would have been pierced so many times it'd end up looking like a beehive by now.

Instructor Li Jr., who was in the midst of being unconscious, couldn't help but groan continuously in pain—his entire body was in so much pain that it curled up like a mantis shrimp.

So much pain and suffering, is this hell?



It was not known how much time had passed when Song Shuhang regained consciousness.

"Ouch..." after he woke up, he felt his entire body stinging in pain.

"Shuhang, you've woken up." Next to him, Senior White was pressing his body with his fingers, and pure spiritual energy entered Shuhang's body.

Song Shuhang's pain and wounds healed quickly under the work of the spiritual energy.

Senior White finally finished cultivating! His eyes were brimming with tears of excitement.

"Shuhang, when I was cultivating, what happened? How come you looked like you got struck by lightning? When I found you, your body was charred black!" Senior White furrowed his brows as he asked.

"Nothing happened, nothing happened at all! It's just that I thought of something suddenly and inserted my finger into the power source and got electrocuted." Song Shuhang told a white lie...

"Oh really?" Senior White was skeptical and asked, "What happened to Instructor Li Jr. on the other side? When I found him earlier, his entire body was seriously injured, he got beaten up by someone really badly—he looked like he was gonna die anytime. Luckily, I found him in time and gave him a session of treatment first."

Song Shuhang sighed, so Instructor Li Jr. ultimately did not avoid that calamity? Thereafter, Song Shuhang wept and said, "Sigh, this is because Instructor Li Jr. just got saved by True Monarch Yellow Mountain's underling from America. Speaking of which, he is rather pitiful, he must have been mistreated in the States, right? This is my fault, I grabbed the wrong person, causing Instructor Li Jr. to undergo so much suffering."

Senior White nodded his head doubtfully.

"Oh yeah, Senior White, when True Monarch's underling sent Instructor Li Jr. over, he said that there were some problems that occurred when his memories got erased—his memories of his time spent in the States were not fully erased. Hence, they would like to ask for your help to erase his memories one more time in order to avoid leaving any traces," said Song Shuhang after recalling Senior Brother Zhou Li's words.

Senior White nodded his head, "Let me try. In actual fact, I'm not good at erasing memories."

Furthermore, repetitively erasing a person's memories within a short period time dealt a great amount of inevitable damage to that particular person's brain.

As he was speaking, Venerable White walked next to Instructor Li Jr. and pressed his head with his hand.

The memory deletion technique was activated once again and re-

deleted Instructor Li Jr.'s memory of 'July 9th—the moment he met the two newbie students'.

"Done. However... as the previous memory deletion was not complete, it might leave some fragments of memories behind. But, there should not be any problems." Senior White replied as he clapped his hands.

"Will he suddenly remember the content of these fragments of memories out of the blue one day?" Song Shuhang asked out of concern. He was worried that Instructor Li Jr. might suddenly recall his memories of being mistreated in America and grieve a lot to the extent he wished he was dead.

"As long as there is no trigger, he should not think of it." Senior White also had no confidence, because he did not specialize in erasing memories.

Forget it, hopefully he can live the rest of his life happily from now on. Song Shuhang thought to himself.

In the past few days, to Instructor Li Jr., the traumatic experience he went through was extremely terrible.



Morning, 9:23 AM.

Senior White was riding on his flying sword, bringing Song

Shuhang, Instructor Li Jr., as well as some suitcases along with him and flew to the ‘underground parking lot’ in the area of Jiangnan.

A few days ago, True Monarch Yellow Mountain’s agent called and said that all the cars had already arrived, awaiting Song Shuhang to go over to inspect them in his free time.

Today, Song Shuhang was preparing to return to Wenzhou City with Senior White and hence made a call to the agent to arrange for him to go over and complete the inspection before signing the contract.

There were thirty-one cars in total in this batch, just like the previous time—all kinds of brands, all kinds of prices, and all kinds of models.

Just like the last time, all the cars in there were registered under Song Shuhang’s name. Song Shuhang’s name was also used for the roadworthiness certificate.

Song Shuhang’s eyes scanned the entire parking lot—there were more luxury cars in the second batch, there was also quite a number of sports cars.

Wait a minute, there seems to be a couple of strange things in the midst!

Song Shuhang stared at the three conspicuous vehicles that were

out of place amongst the luxury cars. They were huge and had a coarse and wild appearance—a tractor, a small-sized excavator, and a bulldozer...

"These three vehicles were also sent to us by Mr. Huang Wenzhong?" asked Song Shuhang in embarrassment.

"Yes, they were all ordered by Mr. Huang Wenzhong." The agent wiped the sweat on his forehead—truth be told, when he saw the tractor, the excavator, and the bulldozer on the contract, he was completely dumbfounded too.

"Alright, thanks for the trouble." Song Shuhang sighed and finally signed his name on the contract.

The agent raised his brows in delight—this batch was worth millions of RMB.



After True Monarch Yellow Mountain's agent had left, Song Shuhang stretched his body and said, "Senior White, let's choose a car to drive to Wenzhou City. And, we also have to send Instructor Li Jr. back to the aviation school first!"

Chapter 236: Question: How Cool is it to Operate a Hand-Guided Tractor?

"We are driving there? Alright." Senior White beamed brightly and said, "Then I'm gonna choose!"

"Yeah, Wenzhou City isn't far, just a few hundred kilometers away. Hence, driving there ourselves is more convenient." Song Shuhang replied, "Pick something that has big space, we have quite a lot of suitcases."

Song Shuhang had a large box in his hands—it contained a million RMB in cash, medicine pills, treasured saber Broken Tyrant, soul beads, Spirit Green Tea, etc.

"Yup, actually I had already chosen a car the minute I saw it, let's drive that one. I feel that that vehicle is just to my liking!" Venerable White happily pointed to a domineering, huge vehicle.

Song Shuhang looked up and his mouth opened wide, not making a single sound.

Where's the best place to learn how to operate an excavator? In Shandong, China, look for... ugh, whatever.

"Senior White, this is an excavator. It's not a vehicle for transportation purposes, it is a construction vehicle used to excavate the ground. If you're really interested in this vehicle, we can operate it after we return from Wenzhou City, heading toward

the back of a mountain to try it out." Song Shuhang forced a smile.

Senior White just came out of secluded meditation not too long ago—even though he had grasped a lot of knowledge on the modern era from the Internet, the information on the net was rather messy. There was a lot of information that Senior White had not had the time to fully comprehend.

"Ooh, then what is the one next to it? Is it also another construction vehicle?" Senior White pointed to another vehicle with the same domineering air and might.

"Yes, it is also another construction vehicle. That is a bulldozer, it is used to clear the land, construct roads, and the like. If Senior wants to, you can wait for us to return and take it out to play." Song Shuhang sighed.

Thereafter, before waiting for Senior White to point his finger, he took the initiative to introduce the third vehicle, "The tractor, damn... it's a hand-guided type. Ahem, this is used to transport things, in the past it was mainly used for transporting crops in villages I guess?"

Song Shuhang was not very sure—even though it was said to be used for farming purposes, when he was younger, he saw that similar hand-guided tractors were also used to transport sand, cement, etc, creating a loud rumbling sound that came through the door of his house, and flashily leaving behind a trail of black smoke.

Speaking of which, how did True Monarch Yellow Mountain get an antique like this? And it is freaking brand new? Don't tell me he got the factory workers to work overtime to assemble it?

This thing was one of those models that required you to hand crank the engine of the tractor to operate it. If he remembered correctly, it was not allowed to be used on most of the roads now.

Perhaps only in some secluded areas, you could still see people using such hand-guided tractors.

After Song Shuhang scrutinized it, he realized that there was a barrel of diesel fuel behind the tractor... was it reserve fuel? One could only say that True Monarch Yellow Mountain really prepared everything meticulously.

"Used for transporting things? Next to the driver seat in front, it seems like it's possible to squeeze another person in. Both of us can operate it! Let's just use this one!" Senior White said excitedly, with one look he had already scrutinized the three vehicles that were more domineering than the rest—the first two were construction vehicles and this one could transport things as well as people, hence there wasn't a problem!

"No can do, Senior. This vehicle is not allowed on the road!" Song Shuhang called out, "Let's change to another vehicle!"

"No, I have already chosen it. Even if it's not allowed on the road, it's fine. We can engrave an invisibility formation on it, and remove it when we get to your house!" as Senior White spoke, he

had already seated himself inside the tractor.

He curiously held onto the steering wheel of the tractor—when comparing it to a steering wheel of a car, this type of steering wheel had quite the charm.

Since it had piqued his curiosity, he decided to choose it!

"Senior, never mind. Let's change to another one, this one isn't very fast, at most it can only go at a speed of over 30 km/h!" Song Shuhang said worriedly.

Even if you drove a lady's car, at least it could shelter you from the wind and rain. This old model of hand-guided tractor didn't even have anything in front to shelter you from the wind and rain, it was entirely bare.

"No worries, I can increase its speed. I have experience now; it definitely wouldn't ruin the vehicle. At most we can engrave the formation to reduce the resistance of the air and the weight. It doesn't matter, let's just use this vehicle!" Venerable White was adamant on choosing it.

Song Shuhang racked his brains. His eyes lit up and he said, "Senior White, our driver's license doesn't permit us to use this type of vehicle, we can only drive smaller cars."

Senior White looked at his driver's license and looked, "It isn't true, my driver's license permits me to drive all kinds of vehicles,

doesn't it?"

Song Shuhang stretched his head and looked, he saw that there was 'DE' printed on the license. Which was to say, he could drive all vehicles below the 'DE' category, which meant all of them.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain really attentively prepared everything!

"Additionally, we are going to be in the invisibility mode in any case, not having a driver's license doesn't matter." Venerable White laughed heartily, he was very pleased with himself.

Song Shuhang was left speechless.



Ultimately, Song Shuhang couldn't change Senior White's decision.

Venerable White was especially in love with this one and only 'hand-guided tractor' vehicle. You could see right now that, even before operating the hand-guided tractor, Venerable White was already currently seated within, with both hands grabbing onto the steering wheel and turning left and right with his entire body swaying rhythmically...

There was no hope.

Speaking of which, was he really going to drive this thing all the way back to Wenzhou City? Just imagining the scene made Shuhang feel sore.

...If I had known earlier, I wouldn't give Senior White the chance to choose. I would have just picked a car myself and drive back and all would have been good.

Forget it, it has already come to this. Since I can't fight it, I just have to accept it.

Song Shuhang put the suitcases at the back of the hand-guided tractor, and also put Instructor Li Jr. at the back as well.

Both he and Venerable White sat at the front of the hand-guided tractor and casually tossed the over 30 vehicle licenses given to him by True Monarch Yellow Mountain's agent into the small compartment next to the seat.

"Let's head out!" Senior White was in high spirits!

However...

A moment later, Senior White pressed some buttons on the hand-guided tractor for a while and asked, "Shuhang, how do I start it?"

"..." Song Shuhang sighed and took out the handle. He went to

the front of tractor, then pressed onto the lowering lever, plugging in the handle.

Thereafter, Song Shuhang stooped down with his butt sticking out, grabbed the handle tightly and turned it with all his strength.

When he was little, he used to see other people activate the tractor, hence he had some impression of it.

Sigh, there was no need to say more. He was just thinking of his current pose in his mind—it had to be such a beautiful sight, one that people dared not look directly at.

"Rumble, rumble, rumble..." the tractor quickly got activated and black smoke started coming out.

Eh... wait a minute!

Did I just do something stupid—if the tractor couldn't start, I could have just chosen another car, right? Why did I have to use so much strength to start up this tractor?

Song Shuhang wanted to cry but had no tears.

"Huh, you still have to do that? Interesting! Next time, let me turn it." Senior White laughed heartily.

"Ha... hehe." Song Shuhang forced a laugh, and then pulled out

the handle.

"Go, let's head out!" Senior White called out.

Earlier, when he was playing alone with the steering wheel, he had already understood the method to operate it. After Song Shuhang had gotten into the vehicle, Senior White started the tractor and charged out of the underground garage leaving behind a trail of black smoke.

"Interesting, even though the speed is kinda slow, the feeling of driving it is great!" Venerable White remarked.

Of course it had the feeling, it was the hand-guided type, and the front of the vehicle was so heavy too.

...Meh, if we're taking the tractor, then so be it. As long as Senior White is happy.

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After driving out of the underground garage, Song Shuhang pressed the remote control to the door of the garage, and the main door descended.

With a snap of Senior White's fingers, the defensive formation that was already set up long ago on the side of the car garage got activated. After all the cars had been delivered and assembled, the safeguarding responsibilities of the garage fell upon Song Shuhang

and Senior White. This was what True Monarch Yellow Mountain's agent mentioned at the start.

Just like that, Venerable White operated the tractor, carrying Song Shuhang and Instructor Li Jr. while energetically heading towards the aviation academy...

After exiting the garage, it was the main street.

9 to 10 AM was the time period when there were the most people on the road.

It was not known if it was his misperception, but Song Shuhang kept feeling that Venerable White and him became the center of attention of people's vision... countless of eyes were fixated on his body, how offensive!



Wenzhou City, Baijing Street.

This was Song Shuhang's hometown.

Today was Wednesday, Papa Song specially took a day off from work and was idle at home.

The main reason was that a guest was coming over today, and he was an important one. Hence, Papa Song took a day off and waited

at home for the guest to arrive.

"Old Lu's still not here?" Mama Song carried cayenne pepper diced chicken out from the kitchen and placed it on the table.

The table was filled with seven dishes, yet Mama Song was still trying hard to increase the quantity.

"That old thing, he doesn't dare come over to my place for the whole year, and now suddenly wants to bring his son here. Hmph, he's definitely up to no good." Papa Song pushed up his glasses with a dissatisfied face.

Thereafter, with a face full of disapproval, he said, "I can guess his motive of coming here even with my toes—I heard a few years ago that after his son dropped out of school, he went to do his own business to earn his keep. Now, he's definitely going to bring his son here to brag and show off his achievements. Just watch, I can bet with you. Once he enters the door, he's definitely going to show his son off. In order to do that, the first thing he would bring up is definitely his business, luxury car, and a grand mansion etc., it would not be far from that!"

"Pfff..." Mama Song couldn't help but laugh, "Didn't this start with you?"

Mama Song still remembered that last year, Song Shuhang studied as hard as he could and got into a well-known school, Jiangnan's University.

Thereafter, Papa Song frequently brought Song Shuhang to Old Lu's house.

Once he entered Old Lu's house, he started talking about his son's results, how great they were, getting him a place in Jiangnan's University, and compared him to Old Lu's dropout son. Papa Song looked so pleased and proud that he deserved a beating.

After that, Mamar Song couldn't watch it any longer and was determined not to let Papa Song drag Song Shuhang to Old Lu's house. Only then did Papa Song's bragging end.

Ever since then, Old Lu, who couldn't find one thing to brag about, spent almost one year feeling depressed at home. He couldn't find an opportunity to brag in front of Papa Song... he must have been very miserable.

Speaking of which, Old Lu and Papa Song have been long-time frenemies. Ever since they were little boys and till adulthood, they had always been comparing all kinds of things.

From height, academics and careers to daughter-in-laws or sons... whenever either party had something that was better than the other party's, they would happily run over to brag, using each other's pain as a source of happiness.

"Sigh, just thinking about how Old Lu's son would be driving some luxury car over in a while makes my liver ache!" Papa Song said depressingly.

Chapter 237: Rich Men Have Their Own Unique Way Of Thinking

Along the way, Song Shuhang felt that the gazes of the surrounding people were concentrated on them—and that was probably true!

No matter who it was, after seeing the tractor and the driver, they felt the urge to fix their gaze upon them.

The one driving the tractor was Venerable White—he resembled an immortal that had come out of a painting, incredibly handsome. When people saw him, they felt that he was the incarnation of the words beautiful, pretty, and handsome. No, even these words weren't enough to describe him!

This man that seemed to have come out of a painting had now an excited face. His hands were placed on the steering wheel, and his body was swaying along the tractor. He seemed very happy.

Song Shuhang, who had the delicate and childish look of a student, was shrinking next to Venerable White—this tractor had just one seat in the front, the seat of the driver. Therefore, Shuhang could only shrink in a corner, looking distressed and lovable.

The tractor made a rumbling sound and started to move as the black smoke rose upwards.

This whole scene felt wrong on so many levels!

"Senior White, can we use a magical technique to become invisible?" Song Shuhang turned his head and said to the happy Venerable White.

He couldn't endure those gazes anymore. When those people were looking at him, it felt as though a thousand arrows were aiming at him; it made him feel very uncomfortable.

"Eh? Oh, I forgot to use the invisible formation!" Venerable White laughed, somewhat embarrassed. Then, he made a turn and stopped on a deserted street.

After making sure that no one was looking at them, Venerable White took a sheet of A4 paper out of his pocket and stuck it on the seat of the tractor.

He only needed to activate the formation on the sheet of paper, and the tractor would become invisible.

Song Shuhang's face twitched. Did Venerable White prepare it beforehand?

Song Shuhang's guess wasn't wrong. Venerable White had already prepared this formation. Right now, he had several sheets of A4 paper with formations engraved on them. All of them were one-use goods—there was a lot of cars in the garage; therefore, he needed to plan things properly. Otherwise, wouldn't it be

troublesome to draw formations every time he was about to drive a new car?

"This paper has an invisible formation on it. Once we're nearing your house, you just need to tear it off to make the tractor visible." Venerable White explained.

I would prefer to keep the tractor invisible even after arriving at the main gate! Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Next, Venerable White took out four more sheets of A4 paper with formations on them. "On this sheet is a formation to decrease the weight of the vehicle. This one is to decrease the air resistance. This one is to increase the speed by three times, and the last one is to strengthen the vehicle. With these four formations, this tractor can reach the speed of 150 km/h. Moreover, it won't take too much damage due to the excessive speed."

Song Shuhang quietly pasted the four A4 paper sheets on the tractor.

Senior White snapped his fingers, and all formations activated. Then, he happily drove the hand-guided tractor toward Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center.

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The tractor was happily running on the road. Soon, its speed would exceed 100 km/h.

Along the way, Senior White used his godly driving skills to overtake one car after another; the speed was also continuously increasing—and whenever there was a long queue of cars ahead of them, he would pat on the tractor and shout, "Leaping technique!"

The tractor would soar into the sky like a war horse and leap over all the obstacles, continuing its happy journey.

This driving style went against common sense!

✧ ✧ ✧

In a silver car behind the (invisible) tractor.

"Ah? Husband, did you also hear the noise of a tractor just now?" the young woman driving the car said, somewhat confused.

The husband, who was sitting in the shotgun seat, pointed ahead and called out in alarm, "Oh my God, what's that thing?"

They could see a mass of black smoke coming out of thin air, and from the space below the black smoke came the rumbling noise of a tractor.

That mass of black smoke was dashing forward at a very high speed. Even on this jammed round, it had surpassed 100 km/h.

"Is this a ghost car?" the young woman shivered, "For example, the driver of a tractor might have died on this road a long time ago. And since he still had some resentment toward this world, he took his tractor and went for a stroll on this road."

"..." The husband faintly sighed. He decided not to let his wife read those strange novels or watch movies for a while.

A similar scene played inside many other cars.

Almost all the drivers on the road heard the rumbling noise of a tractor and saw the black smoke it was releasing.

Some people could even smell the exhausts of the tractor's engine.

...Venerable White only made the tractor invisible. He didn't use a formation to make its sound and smell disappear.

He did it because he felt that driving a completely invisible tractor was very uninteresting. It was like wearing beautiful clothes in the middle of the night!

It was better to have audience, and having the audience exclaim in surprise would give even more motivation to the driver!

But Song Shuhang was completely unaware of this.

He still thought that the tractor invisible, noiseless, and untraceable.



Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The tractor quickly arrived at Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center.

When they were about to arrive, Song Shuhang called Caselli, saying that they would bring Instructor Li Jr. back today. However, he had no plans to attend flight lessons today since he had to make a trip back home. Once he had returned to Jiangnan College Town, he would once again come to the training center to take lessons.

Caselli naturally agreed.

Many instructors of the training center were curious about Li Jr. suddenly coming out of the spacecraft that had returned from space. They wanted to know what had happened after he had brought those two rookies for a ride in the sky.

When they were near the aviation school, Song Shuhang put away those A4 paper sheets that had formations engraved on them.

The tractor lost its invisibility while speeding toward the

training center.

"Hello, Miss Caselli. We're here." Song Shuhang gave her another call.

Very soon, Caselli came to receive them...

As soon as she came out, she was dumbfounded...

She absentmindedly looked at the hand-guided tractor before her eyes and Venerable White who was driving the tractor and had a 'I'm super happy right now' face, as well as toward Song Shuhang who was shrinking into a corner.

Caselli blinked several times and took a deep breath.

...To make it short, at this moment, she thought that the average man couldn't comprehend the logic of these ultra-rich guys. She had now a brand-new concept of the sentence 'unique ways to have fun'.

When the average man was walking, these rich people were already riding bicycles; when the average man was riding a bicycle, these rich people were already driving cars; when the average man was driving a car, these rich people were already flying aircraft; and when the average man was flying an aircraft, these rich people were already driving tractors...

They wanted to experience things that were out of the ordinary

and uncommon—rich men had their own unique way of thinking.

"Mr. Song Shuhang went through great trouble. Anyway, where is Instructor Li Jr.?" Caselli revealed a very professional smile.

"He's in the rear. Mr. Li Jr. fell asleep not too long ago." Song Shuhang leapt down from the tractor and went toward the rear, picking up Instructor Li Jr.

Two tall men came from behind Caselli and received Li Jr. from Song Shuhang's hands.

"Is Instructor Li Jr. alright?" Caselli asked curiously—she was very curious as to how Li Jr. had ended up in the spacecraft that was returning from space, and what he had exactly gone through for the past few days.

"He's fine. He has a strong body." Song Shuhang smiled. Once he returned from the United States, Senior Brother Zhou treated him with special medicines. Not only were his wounds healed, but his body had also become stronger.

And today, Venerable White used his spiritual power to heal him. Needless to say, he had benefited quite a bit from that too. Shuhang knew it because his body was also strengthened after Senior White's treatment.

"Since we've got other matters to deal with, we'll take our leave. Once he wakes up, you can ask Instructor Li Jr. himself about what

happened. After we're back in the area of Jiangnan, we'll contact Miss Caselli and decide when to study piloting other models of aircraft." Song Shuhang said with a smile as he waved his hand.

"Alright, no problem." Caselli also smiled—once Instructor Li Jr. was awake, they could finally ask him what happened.

Song Shuhang crawled into the tractor, and Venerable White made a beautiful turn.

The tractor rumbled and set out toward Wenzhou City, Song Shuhang's native place.



At this moment in Wenzhou City's Baijing Street.

A brand-new BMW 7 Series skillfully stopped in front of Song Shuhang's house's entrance.

Soon after, a tall and big man with a bear-like build came out of the backseat. He was around fifty years old, but due to his strong body, he looked much younger.

This person was a very old (and harmful) friend of Papa Song, Old Lu.

"Tianyou, take out the gift I prepared for Old Song. Wahaha!"

after coming out of the car, Old Lu stretched his legs and loudly laughed.

At this time, Old Lu acted all pompous—all he lacked was the cocky strut.

A young man who also had a strong bear-like build came out of the car. He was Old Lu's younger version.

This person was Old Lu's son, Lu Tianyou. He already looked thirty years old. However, he was only two years older than Song Shuhang.

At this time, Lu Tianyou had a bitter smile on his face. He didn't want to accompany his father to Shuhang's house to show off, but he was unable to stop him.

Lu Tianyou opened the trunk of the BMW and took out a small statue made of copper. This statue was wrapped in red cloth, and you couldn't make out its appearance.

"Come, quickly! I already can't wait to see Old Song's miserable appearance. I've already suppressed myself for a whole year. I can't wait anymore!" Old Lu loudly laughed. He went in the direction Song Shuhang's house, filled with fighting intent.

Lu Tianyou heaved a deep sigh and used his hand to cover his face.

He felt that his father was really making him lose face!

After sighing, he looked in the mirror of the car and tried to fix his smile. At last, he was able to squeeze out a suitable smile. Then, he followed his father, trying to maintain his smiling face.

Chapter 238: Studying Isn't Worth Bird's Poop!

After sighing, he looked in the mirror of the car and tried to fix his smile. At last, he was able to squeeze out a suitable one. Then, he followed his father while holding the statue in his hands and trying to maintain his smiling face.

They said that a smiling person was less likely to be hit. Hopefully, after seeing his bright smile, Uncle Song wouldn't chase after him with a broom even after receiving the statue.

Old Lu arrived upstairs, and even before entering, he shouted, "Old Song, I've come. Wahaha!"

"..." Papa Song pushed his glasses up. After hearing this laughter, he felt a faint pain transmit from his liver.

Very soon, Old Lu opened the door and entered. Li Tianyou followed behind him.

"Old Lu, I haven't seen you for a year. Did you finally remember the road to my house?" Papa Song tried to demoralize the opponent by mentioning the keyword 'a year'.

"Wahahaha! It's because I was too busy!" Old Lu laughed.

Papa Song frowned. He knew that Old Lu was going to boast

about his son next.

They were worthily decades-old (harmful) friends; Papa Song correctly guessed Old Lu's next move.

Old Lu loudly laughed and turned around, saying, "Haha, Tianyou! Quickly come here and greet your Uncle Song!"

Lu Tianyou came forward, the statue still in his hands. He had an awfully stiff smile on his face as he said, "Hello, Uncle Song."

"Old Song, don't you feel that Tianyou has become taller than before? He's half a head taller than me now!" Old Lu said self-satisfied—from childhood to maturity, he had never lost to Old Song when it came to height!

Papa Song thought of his Shuhang. Although he wasn't short with his 175 cm, there was still a big gap when compared to Lu Tianyou who was 190 cm tall!

After sighing, Papa Song prepared himself. He knew that after boasting about his son, Old Lu was going to boast about his son's business.

Old Lu acted as if he was at home; he took a chair and sat near Papa Song, "Old Song, do you remember that Tianyou dropped out of school three years ago? The business he painstakingly managed for these past years has finally seen some success! You know about the trade in precious wood, right? A few years ago, Tianyou

invested some money into that business. At the time, no one was keeping an eye on it, but now, it's becoming more and more flourishing. Tianyou was really far-sighted! Just last year, he made a net profit of more than 10 million RMB!"

"He's young and promising, and he seems much better compared to you, Old Lu!" Papa Song quietly mocked Old Lu.

Now that he is done boasting about his son's business, he should start to boast about his son's expensive car, right?

Old Lu acted just as Papa Song had predicted. He patted Papa Song's shoulder and said self-satisfied, "My son is indeed better than me, and that's how things should be! Now, Old Song, did you see that car parked downstairs? It's a BMW 7 Series. However, it's not such a good car after all, and its price was only around 2 million RMB. Unfortunately, Tianyou doesn't like these low-grade cars too much. Therefore, he is planning to exchange it for a better car in two years. Be it a Maserati or a Ferrari, he can afford them all!"

Lu Tianyou wished he could find a hole to crawl into; he had already lost too much face. He could only bitterly smile when Papa Song was praising him.

A luxury car!

Sh*t! Once Shuhang has graduated, he must quickly make some money. At the time, what BMW 7 Series, I will directly make him buy a Ferrari! And if he can't make that much money, I'll whip

him to death! Ah, forget it. After all, it's not so easy to earn such money!

"Come, Old Song. Leaving other things aside, let's look at what I brought along this time. I prepared this statue just for you. I've heard that you really like collecting this stuff. Therefore, I spent a great deal of time to have this statue carved. The original caused quite the commotion on the Internet. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to obtain the original and could only make someone carve an almost identical copy." Old Lu had a regretful look on his face. He waved his hand and hinted his son to give the gift to Papa Song.

Lu Tianyou's face was twitching, and he tried his best to maintain his bright smile as he handed the statue over.

Papa Song pushed up his glasses and received the statue—Dammit, if it's something from Old Lu, it's probably not a good thing.

It's quite heavy. Is it made of copper?

Papa Song took the cloth covering the statue off, revealing the exquisite figure below.

It was the statue of a slender scholarly girl in a sitting position. Her head was slightly raised, and she had an open book on her knee. On the palm of her hand was a dove of peace with its wings spread, ready to fly.

This statue was quite good, and the creative concept wasn't bad either. The scholarly girl seemed lifelike. Papa Song was confused. Had this stupid Old Lu turned over a new leaf to deliver him such a gift?

"Hahaha! It's quite good, isn't it? I think that this statue is really beautiful!" Old Lu had an exaggerated smile on his face, "Did you notice? The scholarly girl is reading a book and also holding a bird. At the time, this statue was very famous on the net and was known by the nickname of 'studying isn't worth bird's poop'! After preparing for more than a year, I was finally able to deliver this gift to you!"

It was a naked and direct retaliation!

This was Old Lu's revenge against Papa Song. Last year, Papa Song brought Shuhang to Old Lu's house and did the same—shamelessly boasted.

...Even if your Shuhang is studying, what has he achieved? My son dropped out of school and still made a fortune! Studying isn't worth bird's poop! These were Old Lu's thoughts right now.

"Ahahaha, good, good, good!" Papa Song clenched his teeth in anger and said the word 'good' three times, "I'll accept this gift! And I'll properly 'treasure' it!"

Papa Song had decided to keep this statue.

If Song Shuhang had good prospects in the future, he would use it to pound Old Lu's head. If Shuhang ended up miserable, he would use it to pound Shuhang's head!

At this time, Mama Song, who was in the kitchen, secretly shook her head. She felt that Papa Song and Old Lu were two incurable geezers! Unless they made the other party mad, they wouldn't feel comfortable.

"Ahahaha! Then, properly treasure it. This statue contains all my kind feelings." Old Lu was very satisfied—he was finally able to release the anger he had suppressed for a whole year. It wasn't easy, but after seeing Old Song clench his teeth in anger and accept the gift, he felt a warm feeling spread all over his body. It was a magnificent feeling.

"You two, aren't you afraid that the children will make fun of you? Anyway, enough chit-chat. Little You, sit down and have a meal." Mama Song came out of the kitchen with some food. Then, she gave a bowl of rice to each person.

"Sister-in-law, do you have some wine? How about serving it first?" Old Lu looked at the rice and smacked his lips—he was very happy right now. He wished he could have a good drink.

Mama Song gave him a supercilious look, "You can't drink with an empty stomach. Eat something first and drink afterward!"

"Right, here we eat before drinking. Old Lu, given your build, you should eat at least three bowls of rice before drinking!" Papa Song

said with a serious face.

"As you wish, Old Song! If you want me to eat first, I'll eat first! But after having my fill, I'll make you drink till you lie on the ground!" Old Lu took the bowl of rice and started to gulp it down.

Lu Tianyou made a hollow laugh. He sat beside his father, and after apologizing to Mama Song, he started to eat.

"Right, Old Song. How come Shuhang hasn't come back yet? Isn't it summer vacation?" Old Lu asked after gulping down a mouthful of rice.

"The last time he called, he said that a friend had invited him to his house. Given the time, he should return soon." Papa Song casually replied.

He was sure that Shuhang would have a rough time if he were to come back right now—Old Lu had a foul mouth. If Shuhang were here, he would definitely taunt him in many different ways! Luckily, his friend had invited him over. It was a very good thing.

"Ahaha! If so, it's really regrettable." Old Lu ate another mouthful of rice and asked, "Speaking of which, Shuhang should also be old enough to get a car license, right? Is he already going to the driving school?"

"I have no idea if he has started or not." Papa Song casually replied.

"If he hasn't started yet, I'll come over with the BMW 7 Series during summer vacation and teach him! After all, I was once an instructor at the driving school." Old Lu patted his chest.

Papa Song's corner of the mouth twitched... Old Lu's boasting skills were shameless to the point of being unsightly.

Screw it. One day, my Shuhang would also return driving a luxury car. At that point, see if I don't boast!



Time flew by. In an instant, two hours already passed.

Along the way, Song Shuhang filled up the tractor— Did True Monarch Yellow Mountain foresee that Venerable White would use the tractor to bring me home, and therefore prepared an extra tank of fuel?

At first, Venerable White was happy to drive the tractor, but after driving for two hours, he was somewhat bored.

"Shuhang, how far is your home?" Venerable White asked.

"We're almost there. At our current speed, we'll be there in a little more than an hour." Song Shuhang sighed with emotion. Only Venerable White could drive a tractor as fast as a sports car.

"Still one hour left?" Senior White heaved a sigh. However, his eyes suddenly lit up, "Shuhang, how about taking my place and driving?"

"Eh? But I don't know how to drive a tractor." Song Shuhang's corner of the mouth twitched.

"It doesn't matter. It's quite easy, I'll teach you!" Venerable White waited till there was no one on the road and stopped. After stopping the tractor, he leapt down and stretched himself.

Song Shuhang had no choice but to get hold of the steering wheel of the tractor.

Venerable White took Shuhang's place and shrank into a small ball. Then, he taught Song Shuhang how to drive the tractor from the corner.

Some things worked more or less the same way, and as long as you knew how to drive one, you'd know how to drive all of them. Therefore, Song Shuhang quickly learned how to operate the tractor.

"Rumble, rumble, rumble..." the tractor started to emit black smoke once again, happily setting out on the road.



Somewhere in China.

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was sitting cross-legged on his sword orb that had now changed into a layer of light, freely floating in the sky.

"It's almost time to return to the Penniless Thief Sect. That Yellow Mountain is really pathetic. He wasn't able to catch me in the end. For the past few days, I guarded day and night against a likely surprise attack, but he didn't even show his face." Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist stood up and stretched himself.

To guard against True Monarch Yellow Mountain, he hadn't made contact with any disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect even after leaving the forbidden area where he was sealed so as to avoid leaving behind clues that would eventually lead to him.

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist took out a map. After determining his current position, he muttered, "Slightly ahead of this place lies Wenzhou City..."

Chapter 239: A Shooting Star Streaking Across The Sky, Let's Wish Something!

‘I’ve heard there are many different types of snacks and delicacies in Wenzhou City. I might as well go there and eat something. Afterward, I’ll return to the Penniless Thief Sect.’ Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist thought to himself.

After being sealed for 200 years, he felt that this era was really wonderful!

They had the Internet, cinemas, theaters, and many other marvelous ways to have fun. Even the ruler of a country in ancient times didn’t have such a wonderful life—of course, you needed money to enjoy life to its fullest!

The only problem was that the advancement of science and technology had severely polluted the environment. However, this wasn’t really a problem for cultivators.

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist had already condensed a Golden Core. Even if the Earth were hundreds of times more polluted, it wouldn’t cause him any problems.

Therefore, no matter if we were talking about snacks bought on the streets, things fried in oil, or junk food, as long as they looked and tasted good, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist wouldn’t hesitate to eat them.

Things like viruses didn't really affect him.

For example, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist had felt his belly ache after eating fifty kebabs, but his body had automatically reacted and neutralized the bacteria in his stomach.

Speaking of which, what did kebab contain to make the belly of a Fifth Stage cultivator ache?

However, it tasted pretty good, and his mouth was watering just at the thought of it. If he had the opportunity, he wanted to taste it again!

"Let's go! Let's see what delicacies and amusing things they have in Wenzhou City!" Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist happily activated the sword light, heading toward Wenzhou City.



Along the way, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist suddenly furrowed his brows.

"Weird. Why am I feeling an impending sense of crisis again? Moreover, this feeling of danger is getting heavier and heavier." Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist muttered to himself.

"Did I wake up on the wrong side today? Or did I bathe on the wrong side yesterday?"

He was already familiar with this sense of crisis. Ever since he had broken through the Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique, he felt a strange lingering feeling of danger.

At first, he thought that it was True Monarch Yellow Mountain who had left behind a trap or something. Then, he tried many different ways to get rid of this sense of danger but to no avail.

Yesterday, this impending sense of crisis suddenly disappeared.

But now, he had the same feeling again.

"I have no idea what's happening, but even if it's death, stop hiding and come at me directly!" Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist muttered to himself.

After a short moment, he clenched his teeth.

My safety is more important. I'll cancel this trip to Wenzhou City and directly return to the Penniless Thief Sect after passing through the city.

After returning to the sect, he could rely on the great defensive formation. At that point, he wouldn't have to be afraid of this bad omen!



On the road to Wenzhou City.

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The engine of the tractor was roaring as before. Song Shuhang had his hands on the steering wheel, and his whole body was shaking as the tractor was moving forward. At this time... he too was very happy!

He discovered that driving a hand-guided tractor was quite satisfying if others couldn't see you.

Just as Venerable White said, feeling the tractor shake while driving was a pretty good feeling.

And the feeling was amplified if the tractor could reach 100-150 km/h! It was good to the point of becoming addictive!

"Hehe. Senior White, we'll arrive at the destination in around half an hour. Afterward, we'll go toward Baijing Street; my house is there." Song Shuhang said to Venerable White.

He was afraid that Senior White would get distracted if he was too bored. Therefore, he would often try to start a conversation.

But this time, Venerable White didn't reply even after a while.

Song Shuhang quickly turned his head and discovered that Senior White was curled up into a ball.

Did he fall asleep?

Did he consume too much spiritual energy when he healed Instructor Li Jr. and me this morning, therefore becoming tired?

Or perhaps...

Song Shuhang slowly decreased the speed of the tractor and stopped on the roadside.

Then, he stretched out his hand and tried to shake Senior White.

But, just like before, Venerable White didn't react—he wasn't breathing either. Given his current realm, Senior White didn't need to breathe.

Song Shuhang thought a bit and took something out of his pocket. It was a thousand mile sound transmitter in the shape of a small flute. True Monarch Yellow Mountain had delivered him this flute when he had to look for the Senior White's closing place.

With this gadget, he was able to contact Venerable White while the latter was in seclusion.

Song Shuhang blew the small flute.

Very soon, Senior White's gentle voice spread from the flute.

"Buzz... hello."

Song Shuhang looked at Venerable White. After seeing that he didn't react at all, he had guessed what was happening.

"Buzz... hello. This is the place where 'White' is closing up. I'll be out in 2 days, 6 hours and 30 minutes; please wait patiently!" Venerable White's voice kept echoing from the flute.

Aaah... Senior White is closing up.

Venerable White was known as a cultivation madman. Since he was sitting on the tractor and felt that he had free time, he decided to close up. And how long was he closing up this time? Ah yes, two days.

In this fashion, Venerable White decided to meditate for the next two days just like that.



Song Shuhang rubbed his forehead.

Senior, you could have closed up for less time!

How should I deal with this situation once I'm back home?

If Senior White were closing up for only half a day, he could say this, "My friend was very tired after the journey and fell asleep. He'll rest for a while."

But now, Senior White was closing up for two days. How would he explain this situation to Papa Song and Mama Song?

'My friend really likes to sleep and will wake up in two days. You don't have to worry, ok?'

Worry my a*ss! Who would sleep for two days?! Maybe someone in a vegetative state!

At the time, Papa Song would be so worried that he would immediately send Venerable White to the hospital.

"What should I do now? Should I look for a hotel near the house and let Senior White rest there?" Song Shuhang muttered to himself.

However, he immediately denied this possibility.

What kind of joke was that, putting Senior White in a hotel?

If Senior White were to unconsciously launch his real illusion

while cultivating, all the people inside the hotel would be tortured to death by the young man with green clothes.

And even if he were not to use the real illusion, given his charm and beauty, there was a high chance that a bunch of young masters would come with their men and try to take him away.

Such a scene wasn't impossible, because something very similar had already happened!

The last time Senior White was in seclusion, several young masters had mobilized their forces to steal him, almost killing each other during the fight.

"Forget it, I'll return home first. Then, I'll try to look for Doudou and the small monk. Later, I'll have Doudou arrange a protective barrier in the place where Senior White would stay." Song Shuhang rubbed his brows.

As for how he would explain all this to Papa and Mama Song—he would take it one step at a time. Things would surely work out by themselves.

He would have preferred to avoid introducing a vegetative Senior White.

After heaving a deep sigh, Song Shuhang returned to the driver seat and started the tractor.

The engine of the tractor roared, and black smoke started to come out...

Just as he was preparing to set out, Song Shuhang saw a beautiful shooting star streaking across the sky.

Even if it was daytime, this shooting was really bright and dazzling.

"A shooting star?"

Song Shuhang closed his eyes and joined his palms together, quickly saying, "I wish for Sixteen to get better, and also for Senior Northern River, Senior Thrice Reckless, and Senior Ancient Lake Temple to get their memories back!"

After saying these words, he secretly opened his eyes and looked at the shooting star. The shooting star was still streaking across the sky; it seemed that there was time for a few other wishes!

"I wish for this trip with Senior White to be safe and hope not to encounter any disaster. I also wish that Doudou and the small monk would stop causing trouble and behave!"

After this second round of wishes, he secretly opened his eyes again. The shooting star was still streaking across the sky. Moreover, it was even brighter.

"Let's go for the final wish! I wish for my road to cultivation to be

successful and filled with a lot of luck!"

The previous Song Shuhang wouldn't have done something as stupid as making wishes in front of a shooting star—because he didn't believe in such things.

Well, the current Shuhang didn't believe in these things either!

However, after coming into contact with the world of cultivators, he discovered that 'luck' was really a mysterious thing. That was because of Senior White who had an abnormal luck!

Although it was stupid to make these wishes, it still gave him a peace of mind.

And with a better state of mind, he might have better luck.

After making the last wish, Song Shuhang opened his eyes again and looked at the shooting star.

Wait, am I having hallucinations or is this shooting star getting brighter and brighter? And also... bigger?

F*ck, this shooting star is coming toward me!

Song Shuhang felt that he was about to pee himself—moreover, he recalled a memory; a memory that he had almost forgotten.

That day, Branch Leader Jing Mo from the Limitless Demon Sect was chasing him, and he had used the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique to go to Venerable White's side, conveniently bringing Cold Flame Sword along.

Afterward, he saw Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist break through the Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique with great difficulty.

And right at that time, Venerable White and True Monarch Yellow Mountain started to talk about a strange extraterrestrial rock. If a cultivator of the First Stage were to stand beside this rock, they could open their apertures more easily.

Afterward, Senior White had thoughtlessly said, "Shuhang, if you get that strange rock..."

At the time, Song Shuhang had been scared to death.

He feared that a meteor would suddenly fall from the sky and hit him.

For the next few days, he had always been on alert.

After a while, he thought that nothing would happen because Senior White had just spoken thoughtlessly. Therefore, it wasn't a 'Senior White's blessing'.

And since nothing happened for the next days, he had slowly started to forget about this matter.

However, he hadn't expected that this calamity would still befall him.

At this time, this meteor was coming toward his position.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh and carefully looked at the meteorite. He was trying to calculate where this meteor would fall. Since he had already noticed it, he might as well try to find a way to hide from it.

It was a bad situation. Maybe he could squat beside Senior White? Even if he was closing up, perhaps the spiritual qi revolving around his body could ward the meteor off?

Chapter 240: What Is Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist Trying To Do?

That meteorite seemed to have locked onto Song Shuhang as though it had a GPS. It was getting closer and closer.

Song Shuhang stared at the meteorite and tried to quickly calculate the place it was going to fall at.

Then, he opened his eyes wide!

‘Am I seeing things?’ Song Shuhang rubbed his eyes. He could swear that he saw a human figure just below the meteorite.

Therefore, he carefully looked at the meteorite and injected the power of qi and blood in his eyes, allowing his sight to improve even further.

He wasn’t mistaken! There really was a person below the meteorite.

Moreover, it was someone he knew—Song Shuhang was just thinking of him. It was the same Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist that True Monarch Yellow Mountain had sealed with the Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique.

At this time, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was stuck to the meteorite that had just pounded him. The half of his face that was hit by the

meteorite was swollen and full of blood, and he also had wounds all over his body. As though it wasn't enough, the flames that were covering the meteorite had engulfed him too. Right now, majority of his clothes had turned to ashes.

‘Strange. According to what True Monarch Yellow Mountain said, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist should have already reached the Fifth Stage and condensed a Golden Core. Why isn't he just flying away from the meteorite instead of sticking to it? What is he trying to do?’ Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Is it possible that this meteorite is a treasured object?



Song Shuhang had misunderstood the situation. It wasn't that Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist didn't want to get away from the meteorite—he couldn't because he was unconscious.

Daoist Priest Cloudy, who was a powerhouse of the Fifth Stage and had condensed a Golden Core, was knocked out by a mere meteorite?

It was as ridiculous as a muscular black uncle getting knocked out by an ant falling from a nearby tree!

Then, what exactly happened?

Let's rewind time for about ten minutes...

Since his sense of crisis was getting heavier and heavier, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist decided to cancel his trip to Wenzhou City and directly flew over the city, heading toward the headquarters of the Penniless Thief Sect.

But, just as he was heading toward Wenzhou City, he noticed that a shadow appeared over his head, and a warm current was coming toward his direction.

When he looked up, he was dumbfounded.

Ten meters above his head was a big meteorite with a length of five meters and breadth of seven. This meteorite was engulfed in flames and was extremely fast!

But the strange thing was, he hadn't felt the presence of this meteorite at all. It was as though it had appeared out of thin air, directly breaking through space!

Normally speaking, someone that had reached the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor Realm should have felt the presence of this meteorite even if it was tens of thousands of meters away.

But, this meteorite had appeared out of nowhere, and he didn't notice it at all.

Only when it was ten meters away from his body did he notice its presence!

‘Dammit. Did that stupid Yellow Mountain use a technique to plot against me?’

This was Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist’s first thought.

He concluded that he hadn’t sensed this meteorite because someone had used a technique to confuse his senses.

"Stupid Yellow Mountain, you’re looking down on me! I can destroy this small meteorite with just one sword!" Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist coldly snorted.

While sealed, he had worked hard to cultivate. Even if he lacked medicine pills and other natural resources, he was still able to condense a Golden Core and become a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor. Although he had spent more time than an average cultivator, he had a much better foundation compared to those that had relied on medicine pills to reach the Fifth Stage!

He only needed a slash of his sword to destroy this insignificant meteorite!

"Sword!" Daoist Cloudy Mist said in a grave tone. He trod on the void, and the sword orb under his feet flew up, changing into a huge ten-meter-long sword of qi that chopped toward the meteorite!

"Boom!"

The sword qi of the sword orb clashed against the meteorite...

And the huge meteorite was immediately cut into pieces!

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist smiled, satisfied.

His smile still had yet to blossom fully when the dormant sword qi lying in the tail of the meteorite suddenly activated, slashing toward Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist.

This sword qi was really terrifying!

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist only saw a sword light flash through the sky.

Afterward... there was no afterward. He immediately fainted!

Before fainting, he had only one thought in mind, 'Stupid Yellow Mountain, you sly bastard!'

When Cloudy Mist fainted, the sentient sword orb automatically flew back to his body, protecting him.

Next, he was mercilessly pounded by the meteorite, falling from the sky.



True Monarch Yellow Mountain, who had been mistaken for the culprit by Cloudy Mist, was now looking at the mirror dumbfounded.

This mirror was linked to the seal he had left on Daoist Cloudy Mist's body. With that, he could check his every action and movement.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain couldn't help but swallow a mouthful of saliva as he looked at this meteorite that had appeared out of nowhere and knocked out Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist.

...He had an impression of a meteorite such as this that would appear out of nowhere and was completely soundless, very fast, and extremely lethal!

It happened several hundreds of years ago. At the time, he was very young, and the duty to receive True Monarch White had fallen upon his shoulders.

On the road, he was introducing to Senior White the new changes of that era, and just as they were walking, a meteorite had appeared out of nowhere and crashed beside him, almost crushing him to death.

The meteorite that had almost killed him was also noiseless and had approached him like an assassin. Before one could even notice,

they had entered the attack range of the meteorite!

"Buzz, buzz, buzz..."

Next, the screen of the mirror became black.

The seal that True Monarch Yellow Mountain had left on Cloudy Mist's body was destroyed by the meteorite and the strange sword qi.

This time, he had really lost his trace.

"Is Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist even alive?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain muttered.

He had spent so much effort to fool around with this guy and created all those accounts to flood the chat with him. If he were to die like this, he would be really disappointed!

❄ ❄ ❄

"Boom!"

In the end, the meteorite fell one meter in front of Song Shuhang's body, creating a big hole in the ground.

"Blech!" while still in a stupor, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist opened

his mouth and vomited a mouthful of bad blood. Afterward, he fainted again.

"..." Song Shuhang looked at this pitiful member of the Penniless Thief Sect and thought—Did he faint?

All the disciples of the Penniless Thief Sect he had met were very pitiful.

This Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist had decided to ridicule True Monarch Yellow Mountain after stealing some of his stuff. As a result, he was caught and sealed for 200 years. He broke through the seal with great difficulty only to be mercilessly battered by a meteorite.

‘Luck is the most profound of mysteries. Now, I’m certain of its existence!’ Song Shuhang thought to himself.

If we were to rank them, Venerable White would have an SSS level luck, while Daoist Priest Cloudy was only E level at most.

Song Shuhang looked around and he noticed that there were hardly any vehicles on this road. The main road was passing through the wilderness. Therefore, there was undeveloped land on both sides and not a single living soul in sight.

Song Shuhang arrived beside the meteorite.

After Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist’s attack, the size of the meteorite

had been reduced to that of a small table.

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist, who was still beneath it, would often send out a painful groan.

The flames engulfing the meteorite had already died out.

Song Shuhang stretched out his hand and gently touched the meteorite. Even if the flames had just died out, its surface was ice-cold and not hot in the least.

Afterward, he grabbed the meteorite and released the power of qi and blood in his Heart and Eye Apertures at full strength, lifting it.

"Ah? It's lighter than I thought." Song Shuhang muttered. He took the meteorite and went toward the tractor.

This meteorite came from space. Whether it was a treasure or not, taking it with them wasn't a mistake.

Speaking of which, it was a good thing that Senior White decided to drive till here with a tractor. If they were here with another vehicle, they wouldn't be able to take the meteorite away.

This meteorite had the size of a small table, and its height was around one meter.

After putting the meteorite on the tractor, Song Shuhang patted

his hands.

He felt as though Venerable White's aura was on the meteorite.

‘Did I leave it on it when I picked it up?’ Song Shuhang scratched his head.

Then, he turned around and picked up the fainted Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist, putting him on the tractor as well.

Although Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was a little foolish, he was still a casual acquaintance. If he could save him, it was better to do so. However, it was better to inform True Monarch Yellow Mountain that he was bringing him away.

The sword orb in front of Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's chest slightly shook. However, as though it had noticed that Song Shuhang had no bad intentions, it became quiet once again.

After settling everything, Song Shuhang calmly returned to the driver seat.

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The tractor started to emit black smoke and set out on the main road once again.



Wenzhou City, Baijing Street, Song Shuhang's house.

After getting heavily drunk, Papa Song and Old Lu started to boast shamelessly. They started to boast how incredible they were in their childhood, how they fought 1vs3 and 1vs4, and how amazing would be their sons and future daughter-in-law, etc...

They were boasting so shamelessly that the nearby Lu Tianyou couldn't listen anymore.

Mama Song prepared several dishes that went well with wine and said to Lu Tianyou, "Tianyou, don't bother with these two old fogies. You can go to the living room and have a rest. Leave these two to me."

"Sure, Auntie," Tianyou said with a stiff smile. After putting the bowl and chopsticks in order, he went toward the living room.

Then, he heaved a sigh of relief and sat on the sofa.

Accompanying his father to Shuhang's house was one of the biggest mistakes he had ever made!



However, Papa Song and Old Lu had no self-awareness. They had red faces and spoke incoherently.

At this time, Papa Song's phone rang.

He stretched out his hand, and after a while, he was able to take the phone out of his pocket.

He didn't even look who it was and answered, shouting, "Hello, who is it?!"

"Pa, it's me." Song Shuhang's voice spread from the phone, "Are you drunk?"

"Eh? Oh, that shameless Old Lu is a guest here today, and I decided to accompany him for a drink. Do you need something?" Papa Song loudly said.

"I'm on my way home. I'll be there in a little more than ten minutes." Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"Oh? You're returning home then." Papa Song rubbed his temples.

Did you really have to come back at this time? Couldn't you have come back at a slightly different time?

He cautiously looked at the nearby Old Lu.

Papa Song felt his liver hurt!

Chapter 241: Papa Song: My liver is about to explode!

After returning home, Song Shuhang will have to face Old Lu! And a drunk Old Lu is at least three times more annoying than a normal one. Papa Song patted his poor liver.

But, Shuhang is hopeless too. If he was coming home, he could have called a bit earlier! With that, he would have had time to prepare himself mentally. But now that he was only ten minutes away from home, Papa Song was at a loss and didn't know what to do!

"Be careful on the road, and when you're home, remember to greet your Uncle Lu properly. Anyway, what is that rumbling noise I'm hearing?" Papa Song used his head and shoulder to hold the phone and spoke loudly—he also said the keyword 'Uncle Lu' to let Song Shuhang prepare for the worst.

"Ahaha, it's nothing. This time, I'm coming back with a somewhat special vehicle." Song Shuhang laughed and said, "See you later then. I'll be there soon."

After finishing his sentence, Song Shuhang hung up.

Papa Song put away his phone, somewhat confused— He is coming here with a special vehicle? What kind of vehicle has such a noisy engine?

A sports car? No, that's not it. That sound was somewhat similar to those cargo ships they used to use on rivers or those tractors that are rarely seen in the village nowadays.

A tractor? F*ck, it can't really be a tractor, right? Papa Song felt a chill in the air that made him shiver all over.

No, it shouldn't be. I even regularly sent money to Shuhang. He shouldn't be poor to the point of having to sit on a tractor to return home.

I must have misheard—maybe that tractor-like sound belonged to an SUV?

While thinking, Papa Song secretly shot a look at the BMW 7 Series parked in front of his house.

Son, you better not return home with a tractor—otherwise, your father will lose all face!



"Old Song, was that Shuhang?" Old Lu asked while drinking wine at that moment, his sound clear and a smile on his face. "Is he returning home?"

"Ah? Yes. Shuhang decided to give us a surprise. He said he'll be here in a while. Wife, Shuhang said he'll be home in ten minutes. Remember to prepare something for him!" Papa Song said to his

wife in the kitchen.

"Eh? He is returning home? Geez... that boy. He could have called sooner." Mama Song said with a smile. Luckily, she had already prepared a lot of dishes since Old Lu was coming.

"Old Song, where is Shuhang now? Should I ask Tianyou to go pick him up with the car? Ahaha!" Old Lu laughed and continued, "Speaking of which, I haven't seen Shuhang in a year. I wonder how much he has grown?"

"No need to trouble Tianyou. Shuhang said he's coming here with some vehicle. He should be here soon." Papa Song said with a laugh.

Then, he started a fierce drinking battle with Old Lu.

He had ten minutes... if he could get Old Lu completely drunk, then it wouldn't matter what kind of vehicle Shuhang was using to come here, because Old Lu wouldn't remember!

After mulling over it, he was more and more convinced that that was the sound of a tractor, and this was causing him to panic!

Unfortunately, it wasn't so easy to get Old Lu drunk.

Ten minutes quickly passed by...

Next, the strange rumbling sound of a vehicle echoed in the surrounding area.

Song Shuhang had finally arrived!



Just as he was approaching home, Song Shuhang found a corner and tore off the paper that had the invisible formation engraved on it, making the tractor visible.

He didn't tear off the other formations because having the tractor go at 20-30 km/h would be exasperating. Anyway, as long as the tractor was visible, it wouldn't scare anyone. As for its speed, he would reduce it once he was close to home!

Actually, Song Shuhang was originally thinking of stopping the tractor at some deserted place near his house, because returning home with this gadget was rather embarrassing. Moreover, his Uncle Lu was a guest today, and he knew about his (harmful) friendship with his father. Unless they compared and ridiculed each other, they wouldn't be happy. Therefore, the sight of him returning home with a tractor was unthinkable.

But after picking up the meteorite and Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist along the way, Song Shuhang had no alternatives but to cancel this plan. He couldn't possibly carry Senior White and Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist and bring them home while conveniently dragging along a meteorite, right?

As a result, Song Shuhang clenched his teeth and discarded his sense of shame and moral integrity, deciding to go home with the rumbling tractor.

And on a second thought, he found that a hand-guided tractor was rather cool!



"Is Shuhang finally here?" after hearing the rumbling sound, Old Lu got up from the chair and went toward the window laughing. He wanted to see how much Old Song's son had changed after a year.

As soon as he heard that strange rumbling sound, Papa Song had a very bad premonition. He stiffened a bit and went toward the window like Old Lu.

The two of them simultaneously looked downstairs.

And when they looked below, both their complexions changed.

Song Shuhang was grabbing the steering wheel of the tractor, continuously shaking along with it. He had a very happy look on his face.

In the open container on the rear was a big rock...

However, it was unexpectedly a tractor and a hand-guided one at that!

Were they shooting the scene of a movie?

After an instant, Song Shuhang skillfully parked the tractor.

"Puahaha! Old Song, this hand-guided tractor your son is driving is really beautiful! I too drove this gadget, but it was 20 years ago! Where did he unearth this ancient thing? Nowadays, it's almost impossible to see these things on the road, right?" Old Lu pointed downstairs and loudly laughed.

When he saw his son's BMW 7 Series and Old Song son's hand-guided tractor... Old Lu was delighted. This was enough to make him feel happy for a whole year!

On the other side, Papa Song's face had become green with anger. He clenched his teeth and wished he could run downstairs and ruthlessly beat Shuhang.

This brat actually used a tractor to return home! Moreover, he wasn't even a passenger; he was personally driving it!

As if that wasn't enough, it was even a hand-guided one!

At this time, Papa Song felt that his liver was so painful that it was about to explode!



Downstairs, after stopping the tractor, Song Shuhang picked up another person that was curled up in the corner of the driving seat.

"There is someone else too?" Papa Song's expression became a little better.

However, why was Shuhang carrying this guest on his shoulders?

Just as he was thinking, Song Shuhang went to the rear of the tractor and started to fiddle with something. Besides that big rock, there was another person in the rear of the tractor—and this person seemed to be in bad shape!

Papa Song noticed that this person didn't have many clothes on. Wasn't it a bit improper to go around like this in broad daylight?

Then, they only saw Song Shuhang stretch his hand and put this person on his other shoulder.

Afterward, with one person on his right shoulder and one on his left, he wobblingly headed upstairs.

"What's happening?" Old Lu was somewhat confused.

Papa Song shook his head. He had no idea of what was happening

either.



Soon, Song Shuhang arrived upstairs and knocked on the door.

Mama Song ran over and opened the door.

After seeing him, Mama Song asked somewhat worried, "Shuhang, who are there two people on your shoulders?"

"Ahahaha. You don't need to worry." Song Shuhang hinted at the person on his left shoulder—the still-in-meditation Venerable White. "This one is my good friend, I asked him to come over to our place. On the way here, he got sleepy and decided to take a nap. However, he's the type of person that won't easily wake up once he's sleeping. No matter how much you shake him, he won't react at all."

"..." Mama Song looked at Venerable White. Was he sleeping or in a coma? Wasn't his sleep a little too deep?

Venerable White was hanging upside down from Shuhang's shoulder, his long hair scattered downwards. His hands were weakly dangling, and his legs would sway whenever Song Shuhang took a step.

To be able to sleep in these conditions, this girl must be a really heavy sleeper!

Mama Song heaved a sigh and said, "Fine, leave this girl to me. You're also hopeless. Do you think it's proper to carry a girl like this?"

Mama Song mistook Venerable White for a girl after seeing his long hair and slender figure.

"What girl? Cough, cough. Ma, Se—Song Bai is a man! If you're wondering about his long hair, he studies art. It's pretty common for art students to have long hair." Song Shuhang quickly made up a story.

Luckily, Zhao Yaya wasn't here. Otherwise, she would need only a look to tell that Shuhang was lying.

"What? It's a boy?" Mama Song was a bit disappointed.

She thought that Shuhang had finally opened his eyes and brought a girl home! She didn't expect that after one year in university, he would still bring a boy back... that idiot!

"And the one on the right?" Mama Song shot a look at Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist. After a quick look, she was scared to death—this person seemed to be in awful condition, with blood all over the face. Moreover, it appeared that his body had been roasted. All his clothes were burnt to the point of becoming rags, and he was emitting burnt smell. But, strangely enough, the skin that was showing from under the clothes was intact and undamaged.

"This is a wounded person I picked up on the roadside. After examining him, I discovered that he had some superficial wounds and fainted. I thought it wasn't a good thing to leave him lying outside. Therefore, I brought him back with me." Song Shuhang said with a kind smile.

"Oh, you..." Mama Song touched her forehead. She was really helpless about her kind-hearted son, "Shouldn't you have called the hospital first? What would you do if you worsened his state by carelessly moving him?"

And there was another point that Mama Song didn't say out loud — What would you do if the wounded person were to blackmail you? At the time, a big dispute will await you!

"You don't have to worry." Song Shuhang said with a smile, "I know this person a little. In a while, I'll call his relatives and have them pick him up from here. It won't cause me any trouble!"

"You know him a little? Then it's fine." Mama Song heaved a sigh, "Okay, don't dawdle at the entrance, quickly move them inside. Put the wounded one in the guest room. As for your good friend, how about taking him to your room for now?"

"Sure, no problem." Song Shuhang carried Venerable White and Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist on his shoulders. When he passed through the hall, he even greeted Papa Song and Uncle Lu who were standing beside the window.

Then, he brought Venerable White and Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist to his bedroom. Even after carrying two people, his face wasn't red, and he wasn't gasping for breath either.



"Shuhang seems to be quite strong, right?" Old Lu leaned against the window and said to Papa Song, his face completely red.

After carrying two people on his shoulders upstairs, he wasn't even gasping for breath.

"That boy is indeed quite strong." Papa Song smiled— Moreover, did Shuhang grow since the last time I saw him? He seemed taller now.

"Come. Let's go downstairs and try out your son's tractor." Old Lu poked Papa Song's sore spot, "It's been years since I've touched a hand-guided tractor!"

Driving the tractor was only an excuse—Old Lu's real objective was to provoke Papa Song.

"Old fool, stop causing trouble. You drank so much, aren't you afraid of causing a traffic accident?" Papa Song coldly snorted.

"Hmph, what are you afraid of? Twenty years ago, I was holding liquor with my left hand and driving the tractor with the right one. And guess what, did I ever cause an accident? My capacity for

alcohol speaks for itself. Moreover, I'm only gonna drive on Baijing Street, what is there to be afraid of?" Old Lu said self-satisfied. Then, he waved at Lu Tianyou who was sitting in the living room, "Tianyou, come over here and help me crank the engine of the tractor! We're going for a ride!"

I have to crank the engine of the tractor? Lu Tianyou wanted to cry.

Papa Song heaved a sigh and decided to accompany Old Lu—he had no choice but to tag along. Old Lu was dead drunk, what if he were to run up to some faraway place?

Then, the three of them went downstairs. Old Lu excitedly climbed up onto the tractor and stroked the familiar and yet unfamiliar steering wheel with his hands.

Time was unforgiving! In the blink of an eye, more than twenty years were gone, and their sons were now adults.

Although he wanted to drive the hand-guided tractor to poke at Papa Song's sore spot, he also missed the feeling of driving a tractor.

"Tianyou, stop daydreaming! Go to the front and crank the engine!" Old Lu shouted at this son.

Lu Tianyou made a hollow laugh and grabbed the handle in front of the tractor. Then, he exerted some effort to rotate it. When he

was little, he had seen Old Lu cranking the engine of the tractor many times. Therefore, he was familiar with this task.

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The hand-guided tractor's engine started once again.

"Come on, get on the tractor! It's time for a ride!" Old Lu excitedly shouted.

Papa Song helplessly climbed onto the rear of the tractor.

Lu Tianyou's corner of the mouth twitched, "There is no need for me to come, right?"

"Tsk! If you don't tag along, who is gonna crank the engine if the tractor were to suddenly stop?" Old Lu angrily said.

Lu Tianyou bitterly smiled and climbed on the tractor, sitting beside Papa Song.

"Speaking of which, why did Shuhang bring this big rock along?" Lu Tianyou looked at the rock and asked.

Papa Song shook his head; he didn't know.



Upstairs, after settling Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist, Song Shuhang put Venerable White on his bed. But, at this time, he heard the engine of the tractor roaring.

Song Shuhang ran to the window and shot a look downstairs.

He saw Uncle Lu sitting in the driver's seat of the tractor, his face excited. On the other hand, Papa Song and Tianyou were sitting in the open container in the back. The tractor slowly started to speed up.

Heavens! Song Shuhang immediately broke in cold sweat.

Venerable White had attached several formations to that tractor. The only one he had torn off was the one that granted invisibility. He didn't remove the ones that decreased the weight and air resistance and increased the speed. Therefore, this tractor could reach up to 100 km/h!

Chapter 242: There is something wrong with this speed!

"What's happening outside?" after seeing Shuhang's strange expression, Mama Song also looked out the window. Then, she saw Old Lu and Papa Song getting on the tractor. Lu Tianyou also got into the open container on the rear with a bitter expression...

"Those two fools, after drinking all that wine, they have decided to cause trouble outside?! They need a good beating!" Mama Song said angrily. Afterward, she took the phone and dialed Papa Song's number.

But when Papa Song's phone rang, they discovered that it was still on the table... when he answered Shuhang's call before, he casually left it on the table and forgot to put it in his pocket.

"..." Mama Song's anger level sharply increased. She angrily howled at the three people downstairs, "Old Song, immediately stop that tractor!"

Maybe it was due to the tractor making too much noise, but none of them heard Mama Song's angry howl.

The tractor set out, slowly accelerating.

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The tractor set out amidst thundering roars and black smoke. Very soon, it left Shuhang's main gate, disappearing on the road.

"..." Mama Song.

"..." Song Shuhang.

After thinking a bit, Mama Song said, "Shuhang, go to the living room and see if Tianyou's keys are still there. That BMW downstairs belongs to him. If he left the keys there, go take the car and overtake them!"

"I can't overtake them." Song Shuhang bitterly smiled.

"What?" Mama Song was confused.

"That tractor of mine... is a bit out of the ordinary." Song Shuhang looked at the sky—by accelerating a little, it could reach 100 km/h. If you were to accelerate again, it could reach 150 km/h without much trouble, and it could go even faster if you were to push it to the limit. How could he overtake it?



"Oh! This feeling can't be described with mere words. Driving this tractor is awesome!" Old Lu laughed. His whole person was shaking up and down along with the tractor. He seemed very happy.

It had been ages since he drove a tractor! Right now, he felt as though he had returned back in time to when he was still young.

Back then, he used to drive the tractor the same way.

During winter, he would drink a little bit of liquor to warm the body and drive his beloved hand-guided tractor, rushing amidst Wenzhou City's streets. At the time, he had just got married, and although making a living was difficult, he was still very happy—and if Papa Song weren't there, constantly poking at his sore spots, he would have been even happier.

He pressed on the accelerator and pulled the transmission, changing gear.

The speed of the tractor was getting faster and faster, and the black smoke it was emitting was also getting thicker.

"Old Song, where should we go? If I remember correctly, there should be an old route with no traffic in the direction of the mountain. If we go there, we won't meet the police." Old Lu said to Papa Song.

Times had changed. When they were young, even if they were to drive drunk, no one would say anything.

But now, you would get caught, and that was somewhat troublesome.

"That should be fine. Just go toward the mountain, but remember not to get on the main road and only use small roads. Moreover, someone paid out of their pocket and had the main road on the big mountain fixed; I'm not sure what's the purpose though. You can go there and take a stroll if you want." Papa Song was sitting in the open container behind the tractor, and he felt that something was not right.

The speed of the tractor was getting faster and faster, and the surrounding scenery was changing at a constantly faster pace.

"Old Lu, what's our current speed?" Papa Song loudly asked. The engine of the tractor was too noisy, and you had to shout to hear each other.

"We're not going too fast. I have yet to put the highest gear. So, you don't have to worry. Ahaha!" Old Lu, who was sitting in the front, was extremely excited.

Lu Tianyou felt that there was something wrong— He didn't put the tractor in the highest gear yet?

That's impossible!

By comparing it to the speed of his car, Lu Tianyou guessed that the tractor should be going at 60 km/h right now. Moreover, its speed was continuously increasing.

What joke was that? A tractor that was going at 60 km/h wasn't in highest gear yet?

Did that mean that the tractor was modified?



Wenzhou City, not too far away from Baijing Street, 'Mountain Niuding'. Here, there was a circular mountain road.

Actually, 'Mountain Niuding' was the abbreviation used by local people to refer to several mountains that were linked together, and if you were to search for this term on a map, you wouldn't find anything.

A long time ago, there was a bent mountain road that linked the people on Mountain Niuding to the outside world.

But later, all the residents moved toward the foot of the mountain. And since the number of families living up there was continually decreasing, the mountain road was also abandoned.

But, two years ago, an unknown nouveau riche got approval from the authorities and paid out of their pocket to fix and enlarge the mountain road. Right now, the mountain road was rather spacious.



At this time, three very cool cars—one red, one blue, and one white—stopped at the start of the mountain road.

"What do you think of this road? It's beautiful, isn't it?" a young but lively girl with a ponytail came out of the white car. She made a hugging motion with her arms, her face very satisfied.

A girl with slender and long legs, phoenix eyes, and white clothes came out of the blue car. She looked at the mountain road and said with a gentle smile on her face, "This time, Little Maisui chose a very good place!"

A girl with trendy sunglasses was driving the red car. She raised her head and pressed the horn, saying, "Enough chit-chat. My car can't wait anymore. Let's race!"

"Hehehe. Alice, I was just waiting for these words." Little Maisui laughed, "This time, I must surpass 120 km/h! You two, just look. On this road, I'll reach even 130 km/h!"

120 km/h?

Wait, was this number wrong? Were they using this kind of speed to race? Couldn't you reach this sort of speed on public highways too if you were to press the accelerator firmly?

"Hehe. You're not the only one that has practiced in secret! I practiced for a long time, and even on a mountain road, I can

maintain a speed of 100 km/h! I can say for sure that you two aren't my match," Alice, the girl with sunglasses, said self-satisfied.

100 km/h? And she was even happy about it...

You guessed it right... these three girls really liked racing, but they were just too weak-hearted.

They liked driving at high speed, but when they were racing against someone else, they would be left in the dust because they were too slow.

Even if they liked racing, they didn't like being left in the dust and ridiculed every time!

Therefore, the girl named Little Maisui got permission from the authorities and decided to build a private road in this remote area.

This way, these three girls that liked racing, but did not have guts, could come over and have fun.

Although the speed wasn't too fast, they would at least enjoy themselves.

"Zhao Yaya, get in the car. It's time for a race!" after getting into her white car, Little Maisui shouted to the girl with long legs standing beside the blue car.

The girl that was gazing over the road was none other than Song Shuhang's cousin from his mother's side, Zhao Yaya.

"I didn't expect Little Maisui to choose Wenzhou City's Baijing Street for the meeting. Shuhang's home is very close to this place! After the race, I might as well go to his house and see if he has returned or not." Zhao Yaya muttered to herself.

Yep, Zhao Yaya really liked racing... however, no one at home knew about this hobby of hers; it was deeply hidden!

Then, the three girls got into their cars.

"I'll count to three. After three seconds, we'll set out!" Little Maisui said, self-satisfied.

It wasn't a regular car race, and the three girls didn't really care about rules either; they just wanted to have fun.

"One, two, three!" Little Maisui loudly shouted as she pressed the horn of the car. Afterward, the three beautiful sports cars dashed forward with a 'whizz' sound, starting to sprint on the runway.

At the start, the three girls had very earnest expressions, and their speed wasn't low while sprinting in a straight line.

But, whenever they had to make a turn, they would immediately apply the brakes, decreasing their speed...

The instructor had always told them to slow down when making turns!

After all, you needed to put safety first when driving!

❄ ❄ ❄

"Yo~ yo~ check it out!" while driving the tractor, Old Lu was humming an old song. He had a very happy appearance as he was speeding on the small road, heading toward the road behind the big mountain.

Papa Song, who was sitting in the open container in the rear, frowned and said, "Isn't this speed too fast? I think we've surpassed several cars while coming here."

"You're overthinking it. Maybe their speed was just too low, and we overtook them. Anyway, it feels good to overtake cars with a tractor. Wahaha!" Old Lu laughed.

That's not the problem, Father. There is really something wrong with this speed! Lu Tianyou thought to himself. Then, he stretched out his hand and touched his hair. He was uncertain as to why there was no wind.

The tractor didn't have a windshield, and even if the speed wasn't too fast, wind should still blow in their faces, right?

But after sitting in the open container for a while, he hadn't felt any wind.

"Ahahaha! Old Song, we've arrived at that place! Tsk, it's indeed a good location. The road is very spacious, and there is no one. If we had a good car, it would be pretty cool to race here. But now, let's have some fun on this road. I'll show you my overbearing driving style from twenty years ago!" Old Lu was delighted.

Then, he changed the gears and increased the speed of the tractor to the limit!

Rumble, rumble, rumble... the roar of the tractor's engine echoed throughout the entire mountain.

At the same time, its speed sharply increased.

Papa Song said, somewhat worried, "Be careful, this is a mountain road! There are many turns!"

Old Lu laughed, "What turns? At the time, I drove the tractor and made eighteen turns on a mountain road at full speed! Now, this expert will teach you how you make turns! Wahahaha!"

Old Lu twisted his waist and grabbed the gearshift of the tractor, slowly moving it...

Chapter 243: Zhao Yaya: Wait, is that Uncle?

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The hand-guided tractor was still emitting black smoke. Afterward, it beautifully turned, and its speed didn't even decrease while turning the corner!

"Did you see that beautiful turn? Even those guys drifting in movies aren't my match; this is true skill!" Old Lu shamelessly praised himself—however, his palms had started to sweat.

Why? Because just as he was talking, the front of the tractor started to sway more fiercely, and the speed also seemed to have increased.

In the open container, Lu Tianyou secretly wiped the sweat from his forehead. Seeing how their bodies had tilted while making the turn, their current speed should be around 70-80 km/h. No, even faster!

This hand-guided tractor has undergone some modification.

But... why would Shuhang crazily modify a hand-guided tractor?

Is the new trend to modify tractors instead of luxury cars?

This idea wasn't too far-fetched. Somewhere in China, some rich men got tired of luxury cars and started to hold competitions between horse-drawn carriages!

"Ah? Old Lu, be careful! There are cars ahead!" Papa Song had a keen vision; he saw some cars ahead after they turned the corner.

Once they got closer, Papa Song saw three sports cars.

One white, one blue, and one red.

Unexpectedly, there were sports cars here!

These cars weren't going slow. One could notice it from their rumbling engines.

This section of the road was completely straight, and the speed of these sports car should be above 100 km/h, right?

But, strangely enough, they were slowly but steadily catching up to those cars with the tractor, pulling the distance closer bit by bit.

Lu Tianyou couldn't bear it anymore and said, "Are we going at 100 km/h?"

"Nonsense. Have you ever seen a tractor going at 100 km/h?" Old Lu heavily reprimanded his son. How could a tractor reach 100 km/h?

But as he was speaking, his voice started to lower.

Because, while he was saying those words, the tractor caught up with the last of the three cars, the white one!

And then...

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

The tractor was emitting black smoke, and its big tires were madly spinning. And just in this fashion, it casually overtook the white car.

Old Lu opened his mouth wide.



In the white car.

Little Maisui, the girl with ponytails, also had her mouth wide open. She blinked a few times and looked at the tachometer—she was going at 120 km/h!

She blinked again and looked at the vehicle that had overtaken her.

This vehicle had four huge tires and was making strange rumbling sounds while sprinting. It was a tractor—a hand-guided tractor with an open container attached behind it.

Moreover, she saw a rock about the size of a small table in the open container plus two men. One had a bear-like build; the other was a scholarly middle-aged man with glasses.

"What the...?" Little Maisui was dumbfounded.

Just what's happening?

A tractor carrying a huge rock surpass her car... and she was going at 120 km/h! Was she hallucinating?

"Alice~ Yaya~ Am I going crazy? I think I'm having hallucinations. I just saw a hand-guided tractor surpass my car!" Little Maisui shouted into the microphone of the headset.

While racing, the three girls wore headsets to easily communicate and avoid being unprepared if something were to happen.

Her two friends didn't reply. She only heard a buzzing sound.

After a long time, the girl with sunglasses driving the red car, Alice, said in a grave tone, "I thought I was the only one seeing things, but it seems you also saw it. A moment ago, I saw a hand-guided tractor emitting black smoke through the rear-view mirror,

and a bear-like uncle was driving it. Ah... I was overtaken!"

Just as she was speaking, the rumbling tractor overtook her.

At this time, Alice was going at 125 km/h!



"We've surpassed two sports cars." Papa Song swallowed a mouthful of saliva—at this time, only an idiot would believe that the tractor was going at 30-40 km/h!

"If I'm not mistaken, Shuhang should have modified this tractor, right?" Lu Tianyou said in a deep voice.

"Nonsense!" Old Lu, who was sitting in the front, shouted, "Don't you know how an engine works? A hand-guided tractor such as this can go at most at 60 km/h! Only if you change its engine with that of a Ferrari can it go faster! But as you saw, the engine of this tractor wasn't modified; you need to start it manually!"

What father said isn't wrong. No matter how much you modify the tractor, the engine will limit its speed! Lu Tianyou remained silent.

But if this was the case, how could this tractor go at more than 100 km/h, easily surpassing two sports car?

At this time, the tractor they were sitting in was slowly approaching the blue car in the front. Given the current speed of the tractor, it was only a question of time before it overtook the car.

Was this tractor like one of those Transformers in movies that could change their appearance with Allspark?



At this time, Zhao Yaya looked at the weird tractor through the rear-view mirror.

As the distance between them was getting shorter and shorter, she blinked a few times.

Then, she called out in alarm, "What?!"

"Yaya, were you also overtaken?" Little Maisui asked.

"No, there is still some distance left." Zhao Yaya replied—however, this wasn't the problem. The problem was the uncle driving the tractor!

Zhao Yaya was very familiar with this uncle.

This was the same Uncle Lu that would frequently visit Shuhang's house when they were little!

She had met him many times in her childhood. Even if she had grown up and wasn't going to Shuhang's place a lot these days, she would still frequently meet him while she was there.

She remembered that Uncle Lu and Uncle Song were really harmful friends. There was no limit to how much they would make the other party suffer.

If it were someone else, they would have already stopped being friends after all that arguing.

But Uncle Song and Uncle Lu were different. They would try to annoy the other party in every possible way, but their friendship was still unbreakable.

Just what type of tractor is Uncle Lu driving?! This speed is just...

Zhao Yaya quietly looked at the speed of the car—140 km/h! This was the highest speed her heart could withstand. She didn't dare to go faster.

But, Uncle Lu's tractor was slowly getting closer, and to catch up to her, its speed should be above 150 km/h, right?

Rumble, rumble, rumble...

I was overtaken... overtaken by Uncle Lu's hand-guided tractor!

Just what in the world is happening?

Next, Zhao Yaya saw a familiar person in the open container attached to the tractor.

It was a scholarly man with eyeglasses. He had an elegant bearing and seemed younger than his actual age.

"U... Uncle Song?!" Zhao Yaya called out in alarm.

"Eh? What?" the surprised voice of her two friends echoed from the headset.

"I know that man with eyeglasses sitting in the open container attached to the tractor." Zhao Yaya's corner of the mouth twitched; she didn't know whether to laugh or cry, "That's my uncle. He's the father of my younger cousin Song Shuhang, the one I mentioned before. I also know the driver, he's Uncle Song's good friend, Uncle Lu."

"Oooh, that Song Shuhang? The cousin you wanted to introduce to Little Maisui?" Alice smiled evilly.

Little Maisui also laughed, "The one I like is Sister Alice. How about doing some girl-to-girl stuff?"

"Bah, get lost! I want to have a harem of 3000 men. I don't have time for your girl-to-girl stuff!" the trendy Alice said, disgusted.

"Hehe, alright. Let's accelerate a bit and catch up with that tractor. I'm very interested in it!" Little Maisui giggled, "Moreover, there is a U-turn ahead, and the tractor will have to slow down. Yaya, later you must introduce us to those two uncles!"

The trendy Alice also said, "It's the first time in my life that I've seen a hand-guided tractor reach 150 km/h!"

Zhao Yaya nodded—for now she would follow Uncle Song's vehicle and see how things went!



At this time, a shadow was dashing on the small road connecting Baijing Street to Mountain Niuding.

This shadow was none other than Song Shuhang.

That tractor could reach up to 150 km/h. He was worried that Papa Song and Uncle Lu would do something reckless after getting drunk—although Venerable White had attached a strengthening formation to the tractor, Song Shuhang was unsure whether that formation would work only on the tractor or on the passengers too.

Therefore, he quickly followed behind them.

Unfortunately, Lu Tianyou didn't leave the keys of the BMW behind. Otherwise, he could have used the car to reduce the distance between them.

But, strangely enough, he didn't even encounter a taxi on the road. What kind of joke was that?

In the end, Song Shuhang had no choice but to follow on foot—at this time, he wished he could ride a flying sword. With its speed, he would have caught up to the tractor in an instant.

Right now, he was using the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩ at full power, and his speed was getting faster and faster.

The more and longer you ran, the deeper would become your understanding of the technique. Your speed would also increase in the process. The ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩ was such a technique.

He resembled a black bolt of lightning while running. After the first five seconds, he had traveled a hundred meters, and his speed was continuously increasing. After a while, his speed wasn't much slower than cars.

In the meantime, he also used the Brand Induction Technique!

There was a black suitcase in the open container of the tractor, and that suitcase contained money, medicine pills, and his treasure

sword Broken Tyrant.

Song Shuhang had used the Spirit Brand Technique given to him by Senior Brother Three Realms to leave a brand mark on Broken Tyrant. With the Brand Induction Technique, he locked the position of the sword, finding Papa Song and the others as a consequence.

"They went toward Mountain Niuding's runway? If I'm not mistaken, that mountain road isn't the best road to drive on." Song Shuhang bitterly smiled.

That mountain road had a lot of U-turns!

The only thing that made him feel at ease was that the road had become quite secure after the maintenance works. It was very wide whenever there were turns.

Chapter 244: Tractor God Old Lu: My poor waist!

The mountain road on Mountain Niuding was rather spacious after the reconstruction. It had been built for only one purpose—to race safely! Therefore, even if you were driving a tractor at 150 km/h, as long as you weren't courting death, you wouldn't get into an accident.

Now, let's hope that Uncle Lu won't court death while driving! Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Since Uncle Lu had drunk a lot, he was very worried about their safety!

Just think about it, a drunkard driving a tractor at 150 km/h... that was rather fearful.



On the road on Mountain Niuding, the tractor had left behind the three sports cars.

At this time, Old Lu loud voice echoed from the driver's seat, "Old Song, did we just surpass those three sports cars?"

He didn't dare to believe his own words.

"I... I think so." Papa Song replied while stuttering. Right now, he had only one question in mind—just where did Song Shuhang get this tractor? A tractor that could exceed 150 km/h...? Was this a joke? Wasn't it even better than sports cars?

"We even overtook three sports cars. Our speed should be surely above 100 km/h! Ahahaha!" Old Lu nervously laughed.

After hearing this laughter, Lu Tianyou, who was sitting in the open container, had an awful premonition—whenever he heard his father laughing like that, there were two reasons:

Reason 1: Uncle Song came to visit them and poked at his father's sore spots. Once Uncle Song was gone, his father would nervously laugh for a while. In this case, he was extremely angry.

Reason 2: His father was the one visiting Uncle Song and poking at his sore spots. After completing his mission and returning home, he would also nervously laugh for a while. In this case, he was extremely happy.

But, no matter what the reason was, once he started laughing like that, his father wasn't clear-headed anymore.

As expected, Old Lu deeply sighed after the strange laughter and said, "It seems I've really gotten drunk!"

Under what circumstances would a tractor reach 100 km/h?

Under what circumstances would a tractor overtake three sports cars?

It could only happen in a dream!

Or... when you were dead drunk and would start having hallucinations!

At this time, Old Lu had started to wonder whether he was drunk or not.

After hearing his father's words, Lu Tianyou got anxious, "Father, return to your senses! Keep the tractor in check, Uncle Song and I are also in the back!"

"Don't worry, even if I'm drunk, I'm still an expert at operating tractors!" Old Lu laughed strangely. His whole body started to shake back and forth along the tractor, "Old Song, let's have fun!"

Then, Old Lu started to sing loudly, "The great river... flows east! The stars in the sky... pay their respects to the Big Dipper! Old Song, you go next! Let's have some fun!"

"To hell with your fun!" Papa Song roared, "Properly drive the tractor and look ahead! Don't get distracted!"

"Tsk. Old Song, you're too uncooperative! At this time, you should act like a good brother and sing the next line. You sing one line, and I sing the other; that's how it should be!" Old Lu put on a

self-important look.

Just as he was shaking back and forth, he really started to feel drunk. Although his mind was still clear, his hands weren't as agile as before. His whole body was a tad slower than his brain.

Old Lu shook his head forcefully to stay sober, "Old Song, you're really a party pooper. If you won't sing, I'll do it alone—If you want to go... we'll go! You have a share, I'll have a share, we'll all have a share! If we see injustice on the road, we roar and... AAAAAH..."

It wasn't that Old Lu had forgotten the next line... he had sung this song for half of his life. He was very familiar with it, and even without thinking, he could easily sing it.

The problem was the turn that lay ahead. It was a very tight U-turn!

This was what caused Old Lu's song to turn into a scream halfway.

Papa Song also saw the U-turn. "Get a hold of yourself and quickly decrease the speed of the tractor!"

"I already applied the brakes! But, we are going too fast; we won't slow down fast enough!" Old Lu roared. Then, he gave his all as he turned the tractor to the right, trying his best to let it smoothly turn the corner.

Since he was too anxious, he inadvertently turned his waist too.

The tractor entered the curve and steadily kept going, smoothly entering the U-turn curve.

Papa Song heaved a sigh of relief.

But, at the same time, Old Lu screamed in pain, "F*ck, I sprained my poor waist!"

Although he still had a bear-like build, he wasn't as tough as in his prime. When they turned the corner, he instinctively turned his waist too. Since he twisted it too much, he sprained it!

His waist was very painful, to the point that he had difficulties controlling the tractor.

As a result, the angle of the tractor slightly changed while making the turn. It was a very small change, but the tractor was still going at 150 km/h!

When going that fast, even something as insignificant as that could endanger one's life!

In the open container, Papa Song howled, "Be careful! Keep the vehicle under control; we're going to bump into the guardrail!"

"F*ck, if it weren't for my sprained waist, I could have easily made this U-turn!" Old Lu howled. Then, he resisted the pain and braked, keeping the tractor under control.

He hadn't been driving for twenty years for nothing!

By hook or by crook, he made the tractor enter the U-turn curve!

When the tractor entered the curve, the two wheels of the open container behind rose into the sky. The container 'flung' itself into the U-turn!

If it weren't for the strengthening formation applied by Venerable White on the vehicle, the open container behind would have twisted and broken apart from the tractor after this drift, directly flying away!

But, thanks to the formation, the open container only emitted a grating sound and sustained no damage. Even the huge rock, the suitcase, Papa Song, and Lu Tianyou were protected by the formation. They fiercely swayed, but nothing else happened to them.

They smoothly made the first U-turn!

All the people on the tractor heaved a sigh of relief.



In the rear, the three girls were still following the tractor from far behind.

The three girls all saw the tractor beautifully 'drifting' and entering the U-turn.

How could they describe it? Maybe only with the word 'awesome'? These driving skills could only belong to a God!

"Yaya, the driving skills of that Uncle Lu are unparalleled under the heavens! Just now, even if he reduced the speed a bit, he was still going around 120 km/h! The way he drifted into the curve was just too cool! Literally a God!" Little Maisui said to Zhao Yaya.

"A tractor drifting! The open container even rose into the sky and directly flung itself into the U-turn! Was your camera turned on? Did you record that beautiful drift?" The trendy Alice was also very excited.

"It was turned on, but the tractor was pretty far. I'm not sure if it clearly recorded it." Zhao Yaya clicked her tongue.

...Is this what they call an expert?

Uncle Lu is driving a modified tractor at 150 km/h. As if that wasn't enough, he can even make it beautifully drift. He is a real expert! Later, should I ask him for advice?

From what she remembered, Uncle Lu had been a car instructor in the past.



At this time, the ‘God’ in the eyes of the three girls had a pale face, and his waist was hurting to the point he wished he could die.

After seeing Old Lu’s pale face, Papa Song quickly said, "Old Lu, quickly stop the tractor. Let’s change the driver!"

The nearby Lu Tianyou bitterly smiled, "Uncle Song, I don’t know how to drive a tractor!" He thought that Uncle Song wanted him to drive the tractor.

"It doesn’t matter, I can drive it. Old Lu, quickly stop the tractor!" Papa Song shouted.

Even if he seemed weak and frail, Papa Song had also suffered his share of hardships back in the days. His driving skills weren’t inferior to those of Old Lu!

"I’ve already applied the brakes, but the speed was just too fast. It’s taking a while to slow down. Ouch, ouch, ouch, this pain. I’ll try to slowly stop—shiiiiiiit!" Old Lu stopped midway and screamed.

Another U-turn had suddenly appeared in their front.

Moreover, it was even worse than the one they had just cleared!

On one side of this U-turn was the mountain; on the other side was a five-meter-deep steep slope.

This small steep slope had the shape of a terraced field and was formed by many layers, which were either four or five meters deep and linked together. Moreover, it extended till the foot of the mountain

Both sides were very dangerous. No matter if it was the hard mountain rock or the steep slope, both could claim one's life.

As if that wasn't enough, the speed of the tractor had yet to decrease! Old Lu felt his liver tremble.

Papa Song calmly said, "Old Lu, try it to endure it. Once we've turned the corner, stop the vehicle and change driver!"

"Ouch, ouch, ouch. Fine! It's just a turn! Let alone one, I can make even two! Look how fierce I am!" Old Lu roared.

He once again endured the piercing pain and made the tractor turn, trying his best to enter the U-turn!

He only needed to make this turn successfully. Afterward, they would be safe! He had to hold on; a small turn couldn't stop him!

Ah, time is heartless and will make one turn old. It's impossible not to give in to old age, said the painful old waist!



At this time... the three girls were trying their best to keep up with the tractor.

"Oh! The one in front is an S-shaped curve, and both curves are very tight! Let's quickly catch up; I really want to see how 'God' is going to make this turn! I'm really looking forward to seeing him make two consecutive drifts!" Little Maisui looked at the navigator and said excitedly.

"Little Maisui, don't accelerate too much. You don't have his godly skills. Slow down and let's make the turn slowly," the trendy Alice quickly said.

"Don't worry. I'll be careful," Little Maisui laughed.



This S-shaped curve was formed by two tight U-turns linked together. It was a very difficult turn to make.

Could Old Lu's strained waist hold on?

Chapter 245: Meteorite and cracks

In tragedy movies, there was a technique frequently employed in setting up the background of movie characters to increase the sense of tragedy—for example, when a few characters in the movie experienced all kinds of hardships and overcame layers and layers of obstacles before finally escaping death and climbing out from places like ‘underground areas’, ‘traps’, ‘site of catastrophe’ etc...

What welcomed them right after was—an abrupt rain of bullets or a mysterious ax slashing toward them out of nowhere, a sharp sword, a meteorite falling from the sky, exterminating everything, and other various kinds of methods, giving the pitiful movie characters a one-way ticket straight to heaven...

Thereafter, the audience would feel betrayed, and couldn’t help but feel that these characters were very miserable...

At this moment, Old Lu really resembled one of those tragic characters.

He clenched his teeth and gathered his willpower and his manly dignity, stubbornly ‘drifting’ again, sending the hand-guided tractor into the U-turn.

At that moment, Old Lu’s entire body was very exhausted, but at the same time, he heaved a sigh of relief.

However, after that... what appeared before their eyes wasn’t the wide and straight main road, but an even more dreadful and

tighter U-turn.

"My poor waist! It's over!" Old Lu shrieked in fear.

This time, he no longer had the ability to make the tractor enter the second U-shaped curve in the opposite direction—even if his waist had been in perfect condition, he still would not have been able to do it.

Did he really think that a tractor was like a sports car? Even if a tractor could reach up to the speed of 150 km/h, it would still be a mere tractor. Control, torque, braking, nimbleness, and other various kinds of performance aspects of a tractor could never be matched up to that of a sports car.

"Don't give up, Old Lu!" Papa Song called out. He wished to climb to the front and take Old Lu's position—but in reality, even if he took over, it would be of no use. No matter how good his skills were, he wouldn't be able to change the fact that the tractor was already charging out of the mountain road.

Although Old Lu had entered the U-turn with much difficulty, it was all for naught.



Behind them, the sports cars driven by the three ladies reduced their speed steadily and turned the corner, successfully passing the first winding road.

Little Maisui looked at the tractor in the second winding road and said disappointingly, "Ah damn, what a pity. The tractor already passed the first winding road."

"It doesn't matter, being able to capture him passing the second winding road is also pretty good," the trendy Alice said.

Thereafter, the three sports cars decreased their speed once again in preparation for passing the second winding road.

At the same time, they switched on the dash cam of their cars in order to capture the historical moment of the 'God' clearing the S-shaped curve at the speed of over 100 km/h on a tractor from three different angles.

But at this time, the God's tractor before their eyes only moved slightly from side to side in the direction of the second winding road... and then, the tractor crashed into the guardrail without any hesitation!

"Bang!"

The guardrail, that was originally solid and hard, got easily broken upon impact with the tractor that was going at a speed of over 100 km/h as though it was made from a weak plastic material.

The tractor flew and charged towards the sloped terrace, and tumbled down!

Upon seeing that scene, the three ladies subconsciously stepped on their brakes.

The tires of the sports cars and the ground made a piercing burnout sound; the three sports cars steadily stopped at the roadside.

"..." Little Maisui was dumbfounded.

"..." The trendy Alice was also dumbfounded.

"..." Zhao Yaya was even more dumbfounded for a long time, and soon after, she hurriedly got out of her sports car and panickedly ran in the direction of the area where the tractor tumbled down.

After all, Papa Song was on it!

Little Maisui and Alice also ran over from their cars, following closely behind Zhao Yaya.

The three ladies ran to the damaged guardrail and looked down.

At this moment, the tractor was like a turtle that was flipped on its back, fallen onto the third layer of the terraced field-like slope. Its four wheels were still spinning, making rumbling noises.

The three people within the tractor were underneath the vehicle,

it was not known if they were alive or dead.

"Uncle, Uncle!" Zhao Yaya shouted, at the same time tensely grasping for her cell phone, preparing to call Mama Song.

At this time, in the rear of the open-topped container came Papa Song's voice, "Cough, cough! Old Lu, you bastard, I'm not done with you. Say something, are you still alive?"

Thereafter, two figures could be seen getting up from underneath the overturned open-topped container of the tractor.

One belonged to Papa Song, a bespectacled man with the manners and air of a scholar.

The other one belonged to the tough and stocky Lu Tianyou.

Apart from being dirty and messy, both of them looked like they had no injuries at all!

"Dad, are you alright?!" Lu Tianyou shouted loudly, almost tearing his windpipe.

"How can I be alright. Oh my goodness. Quick, get me out. My lower back is hurting so much." Old Lu's cry came from the front of the tractor.

Papa Song and Lu Tianyou rushed over to the front seat area.

The front of the tractor was sticking up in the air—there was a gap between it and the body of the tractor.

Old Lu was right in the middle of the gap...

Apart from the hurt waist from before, Old Lu was also fine and had no injuries.

Next to Old Lu were items that were originally placed in the small compartment next to the driver's seat, but were now sprawled all over on the ground.

Additionally, the tank of fuel within the open-topped container behind, together with Song Shuhang's suitcase, tumbled over to one side. And, cracks started forming on the huge meteorite that was crushed by the vehicle...

Papa Song and Lu Tianyou combined their strength and dragged Old Lu out from underneath the tractor.

Luckily, no one was injured.



"Thank God the three of us are fine." After Old Lu saw how everyone was safe, he smiled embarrassingly.

"Count yourself lucky that you're not dead—if not for you insisting on taking the tractor, none of this mess would have happened." Papa Song stared hard at Old Lu.

As they were speaking, Papa Song tried recalling the vague memories of what had happened earlier, when the tractor charged out of the mountain road.

He remembered indistinctly that when the tractor was charging out, the body of the tractor lit up—it was very bright!

Thereafter, Papa Song felt himself falling onto the ground. But, he was surprised that there wasn't any feeling of any impact!

...They were clearly flung from the mountain road down to the third layer of the terraced field-like slope—every level had a height of five meters, so that was fifteen meters in total.

Falling from such a height and being pinned down by a tractor... under normal circumstances, they would die nine times out of ten! However, apart from getting themselves dirty and messy, the three of them were actually completely unscathed—without a single injury.

"Uncle, Uncle! Are you alright?" At this time, a melodic voice of a woman came from the mountain road.

Papa Song lifted his head and saw Zhao Yaya, who was decked in white clothes, calling out at him.

Zhao Yaya was really scared just now—if these terraces weren't this high, she would have jumped down to give the three of them a full-body checkup. After all, she studied medicine.

"Eh? Yaya, why are you here?" Papa Song asked in reply. After that, his eyes shifted to the three sports cars stopped at the side of the road and then he understood what was going on.

Earlier... did the cars that Old Lu overtook on the tractor belong to Zhao Yaya and her friends?

Hence, he smiled and waved at Zhao Yaya and said, "We are completely fine, without a single problem! You don't have to worry, Yaya!"

Zhao Yaya asked, "Uncle, do you need me to give aunt a call?"

"Don't panic, don't panic. First, give Shuhang a call and get him to bring a long rope or something and help us out of here," Papa Song shouted in reply.

Thereafter, Papa Song looked at the overturned tractor that was akin to a turtle that flipped onto its back... and estimated that only a large crane would be capable of hoisting the tractor up.

Speaking of which, this tractor must have undergone modifications. Where did Shuhang get it from?

If he borrowed it from someone, what will happen if it's damaged beyond repair?

Where is he gonna get another tractor that can go up to 150 km/h to compensate them? Papa Song was vexed.



"Shuhang has returned home?" Zhao Yaya opened her contacts list and dialed Song Shuhang's number.

Very soon, the call connected.

"Eh? Elder Sister Yaya, what's up?" Song Shuhang's voice came from the other end of the line.

"Shuhang, quickly prepare a very long rope, at least about thirty meters long, and bring it over to the mountain road on Mountain Niuding. Keep following the mountain road and you'll see me. It's urgent," replied Zhao Yaya.

"Mountain Niuding's road? Elder Sister Yaya, you're there too?" Song Shuhang was baffled and asked, "What happened? Why do you need such a long rope?"

"Uncle Lu drove out of the mountain road with uncle on the tractor, and they fell off the mountain road onto the terraces next to it. The terraces are pretty tall and so they can't climb up," answered Zhao Yaya.

"They overturned the tractor? Are they ok?" Song Shuhang panicked.

"They seem alright, but I haven't examined them yet. We'll know after we get them out," said Zhao Yaya.

"I will be there immediately," Song Shuhang answered and hung up immediately after.



"Everything I feared happened!" Song Shuhang sighed and soon after, his body once again burst forward. Out of worry for his father's safety, subconsciously, the speed of his *⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩* stepped up a notch.

Ten minutes later, he arrived at the site of the accident.

When he looked from afar, he saw three sports cars—red, blue, and white—stopped at the roadside.

Zhao Yaya was leaning onto the barrier, looking down at the three men trying to arrange the articles in the vehicle.

Two other women hid in the car, enjoying the A/C.

Song Shuhang reduced his speed and ran towards Zhao Yaya at

the speed at which normal people run 100m at. He waved at her from afar and shouted, "Elder Sister Yaya, where is dad and the rest?"

"Shuhang, you're finally here." Zhao Yaya pointed in the direction of the damaged barrier and said, "Uncle and the rest are below... eh, Shuhang, what about the rope? Why did you come empty-handed?"

"When you called, I was already nearby, so I ran over. My dad and Uncle Lu had a couple of drinks today before driving the tractor out, so I was worried and continued following them behind." Song Shuhang forced a laugh.

In front of Zhao Yaya, it was hard for him to lie. He merely covered up the fact that he used <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> to rush over.

"We don't have any other options but to call road assistance to help save them and retrieve the tractor while they're at it," said Zhao Yaya.

Song Shuhang hurriedly replied, "You don't have to, Elder Sister Yaya. I can get someone to help retrieve the tractor. I have a friend that specializes in dealing with such problems. As for dad and the rest... I will get them up first."

Chapter 246: Shuhang, going around with forged documents is a crime!

Of course, the person Song Shuhang was referring to was 'Heaven Shrouding Hook' Zhou Li, a subordinate of True Monarch Yellow Mountain that specialized in handling these kinds of problems. Zhou Li was coming to Wenzhou City to deal with Doudou's car accident from yesterday. And since he was at it, Shuhang would ask him to deal with this tractor too...

Next, Shuhang arrived at the place where the tractor had crashed into the guard rail.

On the steep slope, Papa Song, Uncle Lu, and Lu Tianyou had moved Song Shuhang's suitcase and the tank of fuel to a side. The three of them were sitting in a row; it was unknown what they were chatting about.

The tractor behind their bodies sustained no damage. The reason for this was the strengthening formation added by Venerable White.

"How are you planning to get down without a rope?" Zhao Yaya looked at the five-meter-deep steep slope. Jumping down from such a height was difficult. But, even if he were to get down, how was he planning to bring the people below up?

At this time, the people below also noticed Shuhang.

Papa Song shouted, "Shuhang, you've come so quickly? Come, throw down the rope!"

"I don't have any rope with me. When Elder Sister Yaya called me, I was already on my way." Song Shuhang replied.

"..." Papa Song was speechless.

...Then, why did you come here? To helplessly stare at your father sitting on a mountain slope after overturning the tractor?

"It's alright. I'll come down and bring you up." Song Shuhang said with a faint smile. Then, he gazed at the terrace field-like mountain slope.

"Don't do anything stupid!" Papa Song shouted.

But, his voice had yet to fade when Shuhang jumped down.

When Song Shuhang jumped down, he stretched his foot midair and used the protrusions of the mountain slope wall to slow down his speed. Then, he nimbly arrived at the first layer of the terrace field.

Papa Song facepalmed—it was a five-meter-deep terrace field-like mountain slope. What was he planning to do after coming down here? Did he want to carry them up on his back one by one?

Was his dear son becoming more and more stupid after studying?
His liver was really in pain right now!



At this time, Little Maisui's voice echoed in Zhao Yaya's headset,
"Yaya, did your cousin jump down?"

"Yeah." Zhao Yaya replied.

When she looked down, Song Shuhang jumped down once more
and nimbly arrived at the second layer of the terrace field.

Was Shuhang always so agile? Zhao Yaya was confused.

The sound of a car door being opened came from behind.

Little Maisui and Alice came out of their cars and arrived next to
Zhao Yaya.

"Yaya, your cousin is quite handsome," Alice leaned against the
guardrail and said. She looked at the nimble Song Shuhang and
smiled.

Zhao Yaya's smiled, "Do you find him pleasing to the eye?"

"As long as something is handsome, it's bound to be pleasing to

the eye. I'm one of those people that only care about looks." Alice narrowed her eyes. Then, she also added, "Unfortunately, he's too young. I don't date younger people."

"I also find him pleasing to the eye!" Little Maisui shouted, "But unfortunately, he is a man. If it were a girl, I would have dated her."

"You two are hopeless..." Zhao Yaya gave them a supercilious look.

"Hehehe." Little Maisui strangely laughed.



While Zhao Yaya and the others were chatting, Song Shuhang had already arrived at the place where the tractor had crashed.

Papa Song and the others were looking at him and didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Song Shuhang looked at them and said with a smile, "Come. Once you're ready, I'll bring you up."

"You want to bring us up?" Lu Tianyou said somewhat confused.

"Brother Tianyou, come. I'll bring you up first. Don't struggle, please," Song Shuhang said.

"Fine." Lu Tianyou replied.

Next, Shuhang stretched his hand and grabbed Lu Tianyou. The latter didn't even have time to react as he was lifted and put on Shuhang's shoulder.

"What do you want to do?" Lu Tianyou felt awkward—he had a bear-like build, and yet, Shuhang had casually lifted him and put him on his shoulders.

How can Shuhang be so strong? Is he an ant-man?

Moreover... what is he planning to do? Carry me on his shoulder till the mountain road?

Shiet, he really wants to do that!

In the next instant, he saw Shuhang lightly jump while carrying him on his shoulders—yeah, lightly jump!

Have you ever seen someone lightly jump while carrying a 190-cm-tall bear-like man on their shoulders? It's not like everyone was like Shaquille O'Neal who could dunk even with several people grabbing on his body.

However, Song Shuhang carried him on his shoulders and started to quickly climb the terraced field-like mountain slope.

Lu Tianyou only felt that he was going higher and higher.

After a short amount of time, he was already on the mountain road.

Song Shuhang let him go and put him on the ground.

"A-arrived?" Lu Tianyou was at a loss and could only stutter. He wasn't even able to form a coherent sentence.

He wasn't the only one surprised. Zhao Yaya and her two friends had also their mouths wide open.

From their viewpoint, they could see things even more clearly—Song Shuhang carried Lu Tianyou on his shoulders, and then whizz, whizz, whizz... they were already on the mountain road.

It was just like those martial arts movies where powerful masters would run on walls while carrying someone on their back.

"Shuhang, are you part of the cliff-climbing club or something?" Lu Tianyou said, stupefied.

"The cliff-climbing club? Nope. Just wait a moment, I'm going down and pick up Uncle Lu and my father too." Song Shuhang laughed. Afterward, he jumped down once again!

The trendy Alice blinked a few times and said to Zhao Yaya, "Yaya, give me your cousin's phone number!"

"..." Zhao Yaya.



When Shuhang jumped down, Old Lu and Papa Song were squatting near the tractor's driver's seat, trying to gather some documents.

After seeing that Shuhang could really carry Lu Tianyou till the mountain road, Papa Song and Old Lu relaxed.

Therefore, they started to carefully look around the tractor as not to miss anything important.

It was then that they saw this pile of documents.

Old Lu, who had his waist sprained, was standing on a side. Papa Song was squatting down and picking up all the documents, giving them to Old Lu.

"These are certificates of roadworthiness, but how come there are so many?" Old Lu shot a look at the pile of documents.

That was bad news!

There was a lot of vehicles listed on these certificates. Sports cars such as Ferrari, Maserati, and Porsche. There were also BMW, Mercedes-Benz, Audi, and even Volkswagen and Buick. Oh, of course, there was the certificate of the tractor too...

These were the certificates of more than thirty vehicles!

But that wasn't the problem—the problem was that the 'owner' of these cars was a certain 'Song Shuhang'.

"Old Song, are you planning to open a car-related business?" Old Lu asked curiously.

Papa Song shook his head.

"Then, what's this stuff?" Old Lu carefully looked at these certificates of roadworthiness; they seemed real. Even the license plates of the vehicles were listed.

The two of them looked into each other's eyes, revealing a worried look.

"Are these documents forged?" Papa Song asked in a low voice.

It couldn't be helped. There was no way for Papa Song to believe that all these documents were real.

There were more than thirty cars listed! And some of them were

luxury cars worth tens of millions of RMB!

Even if Song Shuhang was super lucky and were to win a lottery of a hundred million RMB, he still wouldn't be able to buy all these cars!

And if someone were to say that maybe Song Shuhang opened a business and bought those cars, Papa Song would surely slap them in the face—what business was that? Banknote printing machine business?

"Yeah, that might be the case," Old Lu replied. However, he didn't dare say that for sure—because a tractor that could reach up to 150 km/h was lying upside down next to him!

Maybe Old Song's son really had some tricks up his sleeve...?



"Father, Uncle Lu, what are you doing? Get ready, I'll bring you up!" At this time, Song Shuhang arrived at their position.

Then, he saw the documents that Papa Song and Uncle Lu were holding.

...That's bad. I actually forgot to take care of those certificates.

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples. How should he explain things

to Papa Song now?

Explanation 1: "Pa, these cars belong to my friend. However, he didn't have his identification card with him at the time. Therefore, he decided to put them under my name!"

This story was almost the truth... but if you were in Papa Song's shoes, would you believe it?

Explanation 2: "Pa, your son suddenly struck it rich. Therefore, I decided to buy a luxury car. But since one didn't seem enough, I decided to buy an entire batch! This way, I can drive a different one every day!"

This was a lie... but Papa Song wouldn't believe this story either!

And even if he were to believe it... he would give Shuhang a good beating. You struck it rich and spent all the money on cars? Have you gone crazy?

Just as Song Shuhang was in a dilemma, Papa Song opened his mouth and said earnestly, "Shuhang! Listen to me. It's illegal to go around with forged documents! You might even end up in jail!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

Forged documents...?

This is actually a pretty good excuse!

His eyes suddenly lit up as he laughed. "Ahaha. Father, these aren't forged documents. These are stage props! The stage props for a movie! Since the courses weren't too difficult this semester, I decided to join a movie-related club. During this summer vacation, we were planning to write a story and shoot a small movie like those comedies you see on the net. I have to play the role of a nouveau riche. Therefore, the members of the club gave me these documents!"

"These are stage props? I see." Papa Song and Old Lu were suddenly enlightened.

Although it seemed a bit forced, it made a lot of sense.

"Ahahaha! Shuhang, once you're done shooting the movie, you must let me watch it first!" Papa Song happily patted Shuhang's shoulders.

"Sure, sure." Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh.

"However, even if you're using stage props, you shouldn't use ones that look so real. It's easy to get misunderstood, ending up in trouble." Papa Song added.

"I understand. I'll talk about it to the other members." Song Shuhang tried to maintain his smiling face.

Papa Song nodded, satisfied.

Then, as though he had remembered something, his eyes suddenly lit up. "Right. Shuhang, will you be able to shoot the movie before the end of the year? If you can, it would be very interesting to play it when all our relatives are gathered for the festivities of the new year!"

Papa Song's inborn disease to show off had started to manifest!

"Ah?" Song Shuhang opened his mouth wide—If I can... shoot it before the end of the year?

F*ck, I was just lying! I'm not even part of a movie-related club; how can I even shoot a movie to begin with?!

Chapter 247: The meteorite... exploded!

Seeing Shuhang's surprised face, Papa Song asked, somewhat confused, "You won't be able to shoot it before the year's end? Then, how much do you need? And what kind of movie is it? Is it similar to those funny clips you find on the net?"

"Cough, no." Song Shuhang patted his chest and said, "Don't worry. It'll be out before the year's end!"

No matter what, he now had to produce a small movie before the year's end!

As if that wasn't enough, he had to play the role of a nouveau riche... the type that rewards his subordinates with hundreds of thousands of RMB and goes around with several hundreds of different kinds of luxury cars.

If you weren't good at telling lies, you had to pay the price for it.

Later, he would have to go to the Nine Provinces Number One Group and see if there was any senior with a business related to movies and television.

According to Song Shuhang's understanding, the seniors had stretched their tentacles to every corner of the world. Some of them had even invested money in Mars' exploration.

Therefore, there might be a senior that had opened a movie

company. If so, he could shamelessly ask this senior to help him shoot a small movie. At the time, he would be able to play the role of a flashy nouveau riche for free and wouldn't have to pay anything out of his pocket.



On the mountain road, Zhao Yaya was leaning against the guard rail. Maybe it was thanks to the direction of the wind, but she could clearly hear Song Shuhang, Papa Song, and Uncle Lu's conversation.

"He's lying." Zhao Yaya said in a soft voice. Even if they were pretty far away, she could see that Shuhang was lying based on his body language.

What he said about the driving license and the movie were both lies.



Song Shuhang made two trips and brought Papa Song and Uncle Lu back on the mountain road. Afterward, he also brought his suitcase up.

Zhao Yaya gave Papa Song, Old Lu, and Lu Tianyou a quick check. Aside from Uncle Lu's sprained waist, they had sustained no other injuries.

Afterward, she said to Papa Song, "Uncle, my friends and I will deliver you back home. However, we'll need to make more than one trip."

The three girls were driving sports cars that had only two seats. Therefore, they could only bring one person with them.

"Elder Sister Yaya, you can deliver them back first and pick me up later," Song Shuhang said with a smile. "I need to call a friend and ask him to help me bring the tractor up."

"Fine. Wait here, I'll be back very quickly." Zhao Yaya nodded.



Papa Song and the others boarded the sports cars and went back. Song Shuhang's big suitcase was also sent back home with them.

Once they were far away, Song Shuhang heaved a huge sigh of relief.

Then, he jumped down once again and arrived next to the tractor.

The tractor still had Venerable White's formations glued to it. Aside from the one that strengthened the vehicle, it was better to remove all the others.

Moreover, there was still that meteorite lying in the open container of the tractor.

Since he was alone, Song Shuhang used the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> and quickly arrived near the tractor.

"First, let's turn the tractor over." Song Shuhang muttered.

Then, he stretched his hands and grabbed the body of the tractor.

"Ah!" as he shouted, the power of qi and blood in his Heart and Eye Apertures exploded. The supplementary technique <Immovable Body of the Buddha> activated on its own, covering his body with a pale golden light.

In the next instant, Song Shuhang put all his strength in his arms, lifting the tractor up!

The tractor, which was originally turned over like a tortoise, was lifted up—Venerable White's weight reducing formation also played a crucial role here.

Soon after, he secretly operated the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique> and made an effort to turn the tractor over. The heavy tractor was finally flipped over, hitting the ground with a loud bang.

Except for some fuel leaking out, the tractor suffered no damage.

On the other hand, the meteorite had a lot of small cracks on its surface. It was unknown if it was because it fell from a high place or because the heavy tractor pressed on it.

Song Shuhang curiously squatted down on a side and said, "Strange, was this meteorite so frail?"

Because, the first time he saw this meteorite, it had just pounded Penniless Thief Sect's Cloudy Mist, making him fall from the sky. Afterward, it had crashed to the ground and created a big hole.

If this meteorite were really that frail, wouldn't it have broken into many tiny pieces when it fell to the ground along with Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist?

In addition... the first time he picked this meteorite up, Song Shuhang felt Venerable White's aura coming from it. What was the truth behind this meteorite?



Song Shuhang started to examine the meteorite carefully.

"After a careful look, the top and bottom of this meteorite seem a little too smooth, just like sword cuts," Song Shuhang muttered.

He could faintly feel Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's aura coming

from the bottom. When Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist met this meteorite, he should have tried to chop it down with his sword, leaving behind that cut.

On the other hand, he could faintly feel Venerable White's aura coming from the top.

But why would this meteorite have Senior White's aura on it?

Song Shuhang thought to himself, 'Is this the doing of those disposable flying swords that Senior White sent into space?'

Lately, Senior White had sent a lot of disposable flying swords into space.

If one of those disposable flying swords hit the meteorite, it was possible that it would leave such a cut behind.

Song Shuhang pressed his finger on the cracks of the meteorite. Afterward, he used his mental energy to examined the auras within.

'So that's how it was!' Song Shuhang understood everything.

After examining the cracks on the meteorite, he discovered that these were the aftermath of the clash between Senior White and Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's sword qi.

The two sword qi fiercely fought inside the meteorite, destroying a large part of its internal structure.

That was the reason for the 'lightness' of the meteorite when Song Shuhang lifted it.

This meteorite was what you would call a 'rotten interior beneath a fine exterior'. In other words, it was nothing but an empty shell.

After the tractor turned over, the cracks on the inside spread till the surface.



'I wonder how the meteorite looks on the inside after the clash of those two kinds of sword qi...' Song Shuhang suddenly thought, becoming curious.

This meteorite is already full of cracks. Should I just break it and take a look?

Let's do it then!

The qi and blood in his Heart and Eye Apertures exploded, concentrating in his fist.

"Basic Fist Number One!" After a loud shout, he ruthlessly

smashed his right fist against the meteorite!

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Cracks spread on the surface of the meteorite like a spiderweb, and more and more of its surface was crumbling.

Just when he was about to see the interiors of the meteorite, a bad feeling welled up in Shuhang's heart.

He put a hand in his pocket and squeezed between his fingers the last armor talisman in his possession; this was to prepare against all eventualities.

"Boom!"

When it had crumbled till reaching a third of its original size, the meteorite suddenly exploded!

F*ck, why did it explode?!

Chapter 248: Afterward... they enjoyed themselves to their heart's content!

Why the hell would it explode?! So unlucky!

Song Shuhang sighed with emotion and quickly activated the armor talisman in his hand. He felt very sad at this moment.

This was the last armor talisman in his possession! After it was used up, he would have to wait a long time before getting his hands on other life-saving treasures!

After it was activated, the energy inside the talisman changed into an omnidirectional barrier with no blind spots, covering Song Shuhang's body.

"Boom!"

The core of the meteorite exploded, releasing high-temperature flames that engulfed Song Shuhang.

At the same time, the meteorite broke into many small fragments that dashed toward Song Shuhang like bullets!

"Ding, ding, ding..." The defensive barrier of the armor talisman shook again and again, and many ripples started to appear on its surface.

Song Shuhang's complexion changed. He put all his strength in his feet and quickly fled from the site—the defensive barrier of the armor talisman could block an all-out attack from a cultivator of the Third Stage, and now, it had trouble warding this attack off!

In other words, these fragments of the meteorite propelled by the explosion had an attack power that approached the Third Stage!

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Luckily, the meteorite had exploded on this uninhabited mountain slope. If it had exploded in his house, Papa Song would have cried to sleep and would have to buy a new house!

"Whiz, whiz, whiz!" Flames were still coming out of the meteorite. Moreover, many of the fragments rushed toward the nearby tractor.

After all that tossing about, the strengthening formation applied by Venerable White upon the tractor had almost exhausted its spiritual energy.

Therefore, the tractor was turned into a beehive by the fragments of the meteorite. As if that wasn't enough, the high-temperature flames covering these pieces lit the fuel inside the tractor.

"Boom!" This flashy tractor that could run up to 150 km/h and had experienced things that other tractors wouldn't experience in their entire lifetime finally exploded. However, it had lived its short life to the fullest and had no regrets.

But, even in its last moments, it gave its all and used the last bit of its strength to release fire and fury upon the world!

A chain of explosions followed!

‘Does it really have to be so flashy?’ Song Shuhang bitterly smiled. Afterward, he operated the <Virtuous Man’s Ten Thousand Mile Walk> at full power and quickly fled from the dual explosion of the tractor and the meteorite while his armor talisman was still working.

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After a long time...

The explosions died out.

Song Shuhang examined the armor talisman—only a small part of its power was left...

‘That was rather fearful. If I didn’t have this armor talisman, even if I weren’t dead, I would have been severely injured!’ Song Shuhang thought to himself.

After making sure that the explosions had completely ceased, he lightly jumped and returned to the scene.

A deep hole was left in the original position of the meteorite.

The tractor was already changed beyond recognition, and only a blackened mass of steel and iron was left. Those A4 paper sheets that Venerable White had engraved formations upon had all exhausted their spiritual energy, turning into regular paper. Afterward, they were burned by the flames.

‘It seems I won’t need to trouble Senior Brother Zhou Li this time.’

After the explosion, the tractor was thoroughly ruined. They only needed to spend some money and ask someone to come here and deal with the scrap.

Song Shuhang went toward the hole left behind by the meteorite.

Why did this meteorite suddenly explode? Even if the remnants of Venerable White’s sword qi clashed against Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist’s sword qi, it shouldn’t be enough to turn the meteorite into a bomb, right?

Unless there was also something else inside the meteorite that got activated by the sword qi, causing the explosion just now?

Song Shuhang carefully looked in the hole, and as expected, he saw something.

It was a fist-sized black stone, sparkling like a diamond.

Unexpectedly, it wasn't sent flying by that fearful explosion from before; it was still in the exact center of the hole.

"Just as I expected, there was something here!" Song Shuhang lightly jumped, entering the hole. Afterward, he cautiously stretched his fingers and touched the stone.

An ice-cold feeling transmitted from his fingers. That powerful explosion from before hadn't increased the temperature of the stone at all.

"If I'm not mistaken, the meteorite was still burning when it hit Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist, but when I went there and tried to move it, the flame had already died out. Moreover, it had become ice-cold, and the reason behind this change should be this stone," Song Shuhang muttered.

He was sure that this thing was a precious treasure.

Perhaps, it was exactly that weird 'enlightenment stone' mentioned by Venerable White!



At this time, around a thousand meters away from where the explosion took place, a fine and slender figure stopped walking and looked toward the site of the explosion.

This figure had long green hair and two lovable ponytails. She

was wearing a green cheongsam that served as a contrast for her fine and slender body.

Her name was 'Lady Onion', and she was an onion spirit that had cultivated for 300 years!

She had cultivated for a whole 300 years! That was quite fearful, wasn't it?

But whenever someone mentioned those 300 hundred years, Lady Onion felt like crying.

300 years ago, she was just a little wild onion that was lucky enough to take root upon a natural spiritual spring. Time passed, and one day, she suddenly turned into an onion spirit.

To tell the truth, she too had no idea why she had turned into an onion spirit.

Anyway, since she had become an onion spirit, then so be it! She would happily live as one from then on!

And just in this fashion, she lived alone for a dozen or so years on a remote mountain, her lifestyle very carefree.

Until... an organization of monsters called 'All the Monsters of the World Should Unite and Become a Family' looked for her and gave her the name 'Lady Onion'.

Then, the monster organization taught Lady Onion the ‘200 must-have skills for a monster spirit to survive’.

These 200 skills were of many different types and left one stupefied.

Amongst them were the ‘Divine Stealing Technique’, ‘How to smoothly form a team and rob a human cultivator’, ‘500 ways to surrender to a human cultivator you’re unable to beat’, and ‘Ultimate seducing skill of a pretty female monster’.

There were also the ‘How a female monster should become the male master’s mistress’, ‘13 moves to fight the male master’s harem’, ‘How a male monster should win his female master’s heart’, ‘72 ways to successfully usurp the position of the female master’s husband’, and so on.

When recalling these ‘200 must-have skills’, Lady Onion felt like crying—at the time, she was fooled and even thought that these were peerless skills and ended up earnestly studying them.

One day, Lady Onion felt that she was finally ready and descended from the mountain, starting to search for a human cultivator to try these skills out on.

300 years ago, China’s world of cultivators was in a strange state. Most of the human cultivators were in hiding and it was difficult to find them in the mortal world—it seemed that the world of human cultivators underwent a big change back then...

But, Lady Onion didn't give up; she kept looking!

At last, her perseverance was rewarded!

One day, she found a buddhist human cultivator.

It was a very handsome buddhist monk, and their dharma name was Nine Lanterns. They had thick eyebrows and big eyes; their forehead was shining, and they had a thin and slender stature, as well as huge chest muscles.

Since it took her a long time to find this human cultivator, Lady Onion was very happy.

Therefore, she started to use all the techniques she had learned against the buddhist monk Nine Lanterns!

Now, let's briefly describe what happened:

Lady Onion made the first move and used the 'Divine Stealing Technique'—this move was a success, and she stole the 'Buddhist Roaring Lion's Technique' from Nine Lanterns.

After suffering this move, Nine Lanterns counterattacked, displaying all sorts of profound buddhist techniques. Lady Onion had never heard of these techniques, but their power was incredible!

Lady Onion got a huge scare. Therefore, she used the ‘How to smoothly form a team and rob a human cultivator’ technique!

However, the skill failed because she didn’t have a teammate!

Lady Onion was terrified and immediately used another technique—the ‘500 ways to surrender to a human cultivator you’re unable to beat’ technique!

And this skill was 50% effective!

Why not 100%? Because Nine Lanterns indeed accepted her surrender. However, they decided to bring her back to a buddhist temple and lock her up for 500 years.

500 years! She was only a small onion spirit, and after being closed up for 500 years, wouldn’t she turn into a withered onion? At the time, how could she happily have fun?! She didn’t want that!

Therefore, Lady Onion rebelled and displayed another skill— the ‘Ultimate seducing skill of a pretty female monster’!

And this skill was an unprecedented success!

But just how successful it was?

...Even now, Lady Onion wasn't sure as to which words to use to describe the effects of this skill!

In short, you can sum it like this—Afterward, Nine Lanterns and Lady Onion partook in some tribadism...



Soon after the skill was displayed...

Lady Onion was sitting on the ground with a dumbfounded look on her face. She felt that there was something wrong with the skill she had used—its effects were different from what her master had told her!

"Follow me to the temple," Nine Lanterns said only a single sentence.

Just in this fashion, the innocent Lady Onion was brought to the temple by the buddhist monk Nine Lanterns and locked into the independent space of a pagoda.

From that moment, she never saw Nine Lanterns again.



In the years she was closed up in the pagoda, aside from the lack of freedom, she didn't suffer any other harm.

Usually, a few young buddhist monks would come over and give her things to drink and eat, and they would also frequently read her buddhist scriptures.

Moreover, an old monk would also come over and teach her about buddhist techniques, general knowledge, and important matters regarding the world of cultivators.

After gaining this knowledge, Lady Onion discovered that she had been scammed while she learned those ‘200 must-have skills for a monster spirit to survive’.

Lady Onion began to cultivate those buddhist techniques earnestly. Her dream was to master the ultimate technique one day. And then—she would look again for Nine Lanterns and defeat her in the art of tribadism!

It was regrettable that Lady Onion seemed to have no talent whatsoever for buddhist techniques, and her practicing speed was just awful. In almost 300 years, she wasn’t even able to break through the First Stage. She was only able to open her Heart, Eye, and Nose Apertures. On an average, it took her 100 years for one aperture...

Lady Onion almost went insane when she was closing up.

But, one year ago, the old monk finally released her from the pagoda.

Afterward, she started to wander throughout all China, trying to look for a way to increase her strength. She had a very big goal—she wanted to master the ultimate technique!

"There is the aura of a treasure coming from where the explosion took place..." Lady Onion muttered.

Chapter 249: Unexpectedly, I was forced to use this move once again!

In the capacity of a 300 years old onion spirit, she had the innate ability to detect natural resources; her senses were even keener than humans'!

Then, she rushed toward the place of the explosion.

Although her cultivation wasn't high, she was after all a 300 years old nimble onion spirit. Her speed wasn't slow.

Very soon, she arrived near the place of the explosion.

At that point, she saw a very young human cultivator holding a blackish stone in his hand. The young man had a pale defensive barrier protecting his body.

"A human cultivator?" Lady Onion immediately stopped and cautiously hid. After that incident with Nine Lanterns, she was terrified of human cultivators.



As soon as Song Shuhang grabbed the black stone, he felt something change in his body!

In the instant his fingers came in contact with the black stone, he

felt a burst of strange energy pouring into his body from the stone.

It wasn't qi and blood energy, true qi, or spiritual energy. It was something that didn't belong to the world of cultivators. However, this power could still affect cultivators.

During this month, Song Shuhang had freeloarded a lot of Venerable White's luck and had many fortuitous encounters. His third aperture, the Nose Aperture, was almost full of qi and blood and only needed the right opportunity to be opened.

When this strange energy poured inside his body, it directly started to influence his apertures.

Soon after, the bottleneck of his Nose Aperture started to loosen up.

You could regard the bottleneck of the Nose Aperture as a thick iron gate. A cultivator needed to continuously accumulate qi and blood in the aperture, and once it was full, they could rely on the qi and blood energy to smash the gate open.

But, under the effects of the strange energy of this black stone, the thick iron gate started to weaken. From an iron gate, it first changed into a wooden one... then, it became a paper gate!

And a paper gate only needed a light push to be broken through!

It was a very rare opportunity that shouldn't be wasted!

Song Shuhang ate one of the qi and blood pills he had brought along with him. Afterward, he started to run about in the terraced field-like mountain slope.

He used the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩, ⟨Basic Buddhist Fist Technique⟩, and the supplementary technique ⟨Immovable Body of the Buddha⟩ to adjust the quantity of qi and blood inside his body.

Then, he poured all the extra qi and blood into his third aperture, the Nose Aperture.

The ghost spirit inside the Heart Aperture also reacted and decided to help Song Shuhang on its own initiative, sending a stream of pure qi and blood inside his Nose Aperture. This increased his overall energy of 10%.

After three rounds of the ⟨Basic Buddhist Fist Technique⟩, the quantity qi and blood in the Nose Aperture had reached the maximum level and was about to overflow.

And, just in this fashion, the fearsome 'bottleneck' was breached as though it was nothing.

The third aperture, the Nose Aperture, was open!

Song Shuhang inhaled some fresh air.

When cultivators opened their first aperture, the Heart Aperture, they would complete their foundation and start walking on the path of a cultivator.

When they opened their second aperture, the Eye Aperture, their eyesight would be strengthened.

And when they opened the Nose Aperture, their sense of smell would be enhanced.

However, after having your eyesight strengthened, you had many advantages. But after having your sense of smell enhanced, you had many things to worry about.

Before reaching the Third Stage Realm, cultivators were unable to control their sense of smell freely—this time, if a ‘stinking pill’ were to fall next to Song Shuhang, that foul smell would be enhanced by a hundred, thousand, or even tens of thousands of times. It would suffice to make Song Shuhang directly faint.

Of course, it also had many advantages. Aside from enhancing your sense of smell, once you had opened your Nose Aperture, after every breath, you would inhale the wandering ‘spiritual qi’ in the surrounding area into your body. Part of it would be stored inside your Nose Aperture; another part would integrate with your body, strengthening it.

In other words, after opening the Nose Aperture, taking a breath was the same as cultivating!

It was truly a wonderful feeling!

The only problem was that Song Shuhang didn't unlock the innate skill of the Nose Aperture. But, there was no rush. After all, he could unlock one while opening his Mouth and Ear Apertures.

After opening his eyes, Song Shuhang greedily breathed, wanting to inhale as much 'spiritual qi' as possible inside his body!

In the next instant...

"Ugh... this smell!" Song Shuhang threw up. While inhaling the spiritual qi, he also inhaled the burnt smell coming from the remains of the tractor.

At this time, he felt as though his face was glued to the place where this burnt smell was coming from.

Opening the Nose Aperture had many advantages... and many disadvantages!

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh.

Afterward, he weighed the black stone in his hand. At this time, he was almost certain that this was the same enlightenment stone that Senior White and True Monarch Yellow Mountain were talking about.

Just by standing next to the stone, he could feel the bottlenecks of his apertures weakening. Moreover, when he gazed at the stone, Song Shuhang felt an endless stream of disordered information enter his brain.

He was unable to describe this information with words, but it was as though he had been suddenly enlightened.

After this enlightenment, he discovered that his comprehension in regards to the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>, <True Self Meditation Scripture>, <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>, and <Immovable Body of the Buddha> had become much deeper.

He believed that if he were to use these techniques again, there would be even more changes.

"The key to wealth lies in taking risks, right?" Song Shuhang muttered as he looked at the area where the terrifying explosion had taken place.

The calamity of the meteorite falling from the sky was directed against Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist.

And, this sudden explosion should have been his calamity, right? And the reward should precisely be this enlightenment stone.



"Did he break through? He broke through just by holding that stone?" The eyes of the onion spirit lit up—if she were to get a hold of that stone, she too would be able to quickly increase her strength.

She had to obtain that stone at all costs!

At this time, she was making various calculations in her mind.

‘It seems that that human cultivator just opened his Nose Aperture. On the other hand, I opened my Nose Aperture decades ago. Moreover, I cultivated for 300 years! I should be able to win!’ After thinking a bit, the onion spirit concluded that it would be no problem to take care of this small human cultivator.

And right at this moment, Song Shuhang’s armor talisman exhausted its energy, and the protective barrier vanished.

This was the perfect opportunity!

The onion spirit slowly approached Song Shuhang.

After decreasing the distance between them, she suddenly got up and pointed her ten fingers at Song Shuhang, releasing the 〈Heavenly Dragon Temple’s Basic Finger Technique〉.

Her fingers were like swords and would create several holes in Song Shuhang’s back. After taking this attack, Song Shuhang wouldn’t be able to move anymore. At that point, she would be

able to easily snatch the black stone.

"You've finally come!" But things didn't go according to the script. Song Shuhang loudly shouted and turned his head as he mercilessly released his cannon-like Basic Fist Number One toward the incoming person.

To tell the truth, Song Shuhang had long ago realized that someone was sneaking up on him—after opening the Nose Aperture, his sense of smell was keener.

Also, the figure that was approaching, although very cautious, didn't know how to restrain its aura. Therefore, Song Shuhang could smell the smell of onion emanating from its body from very far away!



The onion spirit hadn't expected that Song Shuhang would react this quickly—and, to be honest, she didn't have any fighting-related experience. When she descended from the mountain 300 years ago, she immediately met Nine Lanterns.

Afterward, she was imprisoned and released only one year ago.

She was a complete rookie when it came to fights, and she had even less experience than Shuhang.

After seeing Song Shuhang's explosive fist, she clenched her

teeth and used the Heavenly Dragon Temple's Basic Finger Technique to ward it off.

The strong points of a finger technique were its speed, flexibility, and ability to pierce through mere touch.

The strong point of a fist technique were its fierceness and raging power.

Therefore, the onion spirit was at a significant disadvantage here.

The finger and the fist clashed. Song Shuhang felt the power of this Heart, Eye, and Nose Apertures combine and explode toward the outside.

As a result, the onion spirit was sent flying... and fell to the ground.

❄ ❄ ❄

Song Shuhang gazed at the onion spirit and blurted out, "Quite weak!"

Quite weak, quite weak, quite weak!

These words echoed inside the onion spirit's mind.

At this time, she was furious.

"Little cultivator, you're courting death!" A glint of cold light flashed through the eyes of the onion spirit.

A terrifying strength gushed out of her body. That strength even influenced the surrounding area, and a cold wind started to blow against Song Shuhang's face.

Song Shuhang shivered. He had felt a similar strength coming from Doudou once—it was monster energy!

"Little cultivator, are you afraid?" The onion spirit coldly snorted. "I'm a powerful monster that has cultivated for 300 years. You're simply courting death if you dare to oppose me!"

A powerful monster that has cultivated for 300 years?

To be honest, Song Shuhang was really scared. The monster energy emanating from the opponent's body wasn't false, and such a huge quantity was indeed scary!

"If you don't want to die, hand over that stone. Today, I'm in a good mood. If you surrender, I'll spare your small life," the onion spirit said as she clenched her teeth.

Song Shuhang didn't reply and took a deep breath.

At one time, he had wondered if there was something wrong with his head. When Altar Master's underlings tried to kill him... although he was very scared, he was also very excited.

And now, that disease had struck once again.

"If you want to take this rock away, you'll have to fight for it!" Song Shuhang stretched his hand and quickly drew the 雷 character on his palm with the qi and blood energy.

Then, he shouted, "Lightning Palm!"

"Crack, crack, crack!"

Lightning exploded from the center of his palm!

When the onion spirit saw Song Shuhang using the Lightning Palm, she was scared to death, "Shiet!"

Since when could First Stage cultivators use something like the Lightning Palm?

This time, she had been very careless.

From start to end, she was only bluffing! Although she had

accumulated a lot of monster energy in these 300 years, she had only practiced Buddhist techniques in the end.

Therefore, she could only use it to intimidate her foes; it didn't have any other use.

Ah, yes. She did cultivate a long time with that monster organization, right?

At the time, she learned a small technique to accumulate monster energy and those useless '200 must-have skills for a monster spirit to survive'.

But aside from this, they didn't even teach her the foundations of monster techniques...



"After several hundred years, I was unexpectedly forced to use this move once again," the onion spirit said coldly, gazing at Song Shuhang's Lightning Palm.

In the next instant, she made up her mind and decided to use the... 500 ways to surrender to a human cultivator you're unable to beat!

Chapter 250: Shuhang, why are you bending over your waist?

After finishing her sentence, Lady Onion jumped high in the sky and fiercely knelt on the ground, almost hugging the ground, "Immortal, please forgive this small monster. Just now, this small monster was only joking. The small monster surrenders!"

"..." Song Shuhang had lightning crackling on his hand as he gazed at the onion spirit kneeling on the ground, his expression stiff. "Are you surrendering?"

"I'm telling the truth, I'm surrendering!" the onion spirit replied.

Song Shuhang recovered from his stiffness and recalled scenes from movies—for example, after being defeated by the main character, the villain would kneel on the ground and beg for mercy. But in truth, he was preparing a big move. The soft-hearted main character would think of accepting the villain's surrender, but just at that time, the villain would evilly smile and launch his big move...

After carefully thinking about it, Song Shuhang decided to reduce the female monster into a half-dead status with his Lightning Palm before proceeding any further. After all, she had cultivated for 300 years and couldn't be taken lightly.

Underestimating the enemy was akin to committing suicide! He wouldn't dare to forget the words of his seniors.

Therefore, Song Shuhang didn't stop and kept aiming at the female monster with the Lightning Palm.

Although she was kneeling on the ground, Lady Onion had been secretly looking at Shuhang all along.

When she saw that this small human cultivator had a resolute look in eyes and kept aiming at her with the Lightning Palm, her expression became gloomy.

He didn't accept my surrender, so cruel!

"What a villain!" Lady Onion clenched her teeth and magically changed into her original form, a green onion.

And then... she slipped into the earth with a whizz and disappeared without a trace.

It wasn't a monster technique, but the unique innate skill of an onion spirit. After all, she was a monster born in the earth—at critical times, she could change into her original form and quickly slip into the ground. This skill was similar to the Earth Escape Technique, but the distance it could cover was very short.

While she was in her original form, aside from this innate skill, she had other strong methods to preserve her life. As long as her root was intact, she wouldn't die!

Even if the part of the onion that had sprouted was cut off, as long as she could absorb nutrients from the soil, she could regrow it.

"Boom!"

Song Shuhang's Lightning Palm hit the ground, leaving behind a big hole.

After the dust settled, he didn't see any traces of the onion spirit—as expected, he couldn't take it lightly!

Song Shuhang's look became serious as he started to look around for the onion spirit.

After a short while, he found her—she was hiding in a thick patch of grass not too far away. That tall and delicate green onion stalk was really eye-catching!

"Where do you think you're escaping to?!" Song Shuhang roared and dashed toward the green onion.

He couldn't afford to let her escape; she knew that he had the enlightenment stone! Having a precious object could arouse the jealousy of others. If she were to leak this matter, he could say goodbye to his peaceful life for a very long time.

"How did he find me?!" the green onion called out in alarm. She drilled out of the soil and quickly ran away.

You didn't even conceal your aura; I only need my sense of smell to find you! Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"Human, wait! I was really surrendering; I wasn't trying to deceive you. It was a sincere surrender!" the onion spirit shouted while running away.

"If you stop putting up a fight and follow me, I'll accept your surrender," Song Shuhang said in a grave tone—at the very least, he wanted to bring the onion spirit to Venerable White and have her memories deleted.

When Lady Onion heard the sentence 'follow me', her complexion changed—she immediately recalled to mind her 300-years-long imprisonment in the Heavenly Dragon Temple.

Was this human cultivator also planning to catch her and close up somewhere for several hundred years?

She wouldn't accept it! She had already been locked up for 300 years, and even if plant-type monsters had a relatively long lifespan, they couldn't go on living forever. If she were to be locked up for a few more centuries, she would really turn into a withered onion and pass away!

...She could only resort to that move.

Lady Onion clenched her teeth—the last time she used that move,

the effect had been completely different from what her teacher told her!

Moreover, she had understood many things after being locked up in the pagoda. Those ‘200 must-have skills for a monster spirit to survive’ were a big scam.

However, that technique should still have some effect in this hopeless situation!

After all, every man would show tender feelings for the fairer sex!

Thereafter, Lady Onion clenched her teeth and displayed her unique skill—‘Ultimate seducing skill of a pretty female monster’!

"..." Song Shuhang looked at her speechlessly.

Lady Onion was dumbfounded. This young man wasn’t affected by her charm? Dammit, I’ll go all-out now, ‘Ultimate seducing skill of a pretty female monster’!

Then, she swayed her body in a very sensual way.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Lady Onion was surprised once again. Was the mental strength of this young man so high?

At this time, Song Shuhang finally spoke, "What are you trying to do?"

"You're asking me what I'm trying to do? Don't you find my current pose very sexy and enchanting?" Lady Onion asked, somewhat confused.

"..." Song Shuhang.

After a while, Song Shuhang couldn't bear it anymore and said mockingly, "I only see an onion buried in the ground, swaying left and right. What should I exactly find sexy and enchanting? Are you making fun of me?"

Lady Onion had forgotten to change back to her human form. Right now, she had the appearance of an onion; an onion that was swaying left and right in front of Shuhang... this scene was quite funny.

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples. Now, he was certain that this monster in front of his eyes was really dumb!

"Oh? Forgive me. I was too anxious and forgot to change into my human form." After finishing her sentence, Lady Onion magically changed into a human with two green ponytails and a tight-fitting cheongsam. Then, she said, "Can we start from the beginning?"

Song Shuhang clenched his teeth. "Stop wasting my time! I'll give

you two choices: follow me on your own, or I'll beat you till you're unable to move and bring you back with me."

Somewhat worried, Lady Onion said, "No! Give me another opportunity! My 'Ultimate seducing skill of a pretty female monster' is very powerful! If you let me display it once again and you're still unaffected, I'll follow you obediently!"

Song Shuhang deeply sighed.

Did Mother Earth wake up on the wrong side this year? All the people I've met this year are rather eccentric.

No matter if it was the silly uncle from the Immortal Farming Sect or the silly onion before his eyes, they were really too out of the ordinary.

Couldn't a monster with a normal brain have come here? I would at least have a decent fight and get some experience out of it!

After sighing, Song Shuhang stretched out a finger toward the onion spirit and said, "Then, only this time, I'll give you a chance! If your technique doesn't work, you'll obediently follow me. If you dare to renege on your promise, don't blame for using a heavy hand!"

As he spoke, he held the last sword talisman in his hand. If the onion spirit were to try to run away, he would use the talisman to take care of it!

"Watch carefully then. I'll assure you that you won't be able to control yourself after looking at me!" Lady Onion swung her long hair.

System notification—Lady Onion used the 'Ultimate seducing skill of a pretty female monster' against Song Shuhang!

Lady Onion's charm increased to 10,086!

Lady Onion's charm was off the charts, and no one could resist her! No matter if it was a man or a woman, they couldn't withstand this charm! Go, young man, mess her up for good!

The onion spirit was cheerfully swaying her body while charmingly looking at Song Shuhang.

She had a lot of confidence in her charm. If even a woman couldn't resist her, how could a small male cultivator?

Then... Lady Onion finished her performance with a hop.

"Clap, clap, clap!" Song Shuhang clapped his hands, "That was a good hop! Well done!"

"That's it?" Lady Onion didn't dare to believe the reality before her eyes.

"Didn't I coordinate and even give you an applause? Wasn't that enough? You have to know that I have very high standards!" Song Shuhang said while standing up with his waist bent over. "But enough chit-chat, do as you promised! Don't struggle and come with me. Otherwise, I'll beat you up until you can't move and still bring you with me!"

"Y-you... are you even a man?! How can you remain unaffected?!" Lady Onion pointed at Song Shuhang and screamed.

"Hehehe." Song Shuhang kept his waist bent, trying to hide his boner, and made a fist, sneering, "Hearing your words just now, it seems I'll have to beat you till you're at death's door!"

"I'm sorry... I take those words back, okay? And I'll also obediently follow you, fine?" Lady Onion felt like crying. She could solve this problem neither through words nor strength.

Song Shuhang nodded satisfied.

At this time, Zhao Yaya's sports car came over!

Her timing was just perfect. If she were a little early, she would have seen the scene of the explosion. If she were a little late, Song Shuhang would have already headed home with the onion spirit.



"Change into an onion and follow me." Song Shuhang took out

his sword talisman and said to the onion spirit, "Don't even think about escaping. If you try to escape, you're as good as dead."

With Song Shuhang threatening her, she obediently changed into an onion.

At the same time, she requested, "Immortal, for how long are you planning to lock me up? Can you seal me for not too long? I was just locked up for 300 years!"

She was locked up for 300 years? Song Shuhang's heart softened. She was really pitiful!

Seeing that Song Shuhang didn't reply, Lady Onion got anxious, "Otherwise, I can give you a cultivation technique to decrease the time I have to stay locked up!"

300 years ago, she stole a set of techniques from Nine Lanterns. Afterward, Nine Lights never came back to retrieve it.

"Don't worry. You won't be locked up for too long. Now, we'll go back and see a senior... if we hurry up, you'll be released in a few days," Song Shuhang replied.

"Really?" The onion spirit's eyes lit up.

Song Shuhang sighed, "Yes, I have no reason to deceive you."

"Good, good." Lady Onion had calmed down.

Afterward, Song Shuhang grabbed the onion and lightly jumped, arriving at the edge of the mountain road. Here, he waited for Zhao Yay's arrival.

After stopping her sports car, Zhao Yaya made a beautiful U-turn.

"Quickly get in the car. Aunt is super mad, and I'm not sure how long uncle will be able to hold out. He secretly told me to bring you back as soon as possible," Zhao Yaya said with a smile.

When she brought Papa Song and others back, Mama Song was somewhat confused.

But when she discovered that Papa Song and the others got into an accident, she lost her temper. Right now, Papa Song, Old Lu, and Lu Tianyou were sitting in a row, being brutally scolded by Mama Song.

Therefore, Papa Song hoped that Zhao Yaya could bring Song Shuhang back as soon as possible and let him appease Mama Song's anger.

"Ahaha." Song Shuhang laughed. Afterward, he crawled into the car with his waist still bent.

"Shuhang, why are you bending over your waist?" Zhao Yaya asked, somewhat confused.

Chapter 251: Absolutely prohibited!

"Haha, I accidentally strained my back, it'll be ok after a while." Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh and after sitting properly, he carefully grabbed the monster onion. At the same time, he placed the fist-sized stone—possibly the enlightenment stone—into his pocket.

Zhao Yaya only casually asked and then she started up her sports car, driving towards Song Shuhang's house. "Right, previously you got someone to help you with the tractor. Is it settled?"

Earlier on, she didn't get off her car and hence, she couldn't see the tractor combusting and turning into scrap iron, as well as the traces of explosion at the site—which was why she asked.

"Hahaha, the tractor did have a small accident after that. But it's fine, I will call my friend to help settle it in a while." Song Shuhang made another hollow laugh.

"Oh." Zhao Yaya nodded and asked, "Shuhang, you recently changed a lot, huh? When I met you in June you weren't this tall. And also, where did you learn that skill that lets you move so nimbly?"

She had too many questions she wanted to ask Song Shuhang. Be it about Song Shuhang carrying Papa Song and the others from mountain slope till the mountain road, or that tractor that could race past a sports car...

But comparatively, she was more curious about his skills than the tractor. Where did he get it from?

"Hehe, when you met me in June, wasn't I working out and training persistently? My physique became a lot better before I noticed." Song Shuhang laughed heartily and said, "Also, during that period of time, a good friend of mine sent me something good, it is very effective. After we get home, I will let you try it."

What he was referring to was the 'Spirit Green Tea'. Since he met Zhao Yaya, he'd take the opportunity to give her a portion.

"Something good?" The corner of Zhao Yaya's mouth rose and she asked, "And also, what's the deal with that tractor?"

Song Shuhang knew that everyone would ask that question and hence he had already prepared an answer, "That tractor had undergone modification to strengthen it! The specific details of the process is classified information, because the technology belongs to my friend. Without his approval, it's not very nice of me to spill the method."

Zhao Yaya nodded, expressing that she understood. "Oh, aunt mentioned that you brought back a friend who kept sleeping, is that him?"

"That's him." When Song Shuhang thought of Venerable White who was in the midst of secluded meditation, he felt a little depressed.

Right now, Song Shuhang was very afraid that Senior White might accidentally use his illusory reality and create that desert while in secluded meditation. If it really happened, what should he do? ...Hopefully his family members weren't that unlucky.

At the same time, he had to quickly look for Doudou and the small monk and get them back.

At least he had to firstly get Doudou to set up a defense against the illusory world, in order not to let the desert metamorphosed by Senior White appear once again.

Right, since he had already reached Wenzhou City, he'd better give Doudou a call first.

Hence, Song Shuhang took out his phone and made a call.

This time, Doudou's call got connected very quickly.

"Hello, is this Little Friend Shuhang?" The voice on the other line did not belong to Doudou but 'Heaven Shrouding Hook' Zhou Li, the person that helped Doudou settle his problems.

"Eh, Senior Brother Zhou Li, it's you. Where's Doudou?" Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity.

"He just accompanied the small monk Guoguo to look for the hemorrhoid surgeon, so he passed his phone to me temporarily. I am looking at them from the outside." Zhou Li sighed deeply.

In the afternoon today, when he just finished helping Doudou settle the traffic accident, Doudou gave him another call and summoned him.

Initially, he'd thought it was something important, but only after he got there did he find out that Doudou actually wanted him to accompany the small monk to the hospital to get the hemorrhoid surgery—reason being that the small monk was too young, so when he went to the hospital, it was mandatory for an adult to accompany him to sign and register.

Zhou Li really did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Brother Zhou Li, thanks for your trouble." Song Shuhang consoled him.

"Thanks." Zhou Li sighed deeply once again and said, "Doudou said that the small monk's hemorrhoids still require another round of treatment tomorrow. I will send them to you tomorrow in the afternoon, Little Friend Shuhang. Is that ok?"

"Thanks for your trouble!" Song Shuhang replied.

If that was the case, he did not have to specially pick up the small monk and Doudou.

"It's no trouble, it's what I have to do." Zhou Li laughed and at the end, he lowered his voice and muttered audibly, "Actually,

Senior Brother also occasionally wants a holiday, just one week will do..."

"No problem, Brother Zhou Li. After you send Doudou over to me, this time, I promise I wouldn't let him stir up any trouble for a week," Song Shuhang assured him.

"Thank you! Shuhang, thank you so much!" said Senior Brother Zhou Li.

"You're welcome. Actually... Senior Brother, a small accident just happened over at my side. The tractor that Song Bai drove back charged out of the road and fell into the valley. When you come over, I would like you to help settle the site of the accident, you're my only hope," Song Shuhang said embarrassingly—he was giving Senior Brother Zhou Li more trouble again.

"Song Bai? Oooh, Senior White. No problem, when I get to your place, I'll help you settle it." Senior Brother Zhou Li readily agreed.

"Ok, so that's settled, see you, Senior Brother Zhou Li." Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

After waiting for Shuhang to hang up, Zhao Yaya casually asked, "Is he the friend that you mentioned before, who will settle the tractor issue?"

"Yeah, that's him. By then, he will make sure that the site of the accident will be returned to normal. I'm troubling him again."

Song Shuhang smiled embarrassingly.



Meanwhile.

Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center.

Li Jr. finally woke up. When he was awake, he abruptly jumped from his bed—the muscles in his entire body were tensed up!

Eh? Why did I anxiously jump out of the bed in such a manner? Instructor Li Jr.'s face was filled with bewilderment.

Immediately after, he saw a bunch of people sitting next to his bed. It was Caselli and five, six other flying instructors from the aviation academy.

At this moment, they were all squeezed together in the small lounge, using giant panda-like eyes to stare at Instructor Li Jr.

Caselli smiled brightly at Li Jr. and said, "Li Jr., you finally woke up."

Upon seeing her smile, Instructor Li Jr.'s face was slightly burning—Caselli, a Western beauty, was the goddess in Jiangshui's Civil Aviation Training Center; she was the love interest of many flying instructors there, including Instructor Li Jr.

"Say something, Li Jr., what happened within the two days you spent with the two rich guys? They brought you to somewhere fun?" One of the flying instructors couldn't wait any longer and asked.

"Rich guys? Brought me to somewhere fun?" Instructor Li Jr.'s had a puzzled expression on his face. He furrowed his brows and tried recalling, but strangely, there was a gap in his memory.

The last thing he could recall was going up the helicopter with the two rich guys. But after that, he couldn't recall anything else.

Upon seeing his colleagues' eyes that were filled with anticipation, Instructor Li Jr. sensed something amiss and asked in reply, "When I left, was there anything significant that happened?"

"You don't know?" A flying instructor looked at Li Jr. with great shock and took out a video that he prepared a long time ago. "This is video of an American spacecraft returning from outer space and safely landing onto earth."

He could only see two members wearing a spacesuit sitting on the chair.

Albeit faintly, the audience's cheers could be heard. "Aguero, Aguero!"

In the video, one of the astronauts opened his helmet, revealing

his big bald head before waving his hand at the audience, acknowledging them.

Following, the audience cheered, "Anthony, Anthony!"

Anthony? This name seems to ring a bell. Instructor Li Jr. furrowed his brows even harder, why was it that when he thought of that name, his entire body ached, as though he had undergone all kinds of cruel punishment?

The second astronaut in the video couldn't open his helmet.

After a moment, under the help of the staff, the helmet was finally taken off.

Under the spacesuit was an astonished Eastern man's face!

In reality, instructor Li Jr. was dumbfounded— isn't this freakin' me?

"This is me, right?" Instructor Li Jr. asked.

"You're asking us? We wanted to ask you," Caselli and another instructor asked in reply.

"Why do I not have a single memory of anything? Dammit, I might have lost my memory." Li Jr. used all his strength to rub his temples.

Caselli and other flying instructors looked at each other.

Li Jr. didn't look like he was acting... he seemed to have really lost his memories?

"Dammit, Anthony... Anthony. F*ck, who the hell is Anthony?" Instructor Li Jr. clenched his teeth.

After saying that, he felt the other half of the sentence stuck in his throat, but without thinking, he blurted out, "And who the hell is Little White?!"

"Little White? Could you be referring to one of the rich guys, that [Song Bai](#)? Caselli immediately grabbed the information passed on to her by True Monarch Yellow Mountain that was describing Senior White and handed it to Instructor Li Jr.

"Song Bai? Song Bai?" Instructor Li Jr. used his forefingers to press against his temples really hard, and racked his brains.

"Anthony, Anthony... Little White, Little White... Song Bai, Song Bai?"

In his mind, there seemed to be pieces of Instructor Li Jr's. memories being dug up, but those pieces were too fragmented; he could not piece them together at all.

White horse... and... right, there was also a desert... a young man in green clothes... and there was also a fist technique? Thereafter, it was so painful, he got beaten up!!

Suddenly, tears welled up in Instructor Li Jr.'s eyes and started flowing down.

"Eh? Weird, why am I crying?" Instructor Li Jr. was very baffled and wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes—but no matter how much he wiped them, he could never finish wiping them off. His tears were like an open tap, they kept flowing continuously and he was unable to stop crying even if he wanted to.

"Weird, why do I feel so upset? Why do I keep wanting to cry?" Li Jr. was very puzzled.

Caselli and the other flying instructors surrounding him stared blankly at Li Jr.—they had a feeling that Li Jr. might have had a sorrowful experience.



Zhao Yaya's sports car stopped at the entrance of Song Shuhang's house.

"Get going, quickly go up. Uncle is waiting for you to step in and save him." Zhao Yaya laughed.

"I'm coming immediately!" Song Shuhang pinched the little

onion in his hand and threatened in a low voice, "Remember, when you get to my house, you must not reveal your true form. You must not let anybody find out you're a monster. Or else... don't blame me for using a heavy hand!"

The little onion spirit shuddered, she was frightened...

Bai means 'white' in Chinese

Chapter 252: This blade seems quite sharp!

After arriving upstairs, even without entering, Song Shuhang could hear Mama Song angrily scolding his father and the others.

Zhao Yaya laughed and knocked on the door.

The trendy Alice opened the door.

"You're finally here." Alice narrowed her eyes into a smile. Afterward, she stretched her hand and quietly pointed to the living room.

At this time, in the living room.

Papa Song, Old Lu, and Lu Tianyou were sitting side by side on the sofa, shrinking like quails.

Mama Song was standing and said from her elevated position, "What do you think you're, kids? Driving while drunk? Do you have a death wish or something?"

Blahblahblahblah... Mama Song was like a machine gun and gave no sign of stopping.

"Auntie, have some tea." Little Maisui thoughtfully gave Mama Song a cup of tea to let her moisten her throat.

This girl really liked to cause trouble.

After cursing so much, Mama Song happened to have a dry throat. And after that cup of tea, she felt as though she had recharged. She was ready for another round of scolding.

After seeing Song Shuhang, who was standing at the entrance, Papa Song immediately hinted him to enter the scene and save the day—today, he had lost a lot of face.

But there was no way around it. They drove the tractor after getting drunk and even got into an accident. There were no excuses for their behavior.

Therefore, Mama Song didn't let them off even if Zhao Yaya and her two friends were here, and they were being scolded since the moment they got home. Given Mama Song's current fighting capacity, she could keep going for at least one more hour.

When Zhao Yaya turned her head, she saw Little Maisui serving tea; the corner of her mouth twitched—this girl was really incorrigible! She pulled Alice along and entered the living room. She wanted to carry Little Maisui off as not to let her cause any more trouble.

When Zhao Yaya and Alice entered the living room, Song Shuhang also followed. In the meantime, he put the onion spirit on the cupboard at the entrance of the living room.

After all, she had the appearance of an onion now. He couldn't casually put her wherever he wanted. What if Mama Song were to get a hold of her and cook her?

"Obediently stay here and don't move. Otherwise, the talisman in my hand will show no mercy." Song Shuhang gave her a final warning and showed her the last sword talisman.

When Lady Onion felt the terrifying sword qi coming from the sword talisman, she was so scared that she started to shiver.

After settling the question of the onion spirit, Song Shuhang entered the living room with quick steps.

"Ma, I'm back." Song Shuhang revealed a bright smile and said to Mama Song, "Ma, there are guests now. You should attend to Elder Sister Yaya and her friends first. Moreover, father and the others should have understood that they were in the wrong by now. And once the guests are gone, it won't be too late to scold them again."

Little Maisui laughed and waved her hand, "It doesn't matter, you don't need to mind us."

Papa Song coughed and said, "Cough. Wife, you can't neglect the guests. As for today's matter, Old Lu and I drank too much and didn't know what we were doing. However, we deeply regret our actions!"

"Sister-in-law, it's all my fault. It all happened because I couldn't

control myself!" Old Lu immediately followed suit and admitted his mistakes.

"I'm also at fault. I should have stopped father and uncle!" Lu Tianyou also followed their example.

Mama Song glared at the three, but thanks to Song Shuhang's persuasion, she decided to temporarily let them off.

"Yaya, I'll prepare some tea for you girls. Sit down and take a rest in the meantime." Mama Song said.



After Mama Song was gone, Papa Song heaved a sigh of relief.

At this time, Old Lu said, "Shuhang! I'm sorry for what happened to your tractor. Is it still in good condition...?"

It was a tractor that could run up to 150 km/h! If it were to be damaged, how would he even compensate Shuhang? Even a wealthy person couldn't afford that terrifying thing!

"It had some problems, but it's nothing too serious. I can take care of it by myself. Uncle Lu, you don't need to worry."

After hearing these words, Old Lu secretly heaved a sigh of relief. However, he still decided to wait a few days and look for an

opportunity to compensate Shuhang. He was a true man. Since he had caused an accident and overturned the tractor, he would find a way to compensate for it.

But the problem was how to make up for it. He would have to think about it carefully after returning home.

"Old Lu, don't think too much about it. Tianyou, let us go in the studio and chat a bit, let's leave the youngsters here," Papa Song said as he pulled away Old Lu and Lu Tianyou.

Lu Tianyou wanted to cry but had no tears— I'm only two years older than Shuhang! Although I have a big build, I'm also young!



Song Shuhang chatted a bit with Yaya and the others, and when he saw Mama Song boiling water for the tea, he recalled the Spirit Green Tea.

"Elder Sister Yaya, wait a moment. I'll give you a good thing." Song Shuhang smiled.

"It's the thing you talked about before?" Zhao Yaya asked.

"Yes," Song Shuhang replied.

He was taking his leave not only for the Spirit Green Tea but also

to take a look at Venerable White's current state. Moreover, his big suitcase was placed at the entrance of his room after Zhao Yaya brought it back.

Inside this suitcase were one million RMB, medicine pills, the treasured saber Broken Tyrant, soul beads, the Spirit Green Tea, and many other things.

If Mama Song were to bump into the suitcase and discover the cash and the saber, added to the wounded Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist, who knew what she might think.

Thereafter, Shuhang wanted to take advantage of this opportunity and bring it inside the room.

Inside the room, Senior White was lying on the bed, still in a meditative state. Luckily, he didn't create any illusion this time.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief.

First, he took out some soul beads from the suitcase and positioned them next to his chest.

The ghost spirit came out of the Heart Aperture and gulped them down at once. Afterward, it returned to the Heart Aperture, satisfied. Today, when it helped him open the Nose Aperture, the ghost spirit had consumed a lot of energy.

Next, Song Shuhang got a hold of the Spirit Green Tea and the

treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

He took the Spirit Green Tea because he wanted to give a small portion of it to Yaya and the others, and he took out the saber as a preventive measure.

This saber was the best treasure of the Moon Saber Sect and could even cut the body of a Fourth Stage cultivator. With the help of this sharp blade, even if the onion spirit were to rebel, he could cut her into two pieces with one slash.

"I'll hang it up in the living room for now, saying that it's an ornament." Song Shuhang thought of this plan.

Then, he hid the suitcase under the bed.

Afterward, he came out of the room carrying the treasured saber Broken Tyrant in one hand and the small box of Spirit Green Tea in the other.



Just as he came out of the room, he met Mama Song.

"Shuhang, tell Yaya and her friends to stay over for dinner. Since Old Lu was coming, I have prepared a lot of dishes. I'll make them eat a lot of delicacies in the evening," Mama Song said.

"Sure, no problem," Song Shuhang said.

"Also, can you go to the cooking utensils' shop in the neighboring street and buy me a kitchen knife to cut bones? I specially bought some spareribs this morning, but when I was cooking at noon, the knife in our house suddenly broke," Mama Song said. Afterward, her sight fell on the treasured saber Broken Tyrant in Song Shuhang's hand.

"Where does that blade come from?" Mama Song asked.

"A friend gifted it to me. It's a decorative item," Song Shuhang replied.

"A decorative item? How sharp is it?" Mama Song was somewhat confused. "Can you let me take a look at it?"

"It's a little heavy. Be careful, mom." Song Shuhang had no choice but to give her the blade.

Mama Song took the saber and said, "It's indeed a little heavy... and seems quite solid."

How can it not be solid? It can even cut the body of a Fourth Stage cultivator, and it's very good at breaking defenses, Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"You want to hang it in the living room, right? However, it worries me a little since it's a sharp blade; I hope it doesn't injure

anyone if it falls." Mama Song returned the saber to Song Shuhang and added, "After hanging it in the living room, quickly go to the shop to buy me the bone cutting knife. Do you need money?"

"Don't worry, I still have some left!" Song Shuhang laughed and took the saber, heading toward the living room.



In the living room, Zhao Yaya and her friends were discussing something, and from time to time, they would cheerfully laugh.

After seeing Shuhang, Zhao Yaya curiously looked at treasured saber in his hand and said, "Shuhang, was this the good thing you were talking about?"

"No, this is just a decorative item that a friend gifted me. I'm hanging it in the living room." After finishing his sentence, he waved the small box in his other hand, "This is the good thing I wanted to give you."

After hanging Broken Tyrant on the wall, Song Shuhang gave to Zhao Yaya and her friends a cup of boiling water each. Then, he added two leaves of the Spirit Green Tea to each cup.

"So, this was the good thing? Tea leaves?" Zhao Yaya curiously looked over.

Afterward, she reacted just like Shuhang's roommates at the time

and said, "Shuhang, aren't you being too stingy? Even if it were the famous oolong tea from Mount Wuyi, you wouldn't put so little of it in each cup, right?"

"Hehe, don't take things for granted. You'll understand after tasting it!" Song Shuhang said calmly. Next, he delivered the three cups to the girls.

Then, just like his roommates at the time, Zhao Yaya and her friends took the cups, somewhat suspicious. Then, after blowing on them, they took a sip of tea.

Soon after, the eyes of the girls lit up.

It was only boiled tea, and yet, when they drank it, a strange and refreshing feeling spread from their throats and reached their bellies. In this hot summer, it felt as though their body had been cleansed from the inside out. They felt refreshed and very comfortable.

Moreover, the fragrance of the tea lingered in their mouth for a very long time...

"And this was the effect of only two leaves." Little Maisui was breathless. She had drunk a lot of famous teas, but she had never drunk something like this. "Won't the taste become even better if you add more leaves?"

"You can't add more," Song Shuhang explained, "Although this

tea tastes very good, you can only put two tea leaves in one cup. If you put more than two, it'll be bad for your health. Moreover, you can only drink one cup a day, no more than that."

Afterward, he gave the small box to Zhao Yaya, "These tea leaves were also a gift from someone. Inside this box are three packets, it's a gift for you girls."

This was to thank them for their help today.

For now, he would let them divide the content of this box. And one of these days, he would specially prepare a share for Zhao Yaya.

After all, he only had a limited amount of Spirit Green Tea. Therefore, he could only give it away in small amounts.



Afterward, Song Shuhang said goodbye to the girls and went to the cooking utensils' shop in the neighboring street to buy that kitchen knife to cut bones.

However, he didn't forget to carry off the small onion on the cupboard before going out—he didn't dare to leave this onion spirit in his house all alone!

Chapter 253: How come I can't cut this green onion?

When Song Shuhang left to buy the kitchen knife, Mama Song jogged till the entrance and shouted to Song Shuhang who was downstairs, "Shuhang, buy a bottle of soy sauce while you're at it. The bottle we had at home is almost finished!"

"Sure, no problem," replied Song Shuhang as he waved his hand.

"And be careful on the road," Mama Song added before shutting the door.

And once Song Shuhang was far away...

On the cupboard, a tender green onion popped out from behind a box!

"Hmph, foolish human! Did you really think you had me under control? Ridiculous! After all, I'm a powerful monster that has cultivated for 300 years! Unexpectedly, he even dared to threaten me!" the onion spirit said proudly.

The green onion that Song Shuhang took with him was a very ordinary green onion.

No matter how weak it was, this onion spirit was still a monster. Aside from the innate ability to drill into the earth and ran away,

she had another ability that all monsters possessed—the ability to make herself invisible! Of course, every cultivator that had completed their Foundation Establishment could see invisible monsters.

But that wasn't a problem in this case because Mama Song and the others were only normal people and couldn't see her!

Therefore, when Song Shuhang went in his room to care of his suitcase, Lady Onion quietly went into the kitchen and picked a sprouted green onion of the same size as her.

Afterward, she placed it on the cupboard and rubbed her body against it, leaving her smell behind. This way, Song Shuhang wouldn't find anything unusual about the green onion.

As for herself, she hid behind a small box on the cupboard.

Afterward, she started to wait patiently—wait for Song Shuhang to leave and take that green onion with him.

As long as Song Shuhang was gone, she could easily run away!



And then, everything went according to the plan. Her luck was really good today; it was as though God was helping her!

Song Shuhang also didn't think too much while going out; he casually picked the green onion on the cupboard and left to buy the bone cutting kitchen knife...

However, Lady Onion didn't get impatient and waited till his footsteps and aura completely disappeared—only at that time did she pop out from behind that box!

"Now, it's time to flee! I have to run very far away and not let that 'Song Shuhang' catch me ever again!" Lady Onion muttered.

She had no intention of harming Song Shuhang's family. It's not like the thought hadn't crossed her mind... however, she didn't dare to!

She could faintly feel two powerful presences in the house!

These two auras were really too terrifying, and in Lady Onion's mind, they were like the sun and the moon in the sky, something that you absolutely couldn't neglect!

Therefore, she didn't dare to cause a ruckus here. As long as she could successfully escape, it was all good...

"Long live freedom!" Lady Onion howled in a low voice. Afterward, she quietly revealed half of her body, preparing to run away!

At this time, Mama Song's voice suddenly echoed, "Ah? There is

unexpectedly a green onion here?"

Soon after, Lady Onion felt someone grab her; it was Mama Song!

Actually, it wouldn't have been a problem for Lady Onion to avoid Mama Song's hand... but one of the two powerful auras in the house slightly moved and sent out a groan.

Lady Onion was scared to death and therefore Mama Song caught her with no difficulty.

"I don't remember putting a green onion here though?" Mama Song was confused. However, she still brought Lady Onion in the kitchen.

Afterward, she put her together with other green onions.

"There aren't too many green onions home. Should I make lamb with fried green onions then?" Mama Song muttered.

After hearing these words, Lady Onion was alarmed, 'Dammit. What does she want to do? Is she planning to cut me up and cook me?'

Just as she was thinking this, Mama Song picked up the knife and started to cut the green onions!

Dammit! I'm a powerful monster that has cultivated for 300

years! And you're unexpectedly treating me like a normal green onion? What a joke!

Lady Onion was very angry. If this green onion doesn't show her strength, these guys might even confuse me with garlic chives!!!

Therefore, she decided to show her strength and let this human know how scary she was.

But right at this time, one of those two powerful auras sent out another groan.

After hearing this groan, Lady Onion immediately shrank.

It's not so bad after all; if you want to cut me, then do it!

A normal knife couldn't hurt her anyway.

Once this foolish human discovered that her kitchen knife wasn't able to cut her, she should give up, right?

"Cut... cut..."

Mama Song was very quick, and in the blink of an eye, she had already cut all the green onions, except Lady Onion, into tiny pieces.

Lady Onion quietly looked at her brethren that had met a cruel end.

This was just too horrible. Those were her brothers and sisters! And now, this human had cut them into tiny pieces... Lady Onion felt sad and aggrieved.

"Eh? How come this one is still whole?" At this time, Mama Song looked at the undamaged Lady Onion, her face filled with confusion.

Does this kitchen knife have problems?

She held Lady Onion and tried cut her up again.

When the kitchen knife tried to cut Lady Onion's body, it felt as though it was trying to cut an extremely hard oxhide, and it didn't damage it in the slightest. Moreover, when Mama Song put all her strength into the knife, she unexpectedly felt the knife being repelled!

"?" Mama Song was at a loss.

"Are you surprised? Huh? Although my cultivation level is low, I'm still a monster that has cultivated for 300 years. How can a small knife made of iron injure me?" Lady Onion said self-satisfied—of course, Mama Song couldn't hear her voice.

"Has this knife become too dull?" Mama Song looked at the knife

in her hand.

Therefore, she tried to use it to cut other things such as the lamb and the cabbage.

But strangely enough, it cut everything quickly and easily.

Thereafter, Mama Song turned her head and tried once again to cut Lady Onion... needless to say, the outcome was the same as before, and she couldn't cut her no matter how much she tried.

Just what was happening!

"Is it possible that this is not a green onion but something else with a similar shape?" Mama Song raised Lady Onion and smelled her.

But after smelling the rich fragrance of green onion, it seemed that this was indeed a green onion...

Mama Song was dumbfounded.

After staring blankly for a while, her eyes suddenly lit up!

For some unknown reason, she recalled to mind Song Shuhang's 'ornamental saber'.

Maybe... I should try to use that saber?

Anyway, it's just a green onion, and it's unlikely to dirty Shuhang's ornamental saber.

When she thought of something, she would do it. Mama Song had passed this fine tradition to Song Shuhang too.

Then, Mama Song ran toward the living room with Lady Onion still in her hands. Afterward, she took down the 'ornamental saber' from the wall and quickly returned to the kitchen; all of this under the confused looks of Zhao Yaya and her friends.

Chapter 254: Meeting plot with plot

After buying the bone cutting kitchen knife and the bottle of soy sauce, Song Shuhang rushed home at full speed!

‘I was unexpectedly fooled by that onion spirit.’ The green onion in his hand was a normal one. But since it had the smell of the ‘monster onion’ on it, it was able to fool him temporarily.

...While he was buying the bottle of soy sauce, he used his right hand, which was holding the onion spirit, to get a hold of it. However, he carelessly put too much strength in his fingers, and as a consequence, the onion spirit broke into two pieces...

It actually broke into two pieces!

Song Shuhang wasn't a fool and immediately realized that the ‘onion spirit’ in his hand was a fake. As for the real one... it should still be in his house, or perhaps it had already run away!

"Dammit, I was too careless." Up until now, Song Shuhang had been very careful when dealing with matters regarding the world of cultivators.

He didn't expect to make such a mistake while dealing with this onion spirit.



After getting home, Song Shuhang shot a look around and tried to gauge the situation.

Afterward, he heaved a sigh of relief. Everything seemed to be fine. Zhao Yaya and her friends were whispering something in the living room. Papa Song, Old Lu, and Lu Tianyou were chatting in the studio, and Mama Song was still busy in the kitchen... it seemed that the onion spirit hadn't caused any trouble.

‘Then, did she directly run away?’ Song Shuhang secretly operated the 〈True Self Meditation Scripture〉 and displayed a small trick based on the manipulation of mental energy, the ‘mental detection’.

Now that he had opened three apertures, Song Shuhang's mental energy was much higher than before. If he were to release all his mental energy, he could cover the entire house.

When he used his mental detection, Zhao Yaya and her friends, and also Papa Song and the others, all stopped talking. They felt as though someone was spying on them, making them feel somewhat uncomfortable.

At the same time, all the things in the house, even the ants crawling in dark corners, appeared in Song Shuhang's mind. Of course, the picture in his mind was very rough. Although he could feel the presence of these ants, they appeared as small pixels in his mind.

As for human beings which were bigger, they appeared such as in

old videotape recordings.

After searching for a long time... Song Shuhang wasn't able to find the onion spirit.

That was rather troublesome. If the fugitive onion spirit were to leak the fact that he had the 'enlightenment stone', he would be in deep trouble.

Ah? Wait!

What is my mother grasping in her hands?

That one meter long thing... isn't that my treasured saber Broken Tyrant? What is my saber doing there?

Just as he was wondering what was happening, he saw Mama Song come out of the kitchen with Broken Tyrant in her hands.

"Eh? Shuhang, you're finally back. Why are you standing at the entrance with a dumbfounded look on your face? Quickly give me the bone cutting kitchen knife and the bottle of soy sauce; I just happen to need them," Mama Song said to Song Shuhang as she waved Broken Tyrant.

"Cough. Mother, what are you doing with that saber?" Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva and asked.

"Ahaha, this ornamental saber of yours isn't half bad. It's very comfortable to use and even sharper than I thought. If I weren't afraid of dirtying it, I would have used it to cut the spareribs," Mama Song said with a smile.

Then, she added, "Ah, yes. Earlier, I found a green onion on the cupboard. Perhaps it inadvertently fell there when I came back from the market. Anyway, I decided to bring it in the kitchen and cut it up to prepare the lamb with fried green onions. But strangely enough, no matter how hard I tried, I wasn't able to cut it into pieces."

After speaking this much, Mama Song frowned, "Speaking of which, it is quite strange. I've never seen a green onion that even a knife couldn't cut. In hindsight, I think there was something fishy about it."

Shiet, mom actually brought Lady Onion in the kitchen!

"Ahaha, you're right. That green onion was indeed special. It was a gift from a friend and should be a new species of green onion. I brought it home because I wanted to cultivate it, hehehe..." Song Shuhang said some random nonsense with a serious face—it wasn't a good situation. Lately, he had to lie more and more to cover these matters related to the 'world of cultivators'.

"Oh? So, it was a new species you brought back. No wonder, no wonder." Mama didn't think too much about it and accepted Shuhang's explanation.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief— Wait! Mother was holding Broken Tyrant... did something happen to the onion spirit?

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva, "Ma, where is that green onion now?"

"Oh, I cut it up. I tried to use the kitchen knife but couldn't damage it. Then, I remembered about this ornamental saber of yours. I took it down from the wall and tried to cut the green onion with it; the process was very smooth, it just took me a few slashes to cut it into tiny pieces. This blade is very good," Mama Song said with a smile.

Song Shuhang was immediately dumbfounded, "And what about those pieces?"

"Of course, they became part of the lamb with fried green onions! That new species of green onion was really amusing. The kitchen knife wasn't able to cut it, but after I cut it with the saber, it quickly fried in the oil. It smelled very good, and we'll be able to taste it in a while. I have high expectations of that lamb with fried green onions!" Mama Song said self-satisfied.

Lamb with fried green onions... lamb with fried green onions... lamb with fried green onions...

Did that onion spirit die?

Moreover, why didn't it try to resist? Why did she allow mom to

cut her up in such a critical situation?

"What about the root of the green onion? Do you still have it?" This was Song Shuhang's last hope—maybe the green onion could survive even if the sprouted part was cut off? After all, it was a plant-type monster. Perhaps it could survive as long as its root was intact?

"I threw it on a side in the kitchen. Why are you asking about it? Ah, right. I forgot that you wanted to cultivate this new variety." Mama Song pointed at the kitchen. "Go to the kitchen and search amidst the various green onions roots on the edge of the cutting board. I'll go in the living room and hang this ornamental saber back on the wall."



Song Shuhang quickly went into the kitchen and noticed the root of the onion spirit.

It was emanating the strong aura that belonged to an onion spirit.

"Hello, are you still alive?" Song Shuhang asked in a soft voice.

However, the onion spirit didn't reply and only slightly shook.

It seems that it's still alive...

Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he picked up the root of the green onion and looked at the 'lamb with fried green onions' that Mama Song was so proud of.

A lamb with a 300 years old fried onion spirit...! Isn't this dish a bit too over the top? Would people die after eating it?

After thinking a bit, Song Shuhang took out his mobile phone and quickly typed in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "Seniors, my 300 years old onion spirit was cut into pieces by my mother to prepare some lamb with fried green onions... now, only its root is left. Can it still be saved? Moreover, if someone eats a lamb with a 300 years old fried onion spirit, will they die? I'm waiting for answers, very worried!"

His mother was very proud of this dish, and in a while, she would bring it to the table and let everyone taste it. What would he do if everyone ended up poisoned by this food? If their lives were in danger, he would immediately get rid of this dish.

Very soon, someone replied.

It was Senior Northern River. As long as he was online, he was the first one to reply. "A 300 years old onion spirit? 🙄 That's pretty uncommon! I'll answer your first question: as long as the root of the onion spirit has not suffered too much damage, it can be saved. Just plant it and pour some water from a spiritual spring on

it everyday. With that, it should recover. As for the second question—I haven't ever tasted a lamb with a 300 years old fried onion spirit. Therefore, I can't say for sure."

At this time, Scholar Drunken Moon also replied, "As for your second question, if your mother is an 'immortal chef' such as Immortal Fairy Bie Xue, then eating lamb with a 300 years old fried onion spirit would be very beneficial. If a mortal were to eat it, even their lifespan would increase!"

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "...Senior, my mother is just an average person!"

Scholar Drunken Moon, "I see. In this case, a normal person mustn't eat it! A 300 years old onion spirit would have a lot of monster qi inside, and a normal person would surely enter a confusional state after eating it."

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "What will happen after they enter this confusional state?"

Scholar Drunken Moon, "After they enter this confusional state... they will die in a very amusing way! So many different ways that you can't even count them! However, you better not try it just because you're curious."

"..." Song Shuhang.

Who the hell would try something like this just because they're

curious?!

Scholar Drunken Moon continued, "Moreover, I think that even cultivators would have to pay attention to this 'lamb with a 300 years old fried onion spirit'. It would be troublesome if they were affected by the monster qi inside."

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh—even if someone were to serve him such a dish, he wouldn't eat it. How could he bear to eat it after knowing that the onion spirit could turn into a sweet and charming girl?

He was a normal man and didn't have weird fetishes.

...As expected, he had to get rid of this dish! He felt sorry for this mother, but there was no way around it!

At this time, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber popped out and said, "Little Friend Shuhang, are you planning to sell this 300 years old onion spirit? I'm collecting ingredients for Immortal Fairy Bie Xue's 'Immortal Feast'. Perhaps, this onion spirit could come in handy."

"..." After a short while, Song Shuhang replied, "Senior, I can't do this. This onion spirit went through a lot of hardships and practiced for 300 years, gaining intellect and learning how to assume a human form. I don't really feel like delivering her to the Immortal Feast and have someone eat her. After all, she is a living being just like us."

When Song Shuhang sent this message, the people in the group turned quiet for a moment.

"Wait, what?! 🤖" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber sent a mind-blown emoji. "Did you just say that the onion spirit has intelligence and can assume a human form?"

"A 300 years old onion spirit that can assume human form?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator also asked.

"How were you able to seize her if she can already assume human form? Let alone fry her and put her on the lamb," Scholar Drunken Moon also questioned.

"It should be impossible. Are you sure that you weren't confused by the naturally produced monster qi of the onion spirit? A 300 years old onion spirit should have stored up only a little amount of monster qi and shouldn't have developed any intelligence," Cave Lord Snow Wolf said surprised.

Seeing all the seniors reacting in the same way, Song Shuhang said, somewhat confused, "What's so strange about a monster onion assuming a human form?"

At this time, True Monarch Yellow Mountain said, "Shuhang, let me explain things with an example. For instance, Doudou's current strength is comparable to that of a cultivator at the peak of the Fourth Stage. He only needs a small push to condense a 'monster core' and grasp the ability to change his appearance. A monster core is the equivalent of the golden core of a human

cultivator, and without a core, a monster can forget about changing into human form! Even animal-type monsters have to go through so much trouble to assume a human form, let alone a plant-type monster that doesn't even have intellect at first!"

"The onion spirit in your hands is very peculiar," Medicine Master slowly replied.

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber guessed, "You should plant and cultivate her. Then, try to observe if she has any distinctive features. She might even have some hidden treasure on her body!"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator also said, "Perhaps this monster onion has some ancient bloodline?"

The seniors in the group started to send all sorts of comments, and after a while, Song Shuhang put away his phone.

He took the 'lamb with fried green onions', and after thinking a bit, he decided to throw it in the dustbin of the kitchen.

This time, he had no other choice but to throw away Mama Song's dish and the 300 years old green onion sprout.

But just as he was preparing to open the dustbin and throw the lamb inside, he heard Mama Song's footsteps approaching—she was quickly coming toward the kitchen.

Song Shuhang immediately stopped what he was doing!

The door of the kitchen was made of two panels of glass and was therefore transparent. If he were to throw the lamb in the dustbin, Mama Song would see him even from far away!

And if couldn't think of a good excuse at the time, Mama Song would certainly lose her temper!

What was he supposed to do?

Song Shuhang operated his brain at full speed.

At this time, Mama Song came over and pushed the glass door open, "Shuhang, did you find the root of the green onion?"

Song Shuhang clenched his teeth and opened his mouth, quickly gulping down the lamb with fried green onions.

When Mama Song finished her sentence, he had already eaten all the lamb.

"..." Mama Song.

"Ma, it was really delicious! Ahaha, I was careless and ate it all; it was just too delicious. Unfortunately, there is none left for dad and the others." Song Shuhang held his thumb up in approval.

Mama Song didn't know whether to laugh or cry and used her

finger to flick Shuhang's forehead.

"Hehe." Song Shuhang foolishly laughed and ran away from the kitchen, heading toward his room. Since he hadn't digested it yet, he had to hurry and quickly throw everything up...



After running to his room, Song Shuhang closed the door. Afterward, he tried to find a method to throw everything up.

But just as he was trying to find a way to spit everything out, he suddenly sat on the ground, his face stupefied.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't spit it out.

It was as though his body had no concept whatsoever of 'throwing up'. No matter which method he used, they were all useless.

At the same time, he started to feel his stomach turn hot.

This feeling was similar to drinking warm soup during winter. A warm feeling spread from his stomach to his underbelly. After thinking of what the seniors in the group had said about the 'lamb with a 300 years old fried onion spirit', he felt that he was in trouble.

Why do I feel that there is something wrong with my recent life experiences?

Song Shuhang took a deep breath and returned to the bedside.

On the bed, Senior White was lying perfectly still; he was still closing up. It would be very good if Senior White were to suddenly wake up. He would need only a finger to solve my current crisis, right?

But this time, he could only rely on himself.

Song Shuhang sat cross-legged on the bedside and closed his eyes, starting to operate the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》. He wanted to see if there was any way to absorb this strange energy that was spreading from his stomach.



"Ahaha, you thought you could spit everything out after eating me? Naive!" At this time, the self-satisfied laughter of the onion spirit echoed from Song Shuhang's pocket.

When Mama Song suddenly grabbed her, she was indeed taken by surprise. But when Mama Song went into the living room to take the treasured saber Broken Tyrant, the onion spirit had a sudden inspiration and thought of an ingenious plan...

Chapter 255: If I were a green onion?

Lady Onion was after all an onion spirit that had lived for 300 years. She had accumulated a huge amount of monster qi within her body—even though all that monster qi was of no use to her, and could only be used to scare human beings.

However, monster qi was still monster qi!

After someone other than a specialized immortal chef chopped her up to use in cooking, the monster qi wouldn't be removed due to lacking skills of the cook and enter the body of the person that consumed the food.

For ordinary human beings, they would be infected by the monster qi after eating the contaminated food.

The lucky ones would become deranged fools and then start killing people, stirring trouble, etc., until they tormented themselves to death.

The unlucky ones might end up becoming half-human and half-monster after being infected with the monster qi... by then, they would eventually die from unknown causes.

Even for cultivators, refining monster qi without sufficient cultivation could pose quite a bit of trouble!

"You guys wanted to use me to make dishes? I've granted your

wish!"

Hence, when Mama Song was stir-frying the onion spirit, it was easily cooked after adding a bit of oil—that was the onion spirit actively cooperating with Mama Song.

"After eating it, don't even think about vomiting. Get tormented thoroughly by my monster qi, hehehehe. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. I am too quick-witted," Lady Onion said complacently.

Thereafter, Lady Onion, who was left with nothing but her roots, climbed out of Song Shuhang's pocket, then slipped into the other pocket that still had the enlightenment stone in it.

Lady Onion's roots plastered themselves onto the enlightenment stone, and then she started to scheme. "Next, after I catch my breath and regain some energy, I will escape with this treasured stone... and also take that treasured saber while I'm at it. That saber is indeed sharp, with one slash, it can easily cut my body into slices."

Tsk tsk, even though I lost my upper body, but in exchange for a treasured stone and saber, it's worth it!



The monster qi in Shuhang's abdominal area started to spread to his entire body. Afterward, the frantic monster qi started to slowly

attack his consciousness.

Song Shuhang silently worked on the ‘True Self Meditation Scripture’. His true self in his sea of consciousness sat stably, maintaining a clear heart and consciousness. He was starting to attempt transforming the heat in his body into qi and blood. If it was possible, he would have hit the jackpot.

But at this moment, from Venerable White’s body next to him, there was a huge amount of spiritual qi that started churning. It was because Venerable absorbed the spiritual qi of the world into his body while he was practicing.

When that spiritual qi gathered towards Venerable White, a small portion of it would also be attracted by Song Shuhang’s body—in the world of cultivation, there would always be fights amongst disciples to guard the immortal cave their teacher was undergoing seclusion in for this exact reason.

When a formidable cultivator went into secluded meditation to practice, naturally it would attract a large amount of spiritual qi. If the disciples that were guarding seized the opportunity, they would then be able to benefit. It was a very pleasant affair.

At the same time, every time that spiritual qi scoured Song Shuhang’s body, it would automatically purge a small portion of the monster qi within his body...



Song Shuhang continued practicing, but before he knew it... he fell asleep.

And then, he had a dream.

He dreamt of himself... becoming a green onion!

After having strange dreams of Altar Master and loose cultivator Li Tiansu, he transformed once again and suddenly became a green onion?

As the saying goes, the first time was difficult, but the second was easy.

Song Shuhang was no longer frightened or flustered when he had 'strange dreams'. He knew that most likely, he was gonna experience another person's life again.

The reason why he would dream of Altar Master's entire life was that prior to his death, his curse transformed into a resentful ghost, attaching itself to his body, causing him to experience Altar Master's miserable life.....

And the reason why he dreamt of loose cultivator Li Tiansu's life was that a part of Li Tiansu's memories was fused together with the ghost spirit, and the ghost spirit was forced into a contract with Song Shuhang, hence causing him to experience part of Li Tiansu's life...

Now that he dreamt that he was going to be a green onion... it should be because he ate the onion spirit and was going to dream about her life, right?

At this moment, Song Shuhang felt himself being grabbed by a wide and huge hand. That huge hand was so warm that it made him feel like he didn't wanna leave.

Thereafter, the owner of the huge hand brought Shuhang the 'green onion' to an extremely tall mountain peak with a thick forest next to it and a clear stream on its right side.

"We're here." The owner of the huge hand broke the silence, his voice akin to the thunder rolls high in the sky. Every sentence he said seemed to cause the Great Way of the world to follow the sound of his voice.

Looking at the scene in the memory, could it be more than 300 years ago—or even longer—when the onion spirit was planted? Song Shuhang conjectured in his heart.

From the looks of it, onion spirits aren't monsters that are naturally born on earth, but a breed that required people to specially plant and nurture?

The owner of the huge hand personally dug a hole in the ground and carefully planted the green onion in his hand into the ground.

At this time, Song Shuhang used the onion's 'line of sight' and

saw the owner of the big hand clearly.

He was a skinny man, wearing a fire-red daoist robe; his entire body seemed to be shrouded in mist.

Song Shuhang stared blankly, and then yelled in astonishment, "Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven!"

The daoist priest in a fire-red daoist robe before his eyes was the same Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven who passed on a skill in the memories of 'loose cultivator Li Tiansu'!

At that time, within Li Tiansu's dreamland, Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's gaze seemed to have pierced through time and space and directly saw the existence of 'Song Shuhang', passing on the 'Flaming Saber' to him.

Scarlet Heaven said that that was a very ordinary Flaming Saber, but when Song Shuhang saw him perform it, and the stance of burning the skies, he knew for sure that the 'Flaming Saber' passed on to him by Scarlet Heaven was definitely not as simple as an ordinary 'Flaming Saber'.

Song Shuhang never thought that this time, within the memories of the onion spirit, he would actually cross paths with that mysterious and formidable Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven again.



But this time, Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven did not seem to have seen Song Shuhang.

"Keep going and grow. Even if you're just an ordinary green onion, your future is limitless. I really wanna see how much and to what extent you can grow in the future—it is the scene that I wanna see most," Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven said to the small green onion in a gentle voice.

His warm hand gently caressed the leaf of the green onion and said, "Remember where you were born, you must always remember, never ever forget it... because your roots lie here."

After ending his speech, Daoist Scarlet Heaven stretched his body and stepped high up into the air, scaling higher with every step before disappearing completely.

It was as though planting the little onion was only a whim.

The little green onion swung back and forth slowly on the summit of the mountain... lonely but tenaciously, she took root and survived.

Next, the sun rose and the sun set, day after day, year after year.

In the blink of an eye, three years passed just like that...

Seriously, since it was a dream, wasn't it better to just fast-forward those windy and sunny days like in movies? Why did it

have to be so realistic, causing me to truly live like a green onion, going through day by day like that?

Song Shuhang felt like flipping a table! (ノ逆益逆)ノ≡——

Thereafter, for some reason, Song Shuhang suddenly thought of an essay he wrote himself in elementary school.

In elementary school, the essay topics were especially stupid.

That time, the topic was <If I were a blade of grass>.

The young Song Shuhang wrote: If I were a blade of grass, I would do my best to grow—taking root and germinating, growing healthy and strong before undergoing photosynthesis, contributing to the society.

As for the concrete details, he could no longer remember clearly. But basically, that was roughly the content.

Thinking back, he was rather cute as a child, huh?

A blade of grass growing healthy and strong in a bid to contribute to the society? As long as the farmer uncles didn't weed you out with agricultural chemicals, that was already considered good enough.

At most, they might cut grass to feed horses, pigs, cattle...

And what was foolish was... when Song Shuhang was younger, he thought that it would be very interesting if he were a blade of grass and led a worry-free life...

Who knew that this dream would actually be fulfilled one day.

Right now, he became an onion, swaying back and forth in the chilly winds, subjected to the wind and sun. Apart from staring blankly, there was nothing he could do.

"If I were a green onion, I would choose to break my green onion kidney—commit suicide... because it's freakin' boring," Song Shuhang muttered.

If someone were to say to Shuhang right now: "Perhaps becoming a little blade of grass can be a blissful thing because you'd have no worries."

Song Shuhang definitely would use his saliva to drown that person—please stick both of your legs into the soil and sway back and forth in the wind for three years before discussing with me the feeling of 'becoming a little blade of grass'!

Right now, he had already swayed in the wind for a full three years!

So bored, so bored, if only a bunny would come and eat the green onion up, that would be so great.

But there were no bunnies, and there was not a single movement in sight.

The small onion swayed in the wind as per normal, being subjected to the wind and sun.

Hence, Song Shuhang continued living day after day, year after year...

In short, Song Shuhang couldn't remember how many years had passed.

At the start, he could still mumble two words, "So bored, so bored."

But at the end, he was too lazy to even mumble.

As a green onion, he had to have the consciousness of a green onion, absorbing nutrients from the ground with its roots and germinating, as well as undergoing photosynthesis as a service to the whole human race.



Finally, one day, days of suffering ended abruptly.

Because that green onion suddenly became a spirit.

There wasn't any prior indication or a sign.

There were no thunders of tribulation, no condensing of the monster core, no bad weather or violent thunder. Just, overnight, the onion spirit woke up and realized she became an adorable green-haired lady.

The onion spirit was very happy, she who had never left the ground before suddenly was equipped with the 'legs' function, just like humanity. As a cute little onion spirit, she started happily living her life within the forest on the summit of the mountain.

And living day by day freely without care or worries, several years have passed.

Song Shuhang couldn't help but sigh—the green onion led a blissful life indeed, without any worries.

Thereafter, one day, a monster organization called [All the Monsters of the World Should Unite and Become a Family] suddenly appeared and took her in, bestowing her a with the name —'Lady Onion'.

"All the Monsters of the World Should Unite and Become a Family? What kind of name is this? Hearing this name makes me wanna cuss!"

But since it's a monster organization... they would probably

teach Lady Onion some combat skills, right? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

...Because according to past experiences, the lost techniques in his dreams, if he could remember them distinctly, could be learned! That 'Flaming Saber' was a good example of that!

If there were any lost techniques, then he would not have swayed about in the wind and snow for so many years in vain!

But very soon, he thought about Lady Onion, that useless monster spirit, again. Would that monster organization really have any lost techniques?

Chapter 256: The strings of karma and the city in the sky!

Maybe this monster organization had no techniques suited for fighting? As a consequence, Lady Onion turned out to be so weak and didn't even know how to use the monster energy she had accumulated in those 300 years.

Just as he was fantasizing, the members of the monster organization approached Lady Onion and decided to teach her a 'lost technique'!

Woah, a lost technique?

Song Shuhang's interest was piqued— I didn't spend all those years as a green onion in vain. Today, I'm finally being rewarded after suffering so much!

Perhaps, Lady Onion was so weak because she didn't properly study this lost technique! Such being the case, I, Song Shuhang, will master this lost technique to perfection and display its full power!

Song Shuhang pricked his ears up and started to carefully listen to this elder of the monster organization that was in the middle of passing down a lost technique!

The elder took out a thick book and started to explain.

The name of this lost technique was 《200 Must-Have Skills for a Monster Spirit to Survive》, and the book was written in the language of monsters. Therefore, Song Shuhang couldn't understand it. However, the table of contents seemed very long.

Still... isn't the name of this lost technique a bit too lame? This doesn't seem to be the name of a peerless technique! Song Shuhang started to worry.

Perhaps... although the name is a bit lame, the contents are very good? Song Shuhang tried to comfort himself.

At last, the elder started to explain the contents of the lost technique.

The contents of this book were very varied. If you wanted to take the initiative and attack, there were the 《Divine Stealing Technique》, 《How to Smoothly Form a Team and Rob a Human Cultivator》, 《500 Ways to Surrender to a Human Cultivator You're Unable to Beat》, and the 《Ultimate Seducing Skill of a Pretty Female Monster》.

And if you were in a difficult position and wanted to counterattack, you could use the 《How a Female Monster should Become the Male Master's Mistress》, 《13 Moves to Fight the Male Master's Harem》, 《How a Male Monster should Win his Female Master's Heart》, and 《72 Ways to Successfully Usurp the Position of the Female Master's Husband》.

Song Shuhang was dumbfounded!

WHAT THE F*CK!

What kind of dog shiet lost technique is this?!

No wonder he'd felt that Lady Onion was an idiot when he met her. In particular, that 'Ultimate Seducing Skill of a Pretty Female Monster' was the perfect technique to shoot yourself in the foot. It was like saying, "Come, enjoy my body as much as you want!"

It seems that this monster organization was the source of all those cancerous techniques!

Song Shuhang had thoroughly lost hope now.

He had stayed as a green onion for a long time, suffering every day. In the end, his reward was this set of completely useless lost techniques of the monster race?

"Bastard! You deserve to burn in hell! Let me wake up already! I don't want to stay here anymore!"

However... whenever he was dreaming of someone else's experiences, Song Shuhang couldn't casually leave.

Therefore, he had no choice but to keep dreaming and seeing things from Lady Onion's perspective, learning about her life experiences.

❄️❄️❄️.

In the dream, the innocent and naive Lady Onion started to earnestly learn every move and style from the <200 Must-Have Skills for a Monster Spirit to Survive>.

She gave her best and trained day and night without taking breaks.

If Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven were to see this scene, wouldn't he be heartbroken and aggrieved?

He was looking forward to the 'unlimited future' of this small monster onion, but now, it seemed that its future was rather bleak.

Moreover... just as Lady Onion was getting more and more skilled in these 'lost techniques', a not-so-well feeling started to well in Song Shuhang's heart.

No matter if it were a monster or a human, once they had fully mastered a skill and finished their practice, they would descend from the mountain, right?

And after descending from the mountain, they would try to find an opponent and try these skills out, right?

If this monster onion were to find a human cultivator (♂) and

display that set of self-harming lost techniques... wouldn't it be like telling the other party to 'do' her?

Aaaah! Right now, I have taken possession of her body, and I'll experience everything in first person!

If someone were to do her, it would feel as though I was personally experiencing it!

Let me out! This ending is just too cruel!

"Please, end this awful dream already! Please, end it and let me wake up!" Song Shuhang struggled with all his might.

However, it was all useless.



Time quickly passed by, and another year was gone in the dreamland.

The fateful moment was also quickly approaching—because Lady Onion in the dreamland felt that she had mastered all those techniques and was preparing to descend from the mountain.

Then, just as Song Shuhang had predicted, Lady Onion descended from the mountain and started to look for a human cultivator.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh and started to mentally prepare himself— If I were to turn into a girl and be forcefully enjoyed by others... how should I exactly prepare myself?

Prepare your sister! How can you prepare for something like that?! Song Shuhang roared, "Let me go! It's time to put a stop to this nonsense! End this goddam dream!"

However, just as before, all his struggle was useless.

At this time, after many hardships, Lady Onion finally managed to find a human buddhist monk.

Why did it have to be a monk?!

According to Lady Onion's investigation, the name of this buddhist monk was Nine Lanterns. They had thick eyebrows and big eyes, as well as a very handsome face.

They had a thin and slender stature, and as they were wrapped in that large monk's robe, they looked so thin that it was almost pitiful. Although this Nine Lanterns had a slender figure, their chest muscles were very developed, and the wide monk's robe was barely able to wrap them.

Ah? Wait! Why does it seem that there is something wrong with this scene?

While Song Shuhang was still thinking, Lady Onion had already taken the initiative and attacked.

The first technique she used was the <Divine Stealing Technique>. Afterward, she used the <How to Smoothly Form a Team and Rob a Human Cultivator> and the <500 Ways to Surrender to a Human Cultivator You're Unable to Beat> techniques.

These techniques were all displayed to perfection.

But no matter how much these skills were polished, they had no effect on Nine Lanterns.

As a consequence, Lady Onion suffered a complete defeat.

At last, she clenched her teeth and displayed the 'Ultimate Seducing Skill of a Pretty Female Monster'.

It was worthily an ultimate technique, its effects were really outstanding.

After Nine Lanterns suffered this move, she went forward and enjoyed Lady Onion to her heart's content...

Yep, Nine Lanterns was a 'she'. Song Shuhang wasn't mistaken.

The buddhist monk Nine Lanterns was a woman. She had a

slender and tall figure and a very developed chest.

Song Shuhang looked at the scene unfolding before his eyes, his face stiff. However, he rejoiced in his heart. Lesbians! Although they couldn't have children, he still offered his most sincere prayers to all the lesbians in the world.

At least he wouldn't have to worry about the 'If I were to turn into a girl and be forcefully enjoyed by others, how should I exactly prepare myself' problem.



After Nine Lanterns (♀) was done enjoying Lady Onion's (♀) body, both of them were staring blankly.

Song Shuhang already knew what would happen next. Nine Lanterns brought Lady Onion to a buddhist temple and locked her up for almost 300 years!

"I won't have to experience those 300 years too, right? I have already been a green onion for too long! I've had enough of it!" Song Shuhang was starting to worry.

But right at this time, the picture before his eyes changed.

He wasn't seeing things from Lady Onion's perspective anymore.

Song Shuhang discovered that he was now seeing things from the sky—it was as though his spirit had suddenly come out of Lady Onion's body and was now watching Nine Lanterns and Lady Onion from an elevated position.

"Is this dream finally coming to an end?" Song Shuhang thought to himself.

In this dream, he didn't learn anything aside from that dog-poop-level <200 Must-Have Skills for a Monster Spirit to Survive>.

Hmm... even if I didn't learn anything useful, I discovered that I have a lot of patience.

Hehehe. After all, if you were to turn into a green onion and stay all alone on a mountain peak for several tens of years under the wind and the sun, your patience would surely improve!

However, the price I had to pay was a bit too high!



Just when Song Shuhang was fantasizing, his eyes started to glitter and he felt a stabbing pain.

He couldn't help but blink a few times.

When he opened his eyes, he saw something very strange!

Blue, white, golden, pink, blood-red, black... he saw a lot of multicolored strings filling the world.

Song Shuhang lowered his head and looked at his body.

He discovered that his body also had many strings attached to it.

Black strings were fewer in number, and there were only five of them. They were piercing the void and you couldn't see their other end.

Next were the six blood-red strings. These red strings were broken and thus fluttering in the wind.

White strings were very numerous. There were several thousand, most of them were piercing the void and you couldn't see their other end.

The blue ones neared the hundred.

As for the golden ones, there were around twenty. These strings extended to every corner of the world, and Song Shuhang had no idea where their other ends were.

The most eye-catching one was the seven-colored string connecting his 'spirit' to Lady Onion.

This seven-colored string acted as the string of a kite. Lady Onion was using it to pull Song Shuhang forward.

Yep, Shuhang was flying in the sky like a kite...

"What's the deal with these strings?" Song Shuhang tried to stretch his hand and grab the seven-colored string. However, he only touched air and wasn't able to touch the string at all.

The average person couldn't see these strings.

But they weren't the only ones. Even cultivators were unlikely to see them. For example, the Nine Lanterns below couldn't see them.

But just as he was wondering what was happening, Shuhang saw a string come out Nine Lanterns' body.

This pink string stretched toward Lady Onion like a tentacle.

Afterward, another pink string came out of Lady Onion's body (♀) and connected to the pink string coming from Nine Lanterns' (♀) body.

Then, the two strings merged and became one!

"Is that... the legendary string of fated marriage? Two people destined to marry each other, though a thousand miles apart, are tied together as if by a thread?" Song Shuhang opened his eyes

wide in surprise.

No, that's not it.

If these are strings of fated marriage... what about the ones on my body?

There are several thousand white strings on my body—if they are all strings of fated marriage... is it possible that I'll open a harem in the future?

But if they are not strings of fated marriage... they might be... strings of karma?

Song Shuhang tried to guess.

Wait, strings of karma? If that were the case, it would make sense!

If these are strings of karma, their color should stand for something, right?

Pink strings should be strings of fated marriage or something similar—after all, the pink string appeared after Nine Lanterns and Lady Onion partook in some tribadism.

In this case, what does the seven-colored string stand for? What's the relationship between Lady Onion and me? Did that string

appear because I ate her?

And what do the white, blood-red, and golden ones stand for?

Just as he was pondering, the scene below started to change.

The pink string connecting Nine Lanterns (♀) and Lady Onion (♀) started to wriggle.

Afterward, it pierced through Lady Onion's body and climbed up the seven-colored string, arriving at Song Shuhang's body and firmly latching onto it!

It was as though Lady Onion had become the medium to connect Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns.

"What's happening?" Song Shuhang's mind shook; he was completely baffled by this turn of events.

If we assume that the pink string was born after Nine Lanterns and Lady Onion enjoyed themselves and was the fruit of their lesbian love...

Why has this string latched onto my body?

Does it mean that Nine Lanterns conveniently sullied my pure soul while enjoying Lady Onion's body?

There was no need to get me involved! I don't really want to have this string attached to my body. You two can keep having fun, just let this poor 3D hologram alone!

When the pink string latched onto his body, Song Shuhang's mind shook once more...

Afterward, he woke up!



"I finally woke up! This dream was just too long!" Song Shuhang opened his eyes and discovered that he was lying next to Venerable White.

He got a scare and immediately got up.

He turned his head and looked outside the window; the sky was already dark. It seems I slept very long this time...

Perhaps my parents saw me sleeping on the floor and decided to move me next to Venerable White on the bed?

At this time, Song Shuhang lowered his head and discovered that there was a golden string connecting him and Senior White.

Moreover, those blue, white, black, and golden strings were spreading in all directions from his body. In addition, they all went

toward a specific place and didn't 'pierce the void' and disappear as in the dreamland.

"So, the relationship between Venerable White and me is represented by this golden string? Then... these twenty plus golden strings latched on my body represent my relations with the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group?" Song Shuhang muttered.

Next, those blue strings spread out, connecting to various places inside the house.

"Blue strings stand for family members?" Song Shuhang guessed.

Then, what did those white strings stand for?

Finally, his vision fell on the pink string.

Previously, that pink string was connected to Lady Onion in his pocket. Now, it was being 'refracted' and was pointing somewhere up in the sky.

Song Shuhang unconsciously stretched his hand and tried to touch the string.

'Ah! I forgot that you couldn't touch them,' Song Shuhang thought to himself.

But just as he was thinking this... his hand actually touched the pink string!

"Bang!"

When he touched the string, he felt a stabbing pain in his eyes. Afterward, a burst of energy gushed out from his eyes. This energy didn't belong to Shuhang but was only lent to him for a limited amount of time.

After this energy gushed out of his eyes, all the strings filling the world disappeared.

And just as these strings were disappearing, an indistinct picture resurfaced in Song Shuhang's mind—on the other end of the pink string was a huge and gorgeous island.

And, he saw a... magnificent city in the sky!

Chapter 257: Emptying stomach-pumping hands

The ‘city in the sky’ scene flashed across Song Shuhang’s mind. Even so, the magnificent sight of the city in the sky caused Song Shuhang to exclaim in admiration—it was so majestic that even words could not be used to describe it.

Additionally, in the scene, that city in the sky was discernible and extremely realistic; yet at the same time, it caused people to feel like it was an indistinct illusion. The two completely opposite feelings co-existed within this image of a city in the sky.

Song Shuhang reached out his hands and rubbed his temples.

Speaking of which, when he thought of the island that was floating in the sky, the first thing he thought of was the news—‘the mysterious island that appeared on the East China Sea’.

It was the place where the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group entered and ultimately left with their memory lost. It must be reiterated that one of the people who entered the island was a Sixth Stage cultivator—True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple!

Could this city in the sky be the mysterious island?

If it was the mysterious island... then, according to the direction of ‘strings of karma’, could ‘Nine Lanterns’ who imprisoned Lady Onion away 300 years ago currently be on the mysterious island?

At the same time, Shuhang remembered Lady Onion herself mentioning before that she was released from the temple not long ago... then, Nine Lanterns went to the mysterious island recently? No, perhaps Nine Lanterns was already there since a long time ago, and as for the onion spirit, it could be possible that she finished her 'sentence', and was thus released?

"The mysterious island?" Song Shuhang muttered.

He had a bad premonition—it was as though the mysterious island was cordially reaching out its hands, beckoning him over.

"Oh... Little Brother, you're finally awake." At this time, a voice suddenly echoed in his ear.

Song Shuhang got a shock, the voice was very close to him yet he did not feel anything! If it was the enemy, he would have died several times a long time ago.

Shuhang turned his head and looked towards the source of the voice.

Thereafter, he saw a man who was fully wrapped in his blanket—it was Daoist Cloudy Mist from the Penniless Thief Sect who got smashed by a meteorite and fainted.

At this time, Daoist Cloudy Mist was floating on top of the ceiling of his room, wearing a smile on his face.

"Ah, it's you, Daoist Priest." Song Shuhang nodded and asked, "Daoist Priest, you're awake too?"

"Thanks to you, I could wake up this fast." As he was speaking, Daoist Cloudy Mist carefully looked at the bed—he was gazing at Venerable White who seemed to be both sleeping and practicing.

This formidable cultivator was steadily and continuously absorbing the spiritual qi between heaven and earth, causing Song Shuhang's house to be filled with spiritual qi. Thanks to the large amount of pure spiritual qi, Daoist Cloudy Mist's injuries quickly recovered, enabling him to wake up from the coma.

Song Shuhang was full of smiles but he secretly sighed in his heart. He was originally planning to call True Monarch Yellow Mountain directly while Daoist Cloudy Mist was unconscious so that he could come over to get him.

It was just that he hadn't expected so many things to happen in the meantime, so Daoist Cloud Mist had actually woken up before he did.

"In order to thank you for your help, I have also done a little something to help you, as a way of returning your favor." Upon finishing his sentence, he reached out his hand, revealing a green crystal.

"Help me? What is this?" Song Shuhang looked curiously at the item in his palm.

"You don't remember it? Well, that's possible—when you ate it, it didn't look like that." Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist smiled. "This is the sprout of the onion spirit, didn't you eat it? Even though the onion spirit's body is good for one's health, but before you eat it, you have to at least remove the monster qi from its body."

From the looks of it, during the period he was in a coma, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist still had a certain extent of awareness of the world, huh? Hence he knew about the onion spirit matter.

"Eating her was an accident." Song Shuhang forced a smile.

"Haha, let me return it to you. Take it." Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist lightly tossed the crystal over to Shuhang. "When I woke up, I saw that your entire body was being engulfed by the monster qi and hence I used the 'Emptying Miracle Hands' to help you extract the 'onion spirit body' from your stomach. Don't worry, my skills are top-notch, it definitely would not harm your body. You can keep this 'onion spirit crystal' for yourself, perhaps in the future it might come in handy."

"Onion spirit crystal..." Song Shuhang received the crystal that was jade green in color—even though this thing looked really pretty, but the thought of it being removed from his stomach made him feel slightly uncomfortable.

Additionally, after he woke up, it was no wonder he felt that the sick feeling he had earlier on from eating the '300 years old onion lamb with fried green onions' disappeared. So it was because

Daoist Cloudy Mist lent a helping hand!

However... Daoist Cloudy Mist's act of kindness was least expected by Song Shuhang.

"Speaking of which, who's the senior laying on the bed?" Daoist Cloudy Mist smiled and asked. He absolutely dared not look directly at Venerable White.

Things that should not be seen will definitely not be looked at. As a rational thief, he was an expert in restraining his own greed. Otherwise, it wouldn't be long before he got himself into trouble if he took everything he wanted.

Of course, True Monarch Yellow Mountain's treasures were an exception—as long as an item belonged to True Monarch Yellow Mountain, it had to be stolen without any exceptions!

"You're talking about Venerable White? He's my senior." Song Shuhang intentionally revealed Senior White's rank.

"Venerable?" Daoist Cloudy Mist immediately swallowed his saliva hard.

Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerables were a group of cultivators who were the strongest and the highest in rank in the world of cultivators as of now; each of them was a big shot and a leading expert within their respective field.

"No wonder that you dare to nibble directly on the onion spirit; it's because you have such a formidable senior by your side." Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist sighed, and lightly patted Song Shuhang.

However... when he was lightly patting Song Shuhang, he stealthily stuffed a fist-sized stone back into Song Shuhang's pocket.

It was the enlightenment stone.

...As the saying goes, thieves don't leave empty handed. Treating Song Shuhang only required a very slight effort for Daoist Cloudy Mist. Even for the people of Penniless Thief Sect, they also made a clear distinction between gratitude and grievances.

Song Shuhang brought him back when he was passed out and allowed him to quickly recover from his injuries. That was considered a favor. By helping Song Shuhang remove the 'onion spirit crystal' from his body, it was an effortless way for him to return that favor.

However, after he helped Song Shuhang remove the 'monster onion crystal', he casually took the treasure, 'enlightenment stone', out of habit—it just so happened that he needed it.

During the period where he got sealed, his strength kept accumulating. Now, he was about to make a small break through within the Fifth Stage Realm. If he had the enlightenment stone, it would save him time and effort!

But right after he took Song Shuhang's enlightenment stone, he happened to see Venerable White laying on the bed. In a split second, he felt like a cat whose entire body's fur stood on end—it was an instinctive fear.

The tremendous sense of fear continuously infiltrated his thoughts without dissipating.

Hence, Daoist Cloudy Mist did not leave immediately, but lingered behind to wait for Song Shuhang to wake up in order to sound him out for the status of Venerable White.

After confirming that the cultivator on the bed was a Seventh Stage Venerable, Daoist Cloudy Mist secretly stuffed the enlightenment stone back into Song Shuhang's pocket.

...I shall temporarily leave the enlightenment stone with this little fella for now.

When he got the chance in the future, he could always come over to steal the enlightenment stone if he wanted, there was no need to rush. There was definitely no need to risk offending a Venerable for a momentary benefit!

After he gave the enlightenment stone back to Song Shuhang, Daoist Cloudy Mist saluted with his fists clasped towards Song Shuhang and said, "Little Friend, we no longer owe each other favors. I still have some things to settle, we shall bid each other goodbye here."

"Have a safe journey, Daoist Priest." Song Shuhang bowed with his hands forming the same salute.

Daoist Cloudy Mist, still wrapped in the blanket, suddenly whizzed out of the house—he was preparing to look around for any vacant apartments for rent or sale near Song Shuhang's house.

He was preparing to stay there temporarily first; when he had the time, he would make a trip to Song Shuhang's house to test the effectiveness of the enlightenment stone. He was striving to obtain his first breakthrough within this realm.

One day, after Venerable White and Song Shuhang got separated, he would take the opportunity to steal the 'enlightenment stone'.



After waiting for Daoist Cloudy Mist to leave, Song Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief.

He felt around in his pocket and took out the enlightenment stone. Luckily, this treasure is still here.

Next, Song Shuhang realized there was something on top of the enlightenment stone... it was an onion root?

"Lady Onion?" Song Shuhang warily asked. Wasn't Lady Onion in the other pocket? How come she's on top of the enlightenment stone? Did she climb over herself?

Furthermore, he wasn't sure if it was a misconception, but somehow, he saw fresh shoots coming out from the onion root? Has Lady Onion recovered so quickly?

The onion root shuddered slightly, not saying anything.

It was not because she couldn't speak, she simply had no mood to say anything—right now, she just wanted to cry and pass out.

At that time, she thought she had successfully completed her mission, and hence, she climbed all the way from the other pocket to the enlightenment stone and then used her root to wrap around—it was in preparation of taking a good rest to accumulate a bit of energy before taking off with the enlightenment stone as well as the 'treasured saber Broken Tyrant'.

However, she fell asleep without realizing it, and had a very, very long dream. She was not clear about the things that happened in the dream. But after much difficulty, when she finally woke up, she realized something serious happened.

She germinated!

Germinating was a good thing, but the problem was... she took root in the wrong place.

Yes, her root fastened itself to the enlightenment stone... and the bigger problem was that she couldn't pull it out!

Additionally, she realized she couldn't transform into human form.

She had started growing on top of the enlightenment stone...

If she couldn't transform into human form, how would she be able to run away with the enlightenment stone? How would she be able to retrieve the treasured saber?

Right now, she was stuck in the physical state of an onion, unable to move a single step.

Hence, Lady Onion was in a bad mood, not wanting to speak.

"What are you doing, laying on top of the stone? Come down, I will look for a small pot to plant you, allowing you to grow your roots and germinate faster, enabling you to recover back to your original state," said Song Shuhang.

Thereafter, he reached out his hands to pull Lady Onion's roots.

After pulling once... how come it couldn't be pulled out?

Song Shuhang lifted the enlightenment stone and scrutinized it. "You're growing on it?"

The onion root shuddered, not uttering a single word. She was

extremely heartbroken and hurt.

"You can't speak?" Song Shuhang talked to himself, and then kept the enlightenment stone first.

He flipped open his cell phone once again and looked at the time. It was actually past 2 in the morning... he slept for a very long time.

Sounded about right, he had dreamt of Lady Onion's 300 years of life which felt like forever, of course his sleep would have been that long, wouldn't it?

Uncle Lu and Lu Tianyou, coupled with Zhao Yaya and her two friends, should have already eaten and gone back, right?

Then, Shuhang opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

The moment he opened the chat group, the app prompted him that someone tagged him. It was Soft Feather.

Chapter 258: The small monk's plan and Soft Feather's plan

Song Shuhang scrolled through the chat logs.

After the seniors replied to Song Shuhang's issue about the '300 years old monster onion' in the afternoon, the topic of the conversation veered off, and they ended up talking about Immortal Fairy Bie Xue's 'Immortal Feast'.

Many of them were wondering what kind of dishes would be present at this year's feast.

Seniors with experience gave rise to much discussion and started to recall the delicacies of the previous Immortal Feasts.

There were all sorts of strange and unusual dishes, but it seemed that each of them was incredibly delicious. Song Shuhang touched his belly. Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist gave him a gastric lavage with his 'Emptying Miracle Hands' before, and after hearing about these dishes, his mouth started watering.

Song Shuhang kept scrolling through the chat logs till he saw a message from Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather.

Soft Feather: " @Stressed by a Mountain of Books , Senior Song, what's your current address? My handmade 'Spirit Green Tea' is finally complete. I'll send some of it to you via mail! 😊 "

At the time, Song Shuhang was in the middle of that horrifying nightmare and didn't reply.

After seeing Soft Feather's message, Song Shuhang lightly smiled. Then, he sent her a private message. "Thank you, Soft Feather. I'll look forward to your handmade 'Spirit Green Tea'."

Next, he sent his home address.

After stretching himself, he decided to go in the kitchen and eat something.



Spirit Butterfly Island.

An incredibly handsome middle-aged man frowned as he read a message on his phone.

Soon after, the middle-aged man clenched his teeth and said, "Go and replace Soft Feather's handmade Spirit Green Tea with a normal one."

Boy, you're lucky that I saw this message. Otherwise, you would have spent the next month on the toilet!



Deep in the night, Mama Song suddenly got up, and after rubbing her eyes, she went into the kitchen.

Then, she stretched her hand as usual and picked the cutting board... but just as she picked it, the thick cutting board split into many pieces. Not only the cutting board, even the marble table below had several marks left behind by a blade.

"Eh? What's happening?" Mama Song immediately became clear-headed.

She started to recall what happened in the evening... when she was preparing the lamb with fried green onions earlier, there was a green onion that she couldn't cut no matter what. And then, she decided to go to the living room and take Shuhang's ornamental blade to chop this green onion and prepare the dish.

After recalling things to this point, Mama Song was alarmed, "Have I gone mad?"

Leaving that weird green onion aside, why in the world did I think that it was appropriate to use a one-meter-long saber to cut it?

However, what was the matter with that green onion? Why couldn't I cut it?

In normal circumstances, if she found an uncuttable green onion, she would either throw it away or call everyone over and show it to

them.

But at the time, she didn't think anything of the sort and was strangely hellbent on cutting it up!

After recalling all of this, Mama Song felt as though something had influenced her. It was the same as if someone had possessed her body, and she couldn't think clearly anymore.

'It was Shuhang who brought home that green onion. He said it was a new species or something.' Mama Song remembered this point.

Afterward, Song Shuhang had suddenly eaten all the lamb with fried green onions by himself.

Was there something wrong with that green onion?

After eating the lamb with fried green onions, Song Shuhang immediately went to his room.

Later, Zhao Yaya discovered that he was sleeping on the floor. Then, Papa Song went to his room and picked him up, laying him on the bed. At the time, everyone thought that Shuhang was tired due to the long journey and didn't think much of it.

But after linking all these events together, she felt that there was something wrong with this situation.

"Shuhang, that boy..." Mama Song frowned and jogged toward Song Shuhang's room with large strides.

Coincidentally, Song Shuhang, who was starving at this time, came out of his room and was preparing to go in the kitchen.

"Ma? What are doing here in the middle of the night?" Song Shuhang said, somewhat confused.

Mama Song replied, "I just wanted to check up on you."

"You wanted to check up on me? Haha, I was sleeping and got hungry after I woke up. Therefore, I decided to go in the kitchen and eat something." Song Shuhang laughed.

"There should be still some rice left. Come, I'll prepare you fried eggs with rice," Mama Song replied.

And then, Mama Song returned to the kitchen with Song Shuhang and started to prepare fried eggs for her son.

While cooking, Mama Song asked, "Shuhang, don't lie and tell me the truth. Was there something wrong with that green onion?"

Song Shuhang quietly looked at Mama Song's expression and honestly replied, "There was indeed something wrong with it. I don't really know the reason, but if someone with a weak

constitution eats that type of green onion, they might be harmed by it.

But you don't have to worry. It didn't cause me any harm. After all, I was the one that brought it home, and I know what I'm doing." Song Shuhang brightly smiled.

It wasn't the time to tell Mama Song and the others about this matters related to the world of cultivators...

He wasn't strong enough yet. Once he was a little stronger and had gathered enough cultivation resources, he might think about it.

"If that's how things are, I'm a little relieved." Mama Song heaved a sigh. "If you have time tomorrow, follow your father and go to the hospital with Zhao Yaya and do a complete body check-up."

After Papa Song and the others got into an accident, Mama Song was rather worried. Therefore, she told Zhao Yaya to bring them to the hospital tomorrow if she was free and give them a full check-up. This way, if there were any internal injuries, it would be discovered in time.

"I don't think there is a need for that. Elder Sister Yaya gave me a full body check-up not too long ago," Song Shuhang blurted out.

"You did a full body check-up not too long ago?" Mama Song,

who was holding the rice with fried eggs, had a confused expression.

"Cough, it was when I had to compete in the games. Elder Sister Yaya came to our university for her internship, and since she was at it, she gave me a full body check-up. I'm in very good health, and there is no problem with my body." Song Shuhang patted his chest.



In a hotel close to the Number Six hospital.

The small monk secretly touched his butt. There was only one last treatment left to cure his hemorrhoids.

Afterward, I'll have to return to Senior Brother Shuhang's place.

The video that Doudou had shown him was continuously being replayed in the mind of the small monk.

Song Shuhang was holding a fist, towering with rage, "Hemorrhoids or not, wait till I catch you. I'll spank you till you shit all over the place!"

I'll spank you till you shit all over the place! I'll spank you till you shit all over the place!

This sentence was constantly echoing in the mind of the small monk.

The small monk had a serious expression. After all, he was a very conscientious kid. "If I go back after tomorrow's treatment, Senior Brother Shuhang would surely spank me till making me shit all over the place, right?"

This scene was rather fearful.

The small monk couldn't help but shoot a look at the sleeping Doudou and Zhou Li who was in the middle of meditation.

Should I try to negotiate with Doudou after tomorrow's treatment? Instead of directly going back, we might stay out for a while... at the very least, until Senior Brother Song Shuhang's anger hasn't completely disappeared...



On the Spirit Butterfly Island.

Soft Feather looked at the huge box before her eyes with a satisfied look on her face. "Hehe, it's really perfect! Now, I only have to wait for the express delivery man to come and take it!"

Chapter 259: Shuhang, you have another oversized express package!

The next day, July 11th, cloudy.

It was rare for the sky to be overcast. Even though he had the ‘spirit-binding ice bead’ with him, he was not afraid of intense heat. However, in the scorching summer, as long as he did not have to see the splendid smile of the sun, his mood would get a lot better.

Early in the morning today, Zhao Yaya drove over to pick up Papa Song to bring him to the hospital for a checkup...

From the start, Papa Song kept insisting that his body had no problems—he did not want to go to the hospital. Papa Song was one of those people that didn’t like to go to the hospital. Whether he had a common cold or was ill, he would prefer to stay at home and suffer instead of going to the hospital.

However, after Mama Song’s face started looking serious, Papa Song obediently went to the hospital with Zhao Yaya.

There was a story behind Papa Song and Mama Song’s special relationship.

It was said that the two of them were classmates back then when they were in school... in his younger days, Papa Song did not look as gentlemanly.

At that time, Papa Song's physique could fight that of Old Lu's—they were both tough, stocky, and muscular. They both had an intimidating face as well.

Furthermore, Papa Song was one of the main members of the mixed martial arts society in school, a gold medalist... and Mama Song, on the other hand, was a beauty who was rather popular back then in school.

How the two of them met went a little like this—it was said that at that time, there was another member of the mixed martial arts society who was a very close friend of Papa Song's. Additionally, that member wanted to woo Mama Song back then, but the only problem was that he didn't have a chance to come in contact with her.

Ultimately, after pondering hard for several days, he finally thought of a perfect plan. Hence, he looked for Papa Song and roped him in to act out a scene of 'hero rescuing the beauty'.

Back then, Papa Song was still muscular and fit, with an intimidating face—he didn't need any makeup for his role as the villain. He just needed to show his muscles and make an evil grin to portray a natural villain.

Hence, that good friend of his requested Papa Song to act as the bad guy to scare Mama Song. Then, at the crucial moment, he would suddenly appear; the hero successfully rescues the beauty, winning her heart!

Papa Song's personality back then had quite a number of similarities to Song Shuhang's personality right now. For small tasks that they could easily fulfill, they wouldn't reject anyone who needed their help.

Hence, both parties agreed upon the script for the "show".

And then, both of them chose a small pathway which Mama Song took back then to go home after school, and waited for her to pass by.

That good friend of his squatted in a corner, preparing himself to save her anytime.

As for Papa Song, he worked out his muscles a little, welcoming Mama Song.

According to their plan, Papa Song stopped Mama Song. He flexed his muscles and wore an evil grin, saying, "Hey girl, wanna accompany me to somewhere fun and have a good time?"

Next, according to the script, Mama Song would cry out in fear and his good friend would flashily appear to save the day, beating Papa Song up, causing him to make a run for it and thus winning her heart.

However, at that time, Mama Song did not show even a bit of fear. She calmly stood where she was, scrutinizing Papa Song once

from head to toe—that gaze caused Papa Song to feel a little scared.

Thereafter, Mama Song nodded and calmly said, "Alright, let's go."

And then... both she and Papa Song left together... they left.

Papa Song's friend kneeled on the ground, unable to say a single word for a long time.

Not long later, Mama Song became Papa Song's girlfriend. And as for Papa Song's good friend, he had already cried hard in the bathroom countless times.

And then, within the next few years of his school days, Papa Song's personality underwent a huge change—from a guy with a muscular and stocky build with an intimidating face to a guy who wore glasses with a gentleman-like eloquence and mannerisms. He became gentle and his academic results also improved tremendously.

For this huge change, Papa Song had endured a lot of hardship—he couldn't even tell anyone else about it.



After waking up, when Song Shuhang was having breakfast, Mama Song hurried to him and asked, "Shuhang, where did the injured guy you brought back go?"

Earlier, when she looked into the guest room, she realized that the wounded guy who was in a coma yesterday was gone. The blanket disappeared too.

Song Shuhang swallowed the fried egg in his mouth and said, "I was about to tell you, Mom. The injured guy woke up in the middle of the night and came to my room to look for me. After a short chat, he left."

"He left in the wee hours of the night, wrapped in a blanket? You didn't ask him to stay?" Mama Song furrowed her brows.

"He looked for me in the wee hours of the night, I wasn't even fully awake. After he finished talking to me, he left just like that, still wrapped up in the blanket... I didn't even have the opportunity to give him a set of clothes. Forget it, it's ok. He will find a way to get some clothes to wear. Besides, I don't really know him... If he wants to leave, I can't stop him," Song Shuhang casually replied.

He honestly did not think of giving Daoist Cloudy Mist a set of clothes—the latter simply jumped out of the window and flew off while still wrapped in a blanket.

"Seriously, Shuhang. You didn't even give him a set of clothes, other people would mock us." Mama Song sighed and said, "Also, your good friend hasn't woken up from his slumber yet?"

She saw that Venerable White still had not woken up to have his

meals...

"Haha, he's more of a sleepyhead than an average person. But he drove all by himself yesterday, hence he's more tired. Let him sleep a while more, it's not an issue." Song Shuhang forced a laugh—they might get into trouble. Venerable was going to be in secluded meditation for at least two days. Right now, only twenty hours had passed. There was still a long time to go before he ended his secluded meditation.

He had to think of a solution in order not to expose themselves.

"He can really sleep, huh. Let's let him sleep a little more then. You must get him to wake up in the afternoon to eat; if he continues sleeping, it's bad for the body," said Mama Song.

"Got it. I will definitely wake him up in the afternoon." Song Shuhang assured her—he was not sure, maybe he could force Venerable White to come out of seclusion?

If he forcefully woke Senior White up while he was meditating, would anything bad happen?

For example, just like how some people would fly into anger when woken up, would Senior White also fly into anger when forced to stop his seclusion from insufficient meditation? If he did, would he bomb his entire house?

Right, speaking of which... the young monk's hemorrhoid

treatment would end today!

By then, Senior Brother Zhou Li would bring ‘Doudou’ and the young monk back.

When that time came, perhaps he could ask Senior Brother Zhou Li for a solution—there might be a spell to transform one’s appearance into Senior White’s and then act the role of Senior White coming out to take his meal, preventing Mama Song from becoming suspicious.

If that happened, the problem of Senior White being in secluded meditation would be solved!

When he thought of that, Song Shuhang immediately felt reassured.

After finishing his breakfast, it was almost 7:30 AM.

"Mom, I’m going to work out, it might take quite a while. If there’s anything, you can give me a call," Song Shuhang called out.

He had no place to practice in his house.

Hence, he had to look for a place nearby with no signs of human presence to practice the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>.

"Alright, don’t go too far," said Mama Song casually.

Song Shuhang touched the enlightenment stone in his pocket and thought for a while before going to the living room to wrap his ‘treasured saber Broken Tyrant’ with a cloth and carried it with him.

The ‘Flaming Saber’ passed on to him by Daoist Scarlet Heaven needed to be practiced more—ever since he saw ‘Scarlet Heaven’ in Lady Onion’s memories, Song Shuhang felt even more strongly that there might be some deep secret hiding within the technique ‘Flaming Saber’.

After Song Shuhang left, he immediately ran in the direction of Mountain Niuding—it was a good place to practice.



Within the forest in Mountain Niuding.

After Song Shuhang completed one session of the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>, he closed his eyes and felt for the changes within his body—he just opened the ‘Nose Aperture’ yesterday.

But today, after he completed one session of the fist technique, he realized that his fourth aperture, ‘Ear Aperture’, had already been filled with qi and blood—there was a faint feeling of it swelling up!

Based on his calculations, in about seven days at most, the ‘Ear Aperture’ would be fully filled with qi and blood, causing it to be

forced open!

Could it be because I ate Lady Onion's body yesterday? Song Shuhang had a realization—although the body of Lady Onion that he swallowed into his stomach had been removed by Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist with his 'Emptying Miracle Hands' and transformed into an onion spirit crystal, there was a part that got digested by Song Shuhang and became a tonic for his body's qi and blood.

Even though Lady Onion's fighting strength was low, her cultivation of 300 years wasn't fake. Even if it was just a small portion, it was enough to fill up one of Song Shuhang's apertures.

'After the Ear Aperture, it would be the Mouth Aperture. After the Mouth Aperture, it would be time for me to jump through the dragon gate! After which, what's illusory becomes genuine. The intangible strength of the qi and blood energy by then would be converted to true qi!' Song Shuhang took a deep breath.

True qi was different from qi and blood—true qi could be released outside one's body. Just like in the movies, after reaching the highest realm, a stream of sword qi would appear following each slash. How cool!

As he was thinking about that, Song Shuhang saw the 'treasured saber Broken Tyrant' in his hands.

It was a saber... a saber.

Even the technique passed on to him in his dream by Scarlet Heaven was a saber technique, ‘Flaming Saber’. Could it be that he was meant to use a saber, instead of a sword?

‘Nonsense! After I reach the Second Stage True Master Realm, I will learn a couple of sword techniques immediately. Decked in white with a long sword and whistling an old song!’ Song Shuhang clenched his teeth.

Firstly, he repeatedly practiced the ⟨Basic Buddhist Fist Technique⟩, the ⟨Virtuous Man’s Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩, the ⟨Immovable Body of the Buddha⟩, and then the ⟨True Self Meditation Scripture⟩.

After that was the ‘Flaming Saber’ and three different ways of using mental energy, ‘mental detection’, ‘vigilance’, as well as ‘spiritual pressure’.

And then, he practiced the Lightning Palm and Turtle Breathing Technique.

Lastly, Song Shuhang lighted a ball of small flame and practiced the ‘fire controlling art’.

Unknowingly, he had learned a lot of different skills. The coolest one would be the Lightning Palm, and the fire controlling art was pretty legit too—a pity he had not perfected it yet.

After finishing one session of practice, three hours had passed.

At this time, Song Shuhang's phone rang.

He took it out and looked—it was a call from the delivery guy, Little Jiang.

An express package? From whom? Could it be the 'Spirit Green Tea' sent by Soft Feather? That's very fast!

Song Shuhang picked up the call. "Hi, Little Jiang."

"Haha, Shuhang, it's me. I'm currently right outside your apartment building, downstairs. There is an oversized express package for you." Sima Jiang's cheerful laughter came from the other end of the line.

"Oversized?" Song Shuhang subconsciously asked.

"It's very big, a square box, almost 1.6 cubic meters," replied Sima Jiang.

Song Shuhang stared blankly.

That big?

If it only contained 'Spirit Green Tea', did Miss Soft Feather meant to give him a lifetime supply of tea leaves?

Chapter 260: Senior Song, are you surprised?! Eh? What?

As expected of a rich girl, she spares no expense no matter what she's doing. However, this time she went overboard a bit. How will I repay these favors in the future? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

In all honesty, meeting Soft Feather, Sixteen, Senior White, and even Doudou while entering the world of cultivators was really a huge stroke of luck.

Song Shuhang said to Sima Jiang, "Little Jiang, wait a moment. I'm not home right now. I'll call my mom and tell her to open the door."

"No problem," Sima Jiang replied with a smile.

After hanging up, Song Shuhang called his mother. "Ma, there is an express delivery for me downstairs. Can you open the door and sign it in my stead?"

"An express delivery? I understand." Then, Mama Song loudly shouted, "Old Song, there is Shuhang's express delivery downstairs. Go take a look!"

"I'm going," Papa Song replied.

It seems that father and Zhao Yaya have already returned from the hospital.

At this time, while still on the phone, Mama Song thoughtlessly asked, "They came so early in the morning... what did they send exactly?"

"A friend should have sent me some tea leaves. Right, is Elder Sister Yaya still there?" Song Shuhang asked.

Mama Song replied, "Yes, I convinced her to stay for a meal. She is also free these days."

"Then, after receiving the delivery, can you open the package and tell me what's inside? If there are only tea leaves inside, put them in a jar and give them to Elder Sister Yaya. Tell her that these are the same tea leaves from yesterday," Song Shuhang replied. Yesterday, he wanted to give Zhao Yaya another portion of tea leaves. However, he fell asleep afterward and wasn't able to.

"Got it," Mama Song said. "Moreover, come home a bit early for the meal, don't stay out for too long."

"Sure, I'll return home early," Song Shuhang said.

After hanging up, he swallowed a qi and blood pill and kept practicing. Since he was already at it, it was better to complete today's round of practice.



At this time, Papa Song arrived downstairs and saw the tall and strong-looking Sima Jiang. Behind were also four stocky men in black suits guarding a big box.

"Is this Shuhang's delivery?" Papa Song curiously asked using Wenzhou area's dialect— Anyway, who delivers packages like this? With four men in black suits watching over it?

"Haha, you must be Shuhang's father, right? You two really look similar!" Sima Jiang laughed and also used Wenzhou City's standard accent. Afterward, he went forward and gave Papa Song his business card. "I am Fengshou Express Delivery's Sima Jiang, and I'm here to deliver this big box. Do you want us to bring it upstairs?"

As a member of an elite company of express deliveries, Sima Jiang knew many languages, and he also knew over ten Chinese dialects so as to avoid not understanding what the client was saying.

"I see, go ahead. Thanks." Papa Song took the business card and nodded.

This box was a cube with sides measuring 1.6 meters. Therefore, it was tough for him alone to bring it up. Anyway, Papa Song and Song Shuhang's shared only around 10% of their facial features. As a consequence, Sima Jiang's flattery had deeply impressed him.

"Is the attitude of your Fengshou Express Delivery always so good?" Papa Song thoughtlessly asked.

"Of course! If you have an express delivery to send, just give me a call and I'll be there!" Sima Jiang started to shamelessly advertise his company. At the same time, he gave Papa Song some papers to sign. "I'll have to ask Mr. Song to sign here."

Papa Song smiled and nodded. Afterward, he signed the papers.

However, he thought in his heart— Is their attitude so good because Shuhang is a big client of their company?

Papa Song was a seasoned man and had dealt with a variety of people for many years. Therefore, he could roughly gauge the situation just with a glance.

Is the thing in this box really so precious?

The four men in black suits cautiously lifted the wooden box and brought it inside the home, putting it in the middle of the hall.

Afterward, Sima Jiang bid farewell to Song Shuhang's family members. "Mr. Song, we'll take our leave then."

And just in this fashion, he brought along the four men in black suits and left Song Shuhang's house, their heads held high.



"Were they from the express delivery company?" Mama Song asked from the kitchen, somewhat confused. None of them looked like an express delivery man. Especially those four men in black suits that looked the same as those bodyguards you see in movies.

"Shuhang, this boy... what did he exactly buy during this year that he got in touch with this company?" Papa Song muttered. Then, he recalled to mind that tractor that could run up to 150 km/h.

Considering that Shuhang is studying Mechanical Design and Manufacturing, is it possible that his talent is incredibly high and he has already started to design and manufacture large mechanical devices?

Then, Papa Song shot a look at the big box before his eyes and curiously asked, "Now, what does this box contain?"

"According to Shuhang, there should be tea leaves inside, but... would you really put tea leaves inside such a big box?" Mama Song's corner of the mouth twitched.

Just how many tea leaves can one put inside such a big box?

Probably so many that they could last for a lifetime.

Just as both of them were lost in thoughts, a noise transmitted

from the box.

"What was that?" Papa Song said, somewhat vigilant.

"Rustle, rustle, rustle..." the sound coming from the box was getting more and more clear. There was indeed something inside moving.

Next, Mama Song and Papa Song saw that the cover of the box was slowly lifted.

This scene was enough to scare someone.

Mama Song gave Papa Song a meaningful glance. Papa Song immediately grabbed the nearby broom and tightened his right hand around it, even the muscle on his arm started to bulge faintly.

"Bang!"

At this time, the cover of the wooden box was sent flying.

"Ahahaha, surprise! Senior Song, did you see my incredible appearance?! Are you surprised?" A tall and slender girl suddenly stood up from the box. She was holding her hands high and had a pleased look on her face. It was the smile of someone that had successfully managed to play a prank.

Her long pitch-black hair dropped on her back like a waterfall. She was wearing a white t-shirt and cropped jeans and was full of energy. The most eye-catching part was her two very long legs!

Mama Song opened her mouth wide (☹️) and wasn't able to close it for a while.

Papa Song was holding onto the broom, his face awkward.

"Eh? What?" The girl with long legs looked all around and saw the surprised Mama Song and Papa Song, the latter holding a broom. She turned her head once more and looked all around a second time; however, there were no traces of Song Shuhang anywhere.

"What? Is Senior Song not home?" Her self-satisfied smile turned into an embarrassed one.

"Senior Song?" Mama Song was confused.

After seeing Mama Song's confused expression, the girl with long legs blinked a few times. "Don't tell me I mailed myself over to the wrong address?"

Then... under Papa Song and Mama Song's dumbfounded gaze, she picked up the cover of the wooden box she came out of.

Afterward, she jumped back into the box and covered it with the lid.

It was really a lot of work. It wasn't easy for a girl with a tall and slender build like her to squat down inside such a box.

Before covering the box, she looked at Mama Song and Papa Song somewhat embarrassed, and said, "Uncle, Auntie, I'm sorry. It seems I mailed myself over to the wrong address. Hehehe, don't worry. I'll make a call and clarify the situation."

Then, they heard her dial a number, calling someone.

Soon, the person on the other side picked the phone.

"Hello... Senior Song?" the girl said somewhat anxious.

"Soft Feather? Did you call me to tell me about the express delivery of the Spirit Green Tea? They already delivered it to my house!" Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"They delivered it to your house?" Soft Feather's expression stiffened. "Weird, I don't see you around!"

"You don't see me around?" Song Shuhang's expression also stiffened.

Song Shuhang rubbed his brows and recalled to mind the last time he received a big express delivery—that delivery was from Su Clan's Sixteen. The contents of that delivery were a box of Spirit

Green Tea, a jar of fasting pills, and a free-of-charge and very cute Sixteen...

"Soft Feather, did you send yourself over...?" Song Shuhang cautiously asked.

Soft Feather laughed and said, "Ah... Senior Song, you guessed correctly. Ahahaha..."

"Wait a moment. I'm immediately coming home... since I was outside practicing, my mom and dad received the delivery for me." Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh.

"Eh? Oh! No wonder I couldn't see you." Soft Feather nodded. "Then... should I wait for your return inside the box?"

"...There is no need for that. Before coming home, I'll make a call and explain to my parents what's happening," Song Shuhang said as he put out the flames of the 'fire controlling art' burning in front of him.

Then, he used the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> and rushed home at full speed.

He felt that Mama Song would misunderstand things after seeing Soft Feather!



On the other side.

Under Mama Song and Papa Song's careful gaze, Soft Feather pushed the box open once again.

Then, she embarrassingly stood up and waved her hand at Mama Song and Papa Song. "Auntie, Uncle, hello. I'm Senior Song Shuhang's friend, [Yu Rouzi](#)!"

When Soft Feather drilled inside the box and made that call, Mama Song had already thought of this possibility.

At the time, she remained silent and didn't speak, because... she was too excited!

Shuhang, that blockhead, had finally opened his eyes. After seeing that he had brought back a man, Mama Song had already lost faith in her son. But never would she have expected that he was a so-called 'man of true talent that didn't like to show off his talent'. Without making a sound, he brought a girl home through the express delivery!

"Child, quickly come out. There is no need to stay inside the box." Mama Song gave Papa Song a meaningful glance, hinting him to put the broom down.

Afterward, she went forward and helped Soft Feather get out of the box.

"Ahaha..." Soft Feather laughed embarrassed. Then, she turned around and picked a small gift box and handed it over. "This is a small gift. I ask Auntie and Uncle to accept it!"

"The fact that you're is enough already. There is no need for excessive courtesy. You can treat this place as your home, no need to be embarrassed!" Mama Song said with a radiant smile on her face.

At this time, Zhao Yaya, who was resting in the living room, also came over.

She shot a glance at Soft Feather and noticed her long legs.

‘This girl with long legs... it should be her , right?’ When she went to Song Shuhang’s university during the athletic meeting, Song Shuhang’s classmates unintentionally revealed that they saw him with a beautiful girl with long legs.

It seems that she is the girl they were talking about...

We decided to use pinyin when cultivators introduce themselves to normal people to make it less awkward~ Yu Rouzi = 羽柔子 = Soft Feather

Chapter 261: Size reducing purse

When Song Shuhang got home, he was gasping for breath due to the long run. After pushing the door open, he saw Mama Song and Soft Feather discussing happily!

The two of them were chatting about... popular Chinese artists of over twenty years ago, TV series that were popular at the time, and all strange events that happened all over China in the last years. Of course, they also discussed some recent events.

Mama Song was surprised that the girl before her eyes knew about so many matters from 20-30 years ago. Was it possible that she was frequently accompanying her elders at home to chat? If that was the case, this girl was really filial!

On a side, Papa Song and Zhao Yaya were acting as filler characters since they didn't even have the chance to join the conversation.

"Ah! Shuhang, you're finally here. Where had you run to? You made this girl wait a long time." Mama Song raised her brows after seeing Song Shuhang and secretly gave him a thumbs up.

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Senior Song! Are you surprised to see me here?" Soft Feather stood up and smiled. "It's a pity though. You would have been even more surprised if you saw me come out of the wooden box."

"I can only say that I'm rather surprised." Song Shuhang smiled. Then, he waved at Soft Feather. "Ma, I'll bring Yu Rouzi to my room for a chat."

Mama Song unconsciously said, "Ah? Isn't there a guest sleeping in your room? How about going into the living room?"

"It's alright. Song Bai and Yu Ruouzi are also acquaintances," Song Shuhang replied.



After Song Shuhang was gone, Papa Song held his chin and said, "What is the relationship between Shuhang and this girl?"

"It doesn't matter what's their relationship. As long as it's a girl, it's fine." Mama Song sat on the sofa and sighed with emotion. "But why did that girl come out of a wooden box?"

"It seems it wasn't a normal express delivery." Papa Song guessed. "You saw those men that brought the box inside, right? They didn't look like express delivery men at all. I think they were hired by that girl to bring her over here and give Shuhang a surprise. Young people really have unique ways to amuse themselves. She unexpectedly sent herself over in a wooden box."

"I think that even the youngsters of this era are unlikely to seal themselves in a box and mail themselves over. If I'm not mistaken,

this girl went to Shuhang's university some time before the athletic meeting," said Zhao Yaya while taking a sip of the tea made from the Spirit Green Tea; she looked very comfortable.

After hearing these words, Mama Song and Papa Song's eyes lit up.

The two of them also took a sip of the tea, their expressions very comfortable.



Song Shuhang brought Soft Feather to his room and asked, "Soft Feather, did you secretly run away from the Spirit Butterfly Island?"

"I didn't secretly run away!" Soft Feather replied. "After receiving your home address, I felt that it would be troublesome to look for your house personally. Therefore, I decided to come along the express delivery."

Song Shuhang smiled and asked, "Then, is Venerable Spirit Butterfly aware that you're here?"

"Ahahaha, I didn't tell him about it. However, I've already contracted the ghost spirit and completed the synchronization. According to our original agreement, I can leave the island at any time! Therefore, it doesn't count as secretly sneaking out," Soft Feather said with a self-satisfied look on her face.

"..." Song Shuhang.

In the end, you still secretly run away!

"Ah, yes. Senior Song, before coming here, I've heard that you and Venerable White are now living together, is that true?" Soft Feather said, somewhat excited.

"Yes, Senior White is meditating in my room right now." Song Shuhang pushed the door of the room open and pointed at the figure lying down on the bed.

There was still more than a day left for his meditation to end...

"Ah! So, this is the legendary Senior White!" Soft Feather excitedly entered the room and carefully sized up Senior White.

He was like the world's most beautiful artwork; an immortal that had been banished into the world of mortals. His long black hair was scattered all over and his body was faintly emitting a charm that attracted others' attention. Those that saw him couldn't help but want to sit next to him and gaze at him forever.

"Be careful, don't stare at Senior White for too long," Song Shuhang reminded. According to what the seniors in the group had said, Senior White's charm could affect all genders and species.

"It's alright. I already prepared myself." Soft Feather turned her head and pointed at her eyes with a satisfied look on her face. She was wearing something akin to contact lenses.

It should be some a magical treasure, right?

"Senior Song, can you help me take a few photos?" Soft Feather turned around and passed her phone to Song Shuhang.

"You want to take some photos?" Song Shuhang took the phone.

"Yes, I want to take a group photo!" Soft Feather took off her little sandals and revealed her lovely feet. Next, she climbed onto the bed and sat next to Venerable White, stretching her hand and making a 'V' sign.

Oh... so she wanted to take a group photo with Venerable White?

Speaking of group photos with Venerable White... ugh! Why the hell did I remember that time when we went bungee jumping?

When they took those pictures, he screamed again and again, and only with much difficulty was he eventually able to squeeze out a forced and unsightly smile. On the other hand, Senior White was as beautiful as always. The contrast was so big that you couldn't look at those photos without feeling awkward.

"How come you've suddenly decided to take a group photo with Venerable White?" Song Shuhang thoughtlessly asked. Then, he

took the phone and adjusted the angle, taking several pictures of Senior White and Soft Feather.

Afterward, he returned the mobile phone to Soft Feather.

Soft Feather knelt on the bed and took the phone. "Hehehe... Senior Song, you don't know? Senior White is very rare! And being able to take a photo with him is very difficult!"

Senior White is very rare?

It seems there is something wrong with the adjective Soft Feather used! It's not like Senior White is a giant panda... Wait! What the hell am I saying, Senior white is much rarer than a giant panda! Ah? This logic seems flawed too...

"Hehe, Senior White is really as handsome as they said." After fiddling with the phone for a while, Soft Feather sent these pictures to the group space of the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Title of the album: Today, I went to Senior Song's house and took a group photo with the legendary Venerable White!

Soon after, the seniors in the group started to pop up and put likes on the picture.

As expected, Northern River's Loose Cultivator was the first one to reply. "Senior White is as handsome as always, and Soft Feather

also looks like a fairy that has descended to Earth!"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "This is how you should take pictures with Senior White! This scenery is very pleasing to the eye, and the two of them look like two flowers that have blossomed on the same stalk. It's very refreshing compared to the pictures of Senior White and little friend Shuhang doing bungee jumping from last time. At the time, little friend Shuhang was merely serving as a contrast to highlight Senior White's handsome look!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

Senior Thrice Reckless really likes to speak his mind without caring about the consequences! His tongue is just too venomous! No wonder that many seniors looked for him to pay him a visit (and give him a lesson). It wasn't that those seniors had a low tolerance, it was that Senior Thrice Reckless really needed a lesson!

Immortal Master Copper Trigram: "I especially went back to take a look at Senior White's and little friend Shuhang's group photos. And after comparing them to this one, I feel that life is truly wonderful."

"..." Song Shuhang.

Since the last time he courted death in front of True Monarch Yellow Mountain, Senior Immortal Master Copper Trigram has really stepped up his game. It seems he can no longer turn back. If we add his black trigram attribute on top of it, Song Shuhang believed that he would one day surpass Thrice Reckless Mad Saber

and become the number one death seeker of the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Fairy Lychee: "Did little friend Shuhang take this photo? This angle is really good. Next time, I also wouldn't mind coming to your house to take a group photo with Senior White!"

Soon after, the other members of the group also came out and commented. Basically, all of them were praising the picture.

After the seniors were done commenting, Medicine Master also sluggishly wrote his sentence. "Shuhang, control yourself! Otherwise, you'll have to deal with two venerables!"

This sentence from Medicine Master left the other members of the group baffled.

After reading all the messages, Song Shuhang also shot a look at the picture—just as Fairy Lychee said, the angle he had casually chosen was really good. Should he also save it on his device?

Just as Song Shuhang was lost in thoughts, Soft Feather jumped down from the bed and opened her small and exquisite purse.

Then, she put her hand inside and took out... a big rectangular table!

"Woah!" Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide. He had seen stuff like this only in some novels and Doraemon. It was his first time

seeing it live.

He was taken by surprise and thoroughly shocked!

"Is this a space-related magical treasure? A cosmos bag?" Song Shuhang cautiously asked— Senior Medicine Master said that he would have to sell his entire property to get such a treasure! Although what Senior Medicine Master was talking about was a space ring.

"It's not a cosmos bag; that thing is just too expensive. My father said that I'm not strong enough to casually bring it out. This purse of mine is much inferior to a cosmos bag. Here, look." Soft Feather smiled as she explained. Then, she opened her small purse and gave it to Song Shuhang.

When he looked inside the small purse, he saw ten or so objects, and each of them was reduced in size and looked like a toy.

"This purse is made from the shed skin of the Little Finger Snake, a spirit beast. The skin of this snake has the innate ability to reduce the size of everything it touches. Although this snake has the size of a little finger, it can reduce the size of a big elephant to that of a fingernail after coming in contact with it, gulping it down at once. The ability of its skin it sheds works the same way and can reduce the size of various objects. However, its effects are not that strong and can reduce a table to the size of a matchbox at most. Moreover, it can't reduce the size of living things," Soft Feather explained.

"There aren't many differences between a cosmos bag and this

item!" Song Shuhang sighed with emotion.

"Of course there is a difference. A cosmos bag is based on the principles of space and time. The things you put inside will never deteriorate and mix between them. My 'size reducing purse' can only reduce the size of a few things, and I have to keep everything in order so as to avoid creating confusion," Soft Feather replied.

As far as I'm concerned, this thing is not so different from a small space bag! Song Shuhang sighed with emotion. Then, he curiously asked, "Just how strong is this Little Finger Snake? Where can you find it?"

"A Little Finger Snake can appear anywhere. Traces of their presence are found in all corners of the world. However... only a very small number of cultivators were able to see their true bodies. Finding some of their shed skin is already considered great luck," Soft Feather explained.

After finishing her sentence, she put her hand in the small purse and took out an incense burner and a few incense sticks...

Chapter 262: Doudou kidnapped the small monk and ran away

"?" Song Shuhang looked at Soft Feather with a puzzled face, not understanding what she was trying to do.

After Soft Feather was done digging for things, she set up the table facing towards Venerable White on the bed and placed the incense burner on it.

Next, she pinched the top of the incense, releasing true qi to light it up.

After lighting it up, she held the incense firmly and bowed towards Senior White, paying respects to him. Her face looked serious, as though she was offering sacrifices to a deity.

After paying her respects, she respectfully stuck the several sticks of incense into the incense burner.

"..." Song Shuhang.

What kind of joke is this? It feels really strange... Venerable White is still alive, and he isn't an idol!

Hence, he couldn't help but ask, "Soft Feather, what are you doing?"

"Eh? Senior Song, you didn't know?" Soft Feather looked at Song Shuhang with a shocked expression. "Don't tell me you've never offered incense to Senior White?"

"That's why I'm asking, why would I need to offer incense to Senior White?!" Song Shuhang exclaimed.

"Senior Song, your cultivation knowledge is too weak." Soft Feather's face filled with sorrow.

Upon hearing this, Song Shuhang stared blankly. "Could it be that, whenever a cultivator meets a senior, he or she has to set up the table and offer incense?"

Is it possible that the junior cultivators always have to carry an incense burner with them everywhere they go, and when they meet a senior, they have to pay respects and offer incense to him on the spot? No, this is impossible!

"No, when you meet other seniors, you don't have to do this. But Senior White is rare and special!" Soft Feather drew a large circle with both hands.

Thereafter, she continued explaining, "Most of the people in the cultivation world know about this. If you meet Senior White when he's in secluded meditation, if the circumstances permit, you can offer Senior White incense while making a wish... it's very effective!"

"Offer incense, making a wish? Very effective?" Song Shuhang used all his might to rub his face.

Senior White's 'heaven-defying luck' had become formidable to such an extent?

...But then again, he immediately thought of the situation of him bringing Senior White back from the 'Nameless Celestial God Temple'. At that time, Senior White was mistaken as a Celestial God statue, standing there in the midst of the crowd with everyone offering incense to him.

Additionally, the Nameless Celestial God Temple was rather famous—it was said that as long the person wishing for something was sincere, their wishes would come true.

So it was true... even in the cultivation world, Senior White's reputation had spread for a long time.

However, wouldn't it be dangerous, entrusting your wish to Senior White? For example, if your wish was to gain a peerless technique, you might fall off a cliff first—if you're lucky, when falling halfway, you might land into a cave, allowing you to successfully get your peerless technique; but if your luck is bad, you might end up falling all the way to the ground, breaking your entire body into a pile of broken bones!

"Soft Feather, can I ask a question? After making their wishes, did anyone end up dying or hurting themselves when their wishes came true?" Song Shuhang asked warily.

Soft Feather thought for a moment or two and shook her head. "As for this, I don't know. The rumor in the cultivation world has it that if you keep making wishes to Senior White when he is in secluded meditation, your wishes can possibly come true. That's all."

As they were talking, the incense Soft Feather lit up all finished burning.

"Ah damn it, using true qi to light it up is indeed problematic, it finished burning too quickly," muttered Soft Feather.

However, she did not have any intention to light up and offer more incense—she silently started putting the table and incense burner away.

Song Shuhang looked as she used the small purse to hit the incense burner lightly, immediately causing it to decrease in size until it was no bigger than a marble. Then, Soft Feather put it back into the purse. Soon after, she used exactly the same method to put away the table as well.

What a good item... if only I had the opportunity to find the shed skin of a Little Finger Snake, that would be really great.

Eh, wait a minute!

Senior White, that wasn't a wish! Song Shuhang looked at the

Senior White, who was still cultivating with his eyes closed on the bed, and quickly added that statement.



Next, Song Shuhang brewed a cup of Spirit Green Tea and gave it to Soft Feather.

"Eh? Since when did you have Spirit Green Tea?" Soft Feather asked out of curiosity. The one she sent was still packed. But earlier, the Spirit Green Tea that Song Shuhang took was from his room.

"Su Clan's Sixteen of the Nine Provinces Number One Group sent it over. Last time, I did her a small favor, so she probably sent it to thank me," said Song Shuhang.

"Oooh, Senior Seven's junior. I saw other seniors mention that before in the group." Soft Feather sat on the side of the bed, shaking her small feet, and naughtily raised her spotlessly white toes that were sparkling and clear.

Earlier, when she set up the table to offer incense, she didn't even wear sandals.

Song Shuhang pulled out a chair from below the computer table and sat down. He suddenly recalled Soft Feather making a wish to Senior White and asked out of concern, "Soft Feather, what kind of wish did you make? If you want to tell me, that is."

It was after all a wish—if it was a private matter, it wouldn't be nice to share it with others.

"Ah, it's just a small matter, I can tell you. Earlier, I wished for Senior White's blessings to let me complete my next task without a hitch." Soft Feather smiled.

Next task? Song Shuhang had a sudden epiphany. "Are you referring to the treasure map? You want to hunt for the treasure?"

Soft Feather once mentioned it to Song Shuhang on the Instant Messaging Program, saying that she'd found a treasure map amidst her dad's notes. She also said that if time permitted, she and Song Shuhang should go hunt for the treasure together.

"Not that, though I brought the treasure map out with me on this trip too. But the main purpose of this trip is something else!" As Soft Feather spoke, she sat upright and started speaking in a serious manner.



Soft Feather had a good friend named Chu Chunying; she was a girl from a small aristocratic family of cultivators. When Soft Feather was little, she used to follow Venerable Spirit Butterfly to have fun around the world, and that was when she got to know her.

Thereafter, both of them kept in contact intermittently.

But not long ago, Chu Chunying suddenly stopped contacting her. Hence, Soft Feather was very curious and got people to investigate.

Only then did she find out that Chu Chunying's aristocratic cultivator family faced a bit of a troublesome problem.

About a hundred years ago, the Chu family gained a rather decent cultivation sword technique. Initially, this issue was very well-concealed, no one knew about it. The Chu family also secretly practiced behind closed doors.

But for some reason, people got wind of it and it attracted the attention of a sect. Even though this sect wasn't a big one, it was still a lot stronger than Chu Chunying's small aristocratic family.

Hence, that sect started to make things difficult for the Chu family... to force them to hand over the sword technique.

It continued for more than half a year.

"Is there no one to manage things like that? Song Shuhang asked. "It can't be that within the world of cultivators, there isn't a 'cultivator alliance leader' of some sort who can step forward and stop that sect, right?"

"Actually, there is an alliance leader of some sort. But, from what

I can remember, that alliance leader had already been in secluded meditation for over 600 years and nobody knows when he will come out." Soft Feather sighed.

This was the most frustrating thing in the world of cultivators—in order to be the alliance leader in the cultivation world, you need to at the very least be very strong, or else what can you use to make others obey you?

But for seniors who were strong and formidable, they'd spend at least several hundred of years in seclusion, and it could even reach up to a thousand years. Over the course of hundreds of years, who was gonna take over the management of the cultivation world?

You can't possibly move on and choose another alliance leader, right?

But what was the point... for all you know, when you selected a new alliance leader, the next thing he might do was to cook up a 'ten thousand-year secluded meditation set meal'.

Hence, the alliance leader issue in the cultivation world could only remain unsolved like this...

"However, apart from the alliance leader, a few big Daoist and Buddhist sects do secretly look after the cultivation world to prevent chaos. If anyone goes too far, stirring the anger of the public, then they can't blame anyone for taking action when the time comes," explained Soft Feather.

And precisely because of that, that sect did not dare to forcefully seize the sword technique directly, but instead engaged in all kinds of tricks to make things difficult for that small aristocratic family.



"So, Soft Feather, you wanna help your friend, right? How are you gonna help out?" Song Shuhang asked.

"I haven't thought of that yet to be honest... I plan to go over to take a look first and see if there's anything I can help with. If the other party went overboard, I will go back to Spirit Butterfly Island and get a couple of people to go there to support my friend's family! If we can't solve this with logic, then we shall see whose fist is stronger!" Soft Feather clenched her fists and drew back the corners of her mouth, revealing her tiny eye-teeth.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Song Shuhang asked—a sect VS. an aristocratic family conflict was pretty cool if you thought about it. If it was possible, he would like to experience it for himself.

Soft Feather looked at Song Shuhang and said as tactfully as possible, "No can do, Senior Song, your cultivation level is kinda on the low side; even if you go over, you wouldn't be able to help much."

Tears were streaming down Song Shuhang's cheeks immediately. Excuse me if I'm such a weakling!

"Wait for me to finish helping my friend with her matter, and if daddy hasn't sent anyone to come and get me to go back, I will go with you to hunt for the treasure!" Soft Feather reached out her hand and patted Song Shuhang, consoling him.

"Alright," Song Shuhang answered.

"Right, I heard that True Monarch Yellow Mountain's Doudou is also at your place? How come I don't see him? I never had the chance to see Doudou. Whenever dad brought me to True Monarch Yellow Mountain's house as a guest, Doudou would always coincidentally be running away from home at the same time." Soft Feather asked out of curiosity.

"Doudou is currently accompanying the small monk Guoguo to treat his hemorrhoids at the hospital. After counting the days, the small monk should be receiving the last treatment today, and Doudou should be coming back too," Song Shuhang answered.

Speaking of Doudou, Song Shuhang's cell phone rang. He glanced and saw it was indeed Doudou calling him.

"It should be Doudou coming back, let me pick up the call." Song Shuhang smiled and picked up his phone.

"Hello, Little Friend Shuhang. I am Zhou Li." Zhou Li's voice came from the other end of the line. His voice at this moment sounded exceptionally serious and one could sense his powerlessness very strongly.

Song Shuhang himself was also very puzzled just how he could sense so many emotions from simply hearing Senior Brother Zhou Li's voice alone. In any case, he could sense them all!

Song Shuhang immediately asked, "Senior Brother Zhou Li, did anything happen? The tone of your voice sounds a little off."

"Doudou ran away." When Zhou Li said it, he seemed to have exhausted all his energy. "Also, he didn't run away alone; he kidnapped the small monk Guoguo too. Forgive me, Little Friend Shuhang. I was clearly standing next to them, yet I couldn't keep an eye on them!"

"..." Song Shuhang felt the blood rush to his throat and almost spurt out.

Chapter 263: Arranging a formation with bamboo splits

"At first, everything went as yesterday. Doudou gave me his mobile phone and accompanied the small monk to have his hemorrhoids treated. But since they didn't come out even after a long time, I went to inquire. It was then that I discovered that the small monk and Doudou had already left quite some time ago. He was able to swindle me again." Senior Brother Zhou Li kept pouring out his woes.

However, it couldn't be helped!

Doudou's skill in running away was already SSS level! Even True Monarch Yellow Mountain was powerless against it. Zhou Li, who was responsible for cleaning up Doudou's messes, had already suffered 109 consecutive defeats against him.

"I'll try to find Doudou as soon as possible and contact you. As for the tractor accident on your side, I'll send someone to deal with it. You don't have to worry about it," Zhou Li said after he pulled himself together.

After all, he was a man that had lost 109/109 battles; even after this heavy defeat, it didn't take him too long to recover—by now, he was pretty experienced at consoling himself...

Song Shuhang felt sorry for Senior Brother Zhou Li. And when he remembered that unknown fairy maiden that Zhou Li loved but couldn't meet, he couldn't help but feel sad for him.

"Senior Brother Zhou Li, don't give up! After you catch Doudou, I'll keep a close watch on him and won't let him escape. I'm not sure how long I can hold on for, but I won't let him escape for a week!" Song Shuhang pledged.

On the other side, Senior Brother Zhou Li's shed a tear of happiness.



After hanging up, Song Shuhang heaved a long sigh—Doudou and the small monk were really two troublemakers; one couldn't help but worry about them.

"Did Doudou escape again?" Soft Feather asked.

"Yes, and he also brought the small monk Guoguo along. Guoguo is Great Master Profound Principle's new disciple. A while ago, because he wanted to have his hemorrhoids treated, he quietly ran away from the 'Faraway Wandering Temple' and ended up coming here. Then, Senior Brother Three Realms asked me to look after him for a while." Song Shuhang rubbed his temples. "After seeing his lovable and stern appearance, I thought that it would be an easy task. But who would have thought that he was even more troublesome than Doudou..."

"Ahahah." Soft Feather made a hollow laugh... she too had quietly run away from home.

‘Doudou kidnapping the small monk’ wasn’t the only thing bothering Song Shuhang. If Senior Brother Zhou Li couldn’t come over, who would help him deal with Senior White?

He had promised Mama Song that he would wake up Senior White and have him come down to eat something—at first, he was thinking of waiting for Senior Brother Zhou Li and have him use an illusory art to assume Senior White’s appearance.

But now, Senior Brother Zhou Li was chasing after Doudou and the small monk...

And that wasn’t all! While meditating, Senior White could casually unleash his ‘illusory reality’, giving birth to that desert and the young in green clothes riding a white horse phenomenon. And to prepare against all eventualities, he wanted to ask Senior Brother Zhou Li to put a defensive barrier around his room.

What a headache!

Senior Song seems very worried... when someone runs away from home, will the other members of the family be this worried? Is father also this worried whenever I run away from home? Soft Feather patted her big chest; she felt uncomfortable. After returning home, should I apologize to him?

At this time, Song Shuhang patted his forehead. "I’m so stupid!"

He looked at Soft Feather and asked expectantly, "Soft Feather, do you know how to arrange a defensive formation?"

He remembered that Soft Feather could also use formations—when he accompanied her to the Luo Xin street area to catch the ghost spirit, Soft Feather stringed together a few silvery sticks and talisman papers, arranging a defensive formation.

"I know how to arrange a defensive formation. However, there are many types of formations with different strengths. Senior Song, what kind of defensive formation do you have in mind? And what do you need to use it against?" Soft Feather asked.

"There is no need for it to be too powerful. After all, it doesn't have to protect us against an enemy." After speaking this much, Song Shuhang shot a look at Senior White... although Venerable White was meditating, it was unknown if he had completely cut off all relations with the outside world. After all, he was closing up for only two days. Maybe he could still hear?

Thereupon, Song Shuhang quietly took out his mobile phone and sent a private message to Soft Feather.

He sent her a message about how Senior White would inadvertently launch an 'illusory reality' while closing up. Afterward, he briefly mentioned the desert and the young man in green clothes riding a white horse that tortured him.

Then, he told her that a defensive formation protected medicine Master's multi-storied building, and thanks to this barrier, the

illusion hadn't spread outside the building.

Therefore, he wanted to up a defensive formation inside the room. Its strength was unimportant; it only had to block the illusion that Senior White unconsciously launched sometimes.

Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable—after all, Song Shuhang's family was composed of normal people, and if they were involved in the illusion...

The lead story in Wenzhou City's newspaper tomorrow would be: A university student went mad and killed his parents. Moreover, he used very cruel methods...

After reading this message, Soft Feather immediately replied using her phone, "Oh, it's easy then. If Senior White is unconsciously releasing an illusory reality while closing up, a small formation next to the bed will be enough to stop it!"

She seemed very confident.

After all, there was also a 'Venerable' in her family—her father. Therefore, she was familiar with the illusory reality and had the means to stop it if it was accidentally released.

Then, she took a writing brush made from monster beast's fur from her purse and asked, "Senior Song, do you have talisman paper?"

"Talisman paper? You mean an A4 paper?" Song Shuhang asked—earlier, he had seen Senior White use A4 paper sheets to create all sorts of talismans.

"..." Soft Feather. "Senior Song, stop joking. How can you compare A4 paper to talisman paper?"

"Eh? It won't do?" Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh... it seemed that only Venerable White could make talismans from A4 paper!

After pondering for a moment, he took out a sheet of A4 paper from his pocket and gave it to Soft Feather; it was the 'invisible formation' that Senior White had pasted to the tractor earlier. The ones that strengthened the tractor's body and reduced its weight got destroyed along with it.

Maybe Soft Feather could use the formations drawn on this sheet of paper as a reference.

Soft Feather took that sheet of A4 paper and stared at it for a while. Then, she asked, "Is this Senior White's work?"

"Yes!" Song Shuhang nodded.

"Just as I expected! My father once said that Venerable White could be ranked amongst the first three in the field of formations among cultivators! The level of this formation has completely exceeded my understanding." Soft Feather carefully looked at the

sheet of A4 paper and asked expectantly, "Senior Song, can I keep this paper and examine it?"

"Sure, you can take it if you want," Song Shuhang replied.

"Thank you, Senior Song!" Soft Feather put the sheet of A4 paper away with great care.

Then, she added, "In the absence of talisman paper, we can only rely on things we can find around here. A4 paper is no good though. My level is not so high after all."

"Which materials do you need?" Song Shuhang curiously asked.

"Let's go look for some fresh bamboo splits; we can use those instead of talisman paper. By borrowing the wood element aura inside the bamboo splits, we can arrange a small wood-type defensive formation." Soft Feather said.

Song Shuhang was worried they would need something similar to the 'wood struck by lightning' which was quite difficult to find, but hearing that they only needed bamboo splits, he heaved a sigh of relief. "That's easy to find! There are a few types of bamboo growing behind my house; I'll go chop some of them."

"Let's go chop them together." Soft Feather jumped from the bed and wore her sandals.

"Fine!" Song Shuhang said.

Hopefully, Senior White won't launch his illusory reality right at this moment. Song Shuhang joined his palms together and prayed.

"Ma, I'm bringing Yu Rouzi downstairs to chop some bamboos. We're planning to create an interesting thing." Song Shuhang said to Mama Song in the living room.

"Sure, have fun. However, don't stay out for too long. Lunch will be ready soon," Mama Song shouted.

"No problem!" Song Shuhang laughed.

He took the treasured saber Broken Tyrant from the living room and went downstairs with Soft Feather.



Meanwhile.

Lu Tianyou and Old Lu also went to the hospital for a check-up—Papa Song called them a dozen of times and urged them to go there for a check-up.

Papa Song's train of thought was: If I, who was sitting in the open container behind, had to go to the hospital, how could this troublemaker Old Lu not go? Unacceptable! Although they couldn't share their good moments, they had to share the bad

ones!

Thereafter, Papa Song called them several times, at intervals of tens of minutes, and urged them to go to the hospital. No phone bill could stop him from bothering them.

Lu Tianyou started the car and drove his father home. However, he seemed a little absent-minded along the way.

"Tianyou, is something the matter?" Old Lu asked.

"I was thinking about Song Shuhang's tractor," Lu Tianyou replied honestly.

"Oh, that tractor was indeed very fast." Old Lu nodded.

Lu Tianyou faintly smiled—at the time, he didn't only pay attention to its speed. He noticed that it was very steady, and the people on it didn't even feel the wind blow against their faces.

Although unaware of what technology they had used to manufacture it... he felt that it was something worth investing into.

Moreover, did this friend of Shuhang that modified the tractor already have someone investing money in this project?

If he didn't, Lu Tianyou didn't mind investing money himself,

helping Shuhang and his friend develop this technology further.

He was sure that it would be very profitable!

Very quickly, they were already home.

After parking the car, Lu Tianyou and his father went upstairs. On the way, Lu Tianyou took out his mobile phone and scrolled through the various group chats to see if there was something interesting.

At this time, a news sent by one of his friends piqued his interest.

Title: Absolutely dazzling to the eye—a tractor, an excavator, and a bulldozer towering amongst luxury cars!

Chapter 264: Bamboo Slips Formation

Nowadays, posts inside group chats needed to have clickbait titles and good introductions to pique someone's interest.

And since this news satisfied the mentioned above conditions, Lu Tianyou became curious and clicked the link.

Then, he saw a row of pictures.

These pictures portrayed a logistics company transporting some vehicles. Altogether, there were nine trucks transporting cars. On each of these trucks were five cars with different models and brands. The pictures were very clear; therefore, you could see that those cars were all luxury cars.

However, these luxury cars weren't the most eye-catching thing. Unexpectedly, three trucks were carrying a flashy hand-guided tractor, a small excavator, and a heavy bulldozer.

These three vehicles really stood out of from the rest and were very dazzling to the eye.

There was also a simple description attached to this news. From the look of it, these luxury cars were just disposable goods bought by a mysterious man in the Jiangnan area. And amongst them, there were also those hand-guided tractor, excavator, and bulldozer...

Lu Tianyou was temporarily at a loss. Then, he immediately thought of Song Shuhang's hand-guided tractor and all those certificates of roadworthiness that fell on the ground when the tractor overturned.

"What a pity, they already have an investor!" Lu Tianyou secretly heaved a sigh.

It seemed that this mysterious investor bought that hand-guided tractor and the luxury cars so that Song Shuhang and his friend could further develop this technology by testing it on those vehicles...

As they said, knowledge is power. Science and technology are indeed a huge source of wealth!

Lu Tianyou secretly put his phone away. He thought that it would be better not to tell his father about this. Otherwise, Old Lu might get depressed and lock himself up in his room, refusing to come out.



Behind Song Shuhang's house, in a small bamboo grove. It was Papa Song that had brought these water bamboos here from the mountains. A few years ago, Papa Song would happily come here every day to prune and take care of these water bamboos.

But after a while, he got bored and decided to let things run their

course. Luckily, these water bamboos were very tenacious and beautifully grew even without someone taking care of them.

"Which one should I chop?" Song Shuhang asked. He was very curious as to how Soft Feather was planning to turn these ordinary bamboos into a defensive formation.

"Let me see." Soft Feather closed her eyes, and when she opened them a second later, her pupils were shining like diamonds.

Is this a spell? Or maybe it's the innate skill of her Eye Aperture? Or perhaps it's the power of her 'contact lenses'?

After gazing at the grove for a while, Soft Feather pointed at a luxuriant bamboo and said, "That's the one. That bamboo has the highest amount of wood-type energy!"

Song Shuhang nodded and raised Broken Tyrant. Afterward, he slashed once and cut the bamboo down.

"What now?" Song Shuhang asked.

Soft Feather said, "Senior, give me the saber."

Song Shuhang passed Broken Tyrant to her—this blade was the best treasure of the Moon Saber Sect. But after Song Shuhang took it, it had been reduced to a tool used to cut green onions and bamboos... it seemed it was being treated as an ordinary kitchen knife these days.

Soft Feather took Broken Tyrant and quickly slashed.

"Swish, swish, swish!" Saber light flashed, and the twigs of the bamboo were quickly cut off. Afterward, the bamboo itself was cut into many bamboo splits that had the same size of those bamboo slips used in ancient times as writing material.

Soon after, Soft Feather's pupils changed once more as she chose twenty bamboo splits from the pile.

"Alright, these twenty bamboo splits will suffice," Soft Feather said, self-satisfied. "Let's return to your room and arrange the formation."

Song Shuhang took the broom and swept those pieces of bamboo on the ground into a corner.



After returning to the room, Soft Feather took out the writing brush made from monster beast's fur and a special ink made of mixed materials from her purse and started to write some characters on the bamboo slips.

"Right, should I look the other way?" Song Shuhang asked.

In the world of cultivators, cultivation techniques and the likes

were highly guarded, and learning a cultivation technique in secret was considered taboo.

"Senior, no need. I created this formation by modifying a very common defensive formation. It's not a very high-level technique; therefore, there is no need for you to look the other way," Soft Feather replied.

Since he had her permission, Song Shuhang didn't stand on ceremony and carefully looked at Soft Feather writing those characters on the bamboo slips—he had no intention of secretly learning this formation; he was just curious about how defensive formations were created!

While watching Soft Feather write, Song Shuhang noticed that the tip of the pen lightly glittered at every stroke. The reason for this was the usage of true qi plus the special ink while writing. The tip of the brush was like a blade, carving a character on the bamboo slips with each stroke. The special ink also merged with the bamboo slips.

It was somewhat similar to when he was drawing the 雷 character in the center of his palm with qi and blood energy to use the 'Lightning Palm'. In this case, that special ink could carry the strength of true qi and merge it with the wood-type aura inside the bamboo slips, giving birth to the defensive formation.

After all, a defensive formation was different from his 'Lightning Palm'. The power inside needed to last for a long time, and you had to make sure that the true qi infused in the characters wouldn't lose its strength too quickly.

There were more than 200 characters in total, enough for a small essay. All these characters completely filled the twenty slips which were linked together, forming a roll of bamboo slips.

"Done!" Soft Feather blew on the bamboo slips, her face satisfied.

The ink above the bamboo slips was glittering and looked beautiful, just like a work of art.

"It's done already?" Song Shuhang asked. He wished he could keep watching for some more time.

"Yes. Now, we just need to activate it. However, these bamboo slips only have enough energy to maintain the defensive formation for around two days. Therefore, you should consider moving Venerable White to another location within these two days." Soft Feather replied.

Song Shuhang immediately heaved a sigh of relief. "Two days are enough. Venerable White should finish his meditation before the formation loses its strength."

As long as Senior White wasn't planning to come out of secluded meditation and say— Oh! What a good weather today. It's perfect for closing up! —after which he would be closing up again for another year, it would be all fine!

"I see. I'll activate the formation then!" Soft Feather held her two

forefingers in front of her chest and started to chant the incantation silently, lightly shouting at the end, "Bamboo Slips Formation, activate!"

When she shouted, the bamboo slips spread on the table were suddenly lifted by an invisible force, starting to float in front of Soft Feather. Afterward, a ray of light linked them up one by one; it was a beautiful scene.

"Go!" Soft Feather pointed at Venerable White who was lying on the bed.

The bamboo slips scattered and formed a circle around Venerable White's body.

"Done. Now, even if Senior White were to accidentally release his 'illusory reality', it wouldn't affect those outside the circle formed by the bamboo slips." Soft Feather clapped her hands.

Song Shuhang also secretly heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank you. Soft Feather, you were really of great help this time!"

"Hehe. You're welcome, Senior." Soft Feather's eyes narrowed as she smiled.



Time quickly passed by; it was already noon.

This afternoon's meal was very sumptuous. It was even more sumptuous than yesterday's meal when Old Lu had come to visit them.

"Shuhang, Yu Rouzi, the meal is ready," Mama Song shouted.

After Song Shuhang brought Soft Feather to the dining table, everyone took their respective seats.

"Eh? Didn't your friend got up?" Mama Song slightly furrowed her brows as she asked.

"He got up. However, he still felt sleepy and is taking his time. He'll come once he's done combing his hair and washing his face!" Song Shuhang said with a smile.

Mama Song nodded and concentrated her attention on Soft Feather... compared to that Song Bai, Soft Feather was more likely to attract Mama Song's attention.

After the meal was served, Song Shuhang quickly started to eat. It looked as though he hadn't eaten anything for days!

In a little more than thirty seconds, he had already finished eating.

"Ma, I'm done here. I'll go call my friend," Song Shuhang said.

"Was there a need to eat so quickly?" Mama Song opened her eyes wide—what was he doing? Eating so quickly and leaving the girl at the table alone?!

Luckily, Soft Feather and Mama Song already chatted for a long time this morning. Therefore, even after Song Shuhang left, she wasn't embarrassed.

Song Shuhang quickly returned to his room.

Soon after...

A calm-looking Venerable White came out of the room.

Long black hair scattered behind his back, and he was so beautiful that he look liked an immortal that had come out of a picture. Right now, there was still a faint feeling of weariness on his face.

"Uncle, Auntie. It's pretty embarrassing, but I just got up. I troubled you quite a bit for the past few days." The man named 'Song Bai' went into the dining room and made a hollow laugh.

Papa Song said with a laugh, "It's alright. You're Shuhang's friend, you can consider this place as your home."

Mama Song also got up and gave a bowl of rice to 'Song Bai'. "No

need to be shy. What about Shuhang?"

"Thank you, Auntie. Shuhang returned to his room. He said he had something to do. Hehehe." Song Bai took the bowl of rice and laughed—but his smile seemed a little forced.

The nearby Soft Feather hid her face. She was trying best not to laugh...



After the meal was over...

Zhao Yaya helped Mama Song bring the tableware in the kitchen, while Song Bai and Soft Feather returned to Shuhang's room.

After returning to the room, Soft Feather jumped on the bed and loudly laughed.

Venerable White was still happily meditating.

'Song Bai' took off the brooch-like object on his chest, ending the illusion and assuming Song Shuhang's appearance once more.

After laughing for a while, Soft Feather raised her head and mimicked Song Shuhang's appearance and tone from when he took the bowl of rice. "Thank you, Auntie. Shuhang returned to his room. He said he had something to do. Hehehe... Senior Song, how

did it feel to call your mother ‘auntie’?”

“...” Song Shuhang.



At this time, on another side, in the luxurious compartment on a train.

Gao Moumou had a dumbfounded look on his face as he was reclining against the seat. His adorable girlfriend Yayi was lying in his arms and was already sleeping.

"What are you guys doing here?!" Gao Moumou lowered his voice and said with his teeth clenched in anger.

At this time, two people of mixed blood were standing beside him.

One was the childhood friend that Gao Moumou didn't want to acknowledge—Zhuge Yue.

The other was the best friend he wanted to break relations with—Zhuge Zhongyang.

"Ahahaha, did you really think you could escape me just by changing your phone number? Gao Moumou, you're so naive!" Zhuge Yue said, self-satisfied.

The nearby Zhuge Zhongyang added, "Gao Moumou, it's time! I've already booked tickets for you and your classmates; we're heading toward the East China Sea!"

Chapter 265: Shuhang, let's have fun in the East China Sea!

Zhuge Zhongyang continued to speak complacently, "Additionally, I have already decided on the route we should take! We will take the plane to the big island within the East China Sea, and we will explore and have fun for a day there. Also, I have already booked a luxurious 5-day cruise and reserved a couple of places for you and your friends. Come with us. Youths, let us play as hard as we can and have an awesome time!"

Please, you're going to see your prospective wife candidates, not to have fun... set your priorities right! Gao Moumou strongly criticized in his heart.

At the same time, he looked up to the sky—even changing his phone number couldn't help him escape the clutches of Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang. What sin had he exactly committed in his previous life to meet this pair of fools in this life?

As a Buddhist saying goes: If we glanced back at each other 500 years ago, we'd meet once again in this lifetime.

That means that 500 years ago, his myopia must have been so bad that he looked at this pair of fools a couple of hundred times in exchange for the current ill-fated relationship in this life.

No way, he definitely couldn't accompany this pair of fools to go to the East China Sea, or else the blissful honeymoon plans he made with his girlfriend, Yayi, would be completely foiled.

Hence, he had to reject vehemently! He couldn't afford to give his opponent any chance to take a breather... he had to bluntly reject, not giving them any way out!

"Not possible, I won't go with you guys on the trip. Just give up!" Gao Moumou said coldly. "I already made holiday plans with Yaya, no matter what, I will not change it!"

After earnestly rejecting them, the tone of Gao Moumou's voice changed, and he immediately betrayed his comrades, saying, "However... I can help you contact Song Shuhang and Tubo to get them to accompany you guys. You know them too, they are my roommates, they are really nice."

"No way, if you don't accompany me there, I will feel very anxious," Zhuge Zhongyang said. "After all, you're my only friend here in China! This concerns my lifelong happiness, you must help me!"

"Not gonna happen, you can forget about it! If you continue whining and complaining, I am not going to even contact Song Shuhang and Tubo, and you'll have no choice but to accompany Miss Lu alone to the East China Sea!" Gao Moumou threatened in a low voice.

"Sigh, there is no need for that. [We were originally grown from the same root; why should we hound each other to death with such impatience?](#)" Zhuge Zhongyang sighed deeply and snapped his fingers.

Zhuge Yue raised his (her) pretty face, swiped his (her) phone and played a sound recording.

Firstly, it was Zhuge Yue's voice. "Let me kiss you, the french kiss way!"

"I'm sorry, I have to refuse. I'm not gay and I already have a girlfriend. Please find something else to practice with... pillows or a pillar, it's all up to you!" said Gao Moumou's voice.

Zhuge Yue paused it and smiled at Gao Moumou.

After hearing that conversation, Gao Moumou's face immediately went white. "Why, why do you have this recording?!"

He reached out his hands in a bid to snatch Zhuge Yue's phone.

Zhuge Yue nimbly dodged and calmly tapped on the phone.

"...So, it's definitely impossible, you should give up this idea! Hey, wait, what are you doing? Omph!" said Gao Moumou's voice.

And a series of kissing sounds was heard.

Thereafter, Zhuge Yue started to explain. "Originally, at that time, I wanted to take a video so that I could look at it, to do a research on how to kiss... but I didn't realize it was in voice

recording mode instead. It was indeed a failure."

Horrible, he (she) even wanted to take a video? What would have happened if it got leaked? I'd die!

"Delete it, delete all of it from the start to end, and wipe all contents of your phone!" Gao Moumou raged in a low voice.

"Hehehe, this is after all an important research material, how can I let you delete it so easily?" Zhuge Yue laughed complacently.

"Bastard, you two deserve to die!" Gao Moumou clenched his teeth.

"Hehehe." Zhuge Yue wore a cute smile on his (her) face.

"Let's make a deal." Zhuge Zhongyang ran his fingers through his hair and struck a dashing pose. "You accompany me to the East China Sea, and I will make sure Zhuge Yue deletes this recording. I can also guarantee that I will ensure that she deletes all the other duplicates of it too. How about that?"

Gao Moumou wanted to cry but failed to shed a tear. "Dammit, why are you insisting that I go with you?"

"That's because... you are my good-for-nothing adviser!" Zhuge Zhongyang flipped his hair.

Gao Moumou felt that he might as well be dead—500 years ago he was definitely not just myopic, he must have been really blind for him to have any relations with this pair of fools before his eyes.

Zhuge Zhongyang changed to another dashing pose and said, "One word, deal or no deal?"

"Deal!" Gao Moumou clenched his teeth.

Thereafter, he resigned to fate and started taking out his phone and calling... it was such a tragedy, if he did not drag a few others down with him, he wouldn't feel ok.

Be it Song Shuhang, Tubo, or even Yangde—regardless of who it was, he definitely had to drag at least two others to die with him. They were after all brothers—even if they were not born in the same year, month and day, they had to at least die at the same time!

Gao Moumou dialed Song Shuhang's number first.

Very quickly, Song Shuhang picked up the call. "Hello, who is this?"

He asked because Gao Moumou had changed his number.

"It's me, Gao Moumou!" answered Gao Moumou.

"Gao Moumou, what's up?" Song Shuhang asked. Then... the melodious laughter of a woman, akin to silver bells, could be heard from Song Shuhang's end of the line—albeit faintly.

If one had to describe that laughter, they could say that it was simply a sound with healing properties. Upon hearing it, Gao Moumou's mood became a lot better. He evaluated the laughter in his heart—it was in second place after his girlfriend Yayi's laughter.

"You know, I mentioned it to you guys before, prior to the start of vacation. That bastard Zhuge Zhongyang wants to invite our classmate Lu Fei's elder sister on a trip to the East China Sea. Not only that, he had already booked the flight tickets and had gotten the itinerary all planned out. If you have the time, do you wanna have fun in the East China Sea?" Gao Moumou tried to sound as gentle as possible, just like wolf granny's voice, patiently instructing, luring Little Red Riding Hood...

"Eh? Didn't you say that you wanted to spend some quality time with Yayi, just the two of you?" Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity.

"Sigh, it's hard to decline Zhuge Zhongyang's magnificent hospitality, and also, East China Sea is beautiful and fun, so I decided to bring Yayi along with me as well. Moreover, I don't have to fork out any money—it includes food, drinks, accommodation, and leisure activities," Gao Moumou lied through his teeth.

"If that's the case, when will it be?" Song Shuhang asked—he

didn't have any other things to do lately anyway.

As they were speaking, he looked at Soft Feather. Yeah, Soft Feather was a good girl.

Thereafter, his glance fell on Senior White, who was still laying on the bed. He couldn't help but think of Doudou who ran away from home together with the small monk.

As expected... bringing the three of them along would be much safer.

Gaou Moumou asked expectantly, "We're leaving in two days' time, wanna go together?"

Two days later? Just in time—Senior White would have been awake by then, Doudou and Guoguo would also be found by then as well. The timing was just right.

"Alright, no problem." Then, Song Shuhang asked again, "Can I bring people along?"

"No problem, the more the merrier! I'd even think it's little if you brought eight or ten people! Even if you brought twenty, thirty, or even a few hundred people with you, I wouldn't think it's too many!" Gao Moumou laughed his head off—it would be best if he could bring a thousand people along; besides, the money they would be spending belonged to that idiot Zhuge Zhongyang.

"Haha, probably just a few people, I'll ask them first. Once I have confirmed everything, I will call you back to give you an answer," replied Song Shuhang.

"My good brother, remember to bring as many people as you can. So that's settled, see you!" Gao Moumou laughed heartily and hung up.

Thereafter he took a deep breath and prepared a speech in his head before making a call to Tubo.

"Hello Tubo, it's me, Gao Moumou—I have a really fun place to bring you to! Right, it's the island resort in the East China Sea that Zhuge Zhongyang talked about, do you wanna go together to have fun? Hehe, there's also a luxurious 5-day cruise, how does that sound? Action is better than feeling excited at the thought of it, pack your suitcases, my brother; we will come pick you up in two days!"



Song Shuhang hung up.

Soft Feather was lying next to the bed, laughing melodiously.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

This young lady laughs way too easily, it's scary!

He suspected that if he were to casually tell her a few jokes, she would laugh very hard and probably wouldn't be able to straighten her back. And if he were to give her a few funny stories, she could possibly get cramps from laughing too hard.

"Soft Feather, my friend told me he's organizing a group trip to the East China Sea, do you wanna come with us?" Song Shuhang asked.

Soft Feather held her belly and finally stopped laughing with much difficulty.

And then, she shook her head with a face full of regret, saying, "Even though I really wanna go, I can't. I have to rush over to my friend's place to assess the situation and see if there's anything I can help them with... How about this, Senior, you leave your cell phone on; after I finish settling my friend's family's problem, if it's still early, I'll go over to look for you!"

"Right, Senior, wear this!" After which, Soft Feather took out a silver bracelet from her purse.

"?" Song Shuhang took the bracelet and looked at Soft Feather with a baffled expression—why did this bracelet look like it was meant for females? As a man, how could he wear it?

"This acts as the coordinates for the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique'! My dad prepared it for me. I can't operate flying swords yet, so rushing to places can be very troublesome.

With this bracelet acting as the coordinates, I can use the ‘Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique’ on my magical treasures to rush toward its position. As for this item, there is one on the Spirit Butterfly Island, one on my father, and as for this one, it’s for you to wear it. If I finish settling the issue earlier than expected, I can directly use ‘Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique’ to rush over to you." Soft Feather laughed happily.

"The Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique? Used to rush to places?" Song Shuhang felt that the name of the technique was very familiar.

Very quickly, he remembered where he first came across this spell.

(Sailor Moon, ‘Moon Prism Power, Make Up’!)

I’ll be damned, it made me think of that embarrassing scene again... That Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique was a technique given to him by Venerable White at that time to save his life in a pinch.

When he was being chased by Limitless Demon Sect’s Branch Leader Jing Mo, he used the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique to escape to Venerable White’s side. En route, he even pushed against the lower back of Penniless Thief Sect’s ‘Cold Flame Sword’ with his head, spinning while flying for a long time.

But, wasn’t that a spell to save one’s life?

In Soft Feather's eyes, this spell was also to be used when one was in a rush to get to somewhere...

Reference to Cao Zhi's Quatrain of Seven Steps

Chapter 266: Twin-Tailed Senior White!

In the afternoon, after eating the meal, Papa Song returned to the company he worked at, the State GRID Corporation of China. Although the job wasn't hard, Papa Song was somewhat bored of it.

Therefore, he was secretly saving up money. After Song Shuhang had graduated, he was planning to open a fitness equipment factory with two good friends.

Over the past two years, fitness equipment for domestic use was selling more and more, and this made Papa Song rather excited. If he weren't afraid of a possible loss that could affect Song Shuhang studies, he would have already resigned from his current job and opened the factory with his friends.

Papa Song and his friends were keeping this matter a secret and hadn't told their families about it, but the three of them had already started to plan the establishment of the factory and were planning to open it in three years at most.

At this time, Mama Song and Zhao Yaya were chatting in the living room.

...Mama Song wanted to know which place was the best for a date in Wenzhou City. She was looking for one that would create a good mood and wouldn't be too chaotic.

She felt that Song Shuhang, this bookworm, wouldn't be able to

find an appropriate place for a date. And since she was worried about his future, she had already started to make preparations.

While the two of them were discussing, Song Shuhang pushed the door of the living room open. He was here to take a few snacks.

There were always some snacks in their living room—when Mama Song watched drama or when Papa Song watched Western science-fiction movies, they would come in handy.

"Ma, Elder Sister Yaya, what are you talking about?" Song Shuhang thoughtlessly asked. Then, he squatted down and took some snacks with him.

"We were thinking about which place would be the best for you to bring Yu Rouzi to," Mama Song said with a serious expression. Speaking of which, the name of this girl was rather strange, who would name their child 'soft feather'...?

Whatever, the name wasn't important. What really mattered was that she was beautiful, sensible, and very interesting!

"Shuhang, I'll leave you the key to the car. There are many interesting places in Wenzhou City, you can bring her wherever you want for a stroll. Good luck, you two look very good together!" Zhao Yaya held her thumb up in approval.

"Pfff! What are you two even talking about?" Song Shuhang laughed, "There is nothing of the sort between Yu Rouzi and me!"

Soft Feather was indeed beautiful, but Song Shuhang was clear of his limits. He wasn't like those main characters in novels that would put on a fierce look and all the females would automatically fall for them! Moreover, it was only his second time meeting Soft Feather in person!

"Also, Yu Rouzi has something to attend to in the evening. She will leave in a while," Song Shuhang added.

"She will leave in a while?" Mama Song was disappointed after hearing these words.

"Then, I'll return to my room." Song Shuhang picked the snacks and laughed.

He didn't wait for Mama Song to speak further and immediately left as though he was running away.



When he pushed the door of his room open and looked inside, Song Shuhang was dumbfounded.

"Ah! Senior Song, you're back." Soft Feather turned her head and laughed embarrassedly after seeing Song Shuhang.

At this time, she was sitting beside Senior White and taking

photos of him.

Taking a photo itself wasn't a bad thing, but there was something wrong with Senior White's current state.

On the bed, Soft Feather had put Senior White into a very lovely pose—at this time, he was pointing both his forefingers toward his cheeks, looking very cute.

"Pfff!" Song Shuhang couldn't help but laugh.

"Senior Song, when I looked at Senior White, I thought he would look very cute in this pose. Ahahah..." Soft Feather made a hollow laugh as she explained.

She was afraid that Song Shuhang would scold her for being impolite to a senior.

But his reaction was very different from what Soft Feather had expected.

Song Shuhang gave her a thumbs up and said, "Good! If you tie Senior White's hair into twin-tails, it will look even cuter!"

...Perhaps this was the influence of Thrice Reckless Mad Saber and Immortal Master Copper Trigram from the Nine Provinces Number One Group, but Song Shuhang himself wasn't aware that he would from time to time do things so reckless he was practically seeking death.

Soft Feather was surprised at first, but soon after, her eyes lit up. "Ah! Senior Song has a good eye indeed!"

Then, she suggested, "Senior Song, should we try it together?"

Song Shuhang thought a bit and said somewhat worried, "Wouldn't that cause Senior White to wake up?"

"Don't worry. As long as we don't have evil intentions, Senior White won't react while in meditation. I have experience with this matter!" Soft Feather patted her chest and guaranteed.

She has experience in this matter? Now, does Venerable Spirit Butterfly have a different flashy hairstyle every time after he stops meditating?

"Then, shall we try?" Song Shuhang was excited. "I'll go get a rubber band to tie the hair!"

"I have a hair ribbon here!" Soft Feather replied. Then, she took a colorful hair ribbon out of her pocket. Although she liked to keep her long pitch-black hair loose, she didn't mind changing style once in a while. Therefore, she had all types of girl accessories with her.

Now, it seemed that preparations were complete!

"What kind of twin-tails do you want?" Song Shuhang asked. Although he hadn't personally tied the hair of a girl, he had seen many girls with twin-tails.

Therefore, he knew that there were many types of twin-tails.

For example, they could be symmetrical and tied above the ear, sticking up. This one was quite cute.

Or, they could also be on the crown of the head and sticking up or hanging down behind the ears. This one was also quite amusing.

You could also tie the twin-tails behind the ears and make it drop down; you could also add a fringe for extra cuteness. It also gave you a scholarly air.

Or, you could turn the twin-tails hanging behind your ear into pigtails, draping them over your shoulders. This style was also refreshing.

Moreover, you could add many decorations and tie your hair in many different ways. There were so many different patterns that you couldn't count them.

"Let's try them all!" Soft Feather said straightforwardly. "We don't have to limit ourselves to a twin-tails, we can also try a ponytail, hair-up style, and so on! I know many styles myself!"

"I see. Then, you tie the hair and I'll coordinate with you!" At this

time, Song Shuhang had already lost his mind and wasn't even thinking of the consequences.

Next...

Song Shuhang cautiously raised Senior White's head, and Soft Feather pulled the hair from behind his body out.

"Senior White's hair is very long and soft!" Soft Feather sighed with emotion. Then, she used her small hands to comb his hair. Once she was done, she added, "Come, Senior Song. You take the hair and form a ponytail; I'll tie it."

"Sure!" Song Shuhang gently put down Senior White's head and took his hair from Soft Feather's hands. Then, just like she asked, he grabbed it and formed a tail above Senior White's ear.

As expected, Senior White's hair is really soft... Song Shuhang thought to himself. It felt as though he had grabbed a first-rate silk cloth. He felt very unwilling to part with it after grabbing it.

"Senior Song, raise your hands a little. If we don't tie them at the root, it won't look good," Soft Feather said.

Then, she used two white-colored hair ribbons and tied a very pretty butterfly-shaped knot in the place where Song Shuhang was grabbing.

"Let's do it on the other side too! I think that white hair ribbons

really suit Senior White's black hair!" Soft Feather said excitedly.

"I feel the same!" Song Shuhang went on the other side. Then, he tied a tail on the other side too with Soft Feather's help.

It was a success!

At this time, Senior White was lying on the bed, his face peaceful. After his long hair was tied into twin-tails, he looked even more beautiful.

The twin-tails gave one a feeling that was hard to describe!

"Awesome!" Soft Feather took her mobile phone and took several pictures of Senior White, twin-tails edition.

"Come, Senior Song. Put Venerable White in the same pose as before, when he was pointing his forefingers at his cheeks!" Soft Feather said excited—she looked like a child that had found an amusing toy.

"Sure!" Song Shuhang coordinated and started to fiddle with Senior White's hands, making his forefingers point toward his cheeks.

Ah! Venerable White looks incredibly cute in this pose.

If not for the fact that we've lived together for quite some time,

my heartbeat would have also sped up after this scene, right?

"Woah! Now, I feel like taking Senior White away and storing him in my house," Soft Feather muttered. Then, she took her phone and took another round of pictures.

"Eh... wait. Don't include me in the pictures," Song Shuhang said.

Soft Feather stuck out her tongue.

After Song Shuhang moved away, she started to madly take pictures again.

"Come, Senior Song. Let's exchange places!" Soft Feather said full of enthusiasm after she was done taking pictures.



Next was Senior White, ponytail edition!

Senior White in ponytail edition also looked good—click, click, click!

Senior White double braid edition also looked good—click, click, click!

Senior White hair-up edition was also cute to the extreme—click,

click, click!

Ah? What type of hairstyle was this? Were these two hammers? Ox horns? Whatever, it didn't matter. They all looked cute on Senior White—click, click, click!

And these pigtails coiling up on the top of the head... what style was this? Well, let's just take a picture—click, click, click!

Senior White was played with till he was broken.



Even Song Shuhang himself had forgotten how many different styles they had tested on Senior White's hair.

At last, Soft Feather was completely satisfied. Then, she secretly shot a look at Song Shuhang and laughed— As expected, Senior Song is the best. Even while performing such a deed, he still coordinated with me.

After stretching herself, she narrowed her eyes. "Hehe, we took many pictures. I'll show them to my father after returning home. Ah, yes. Senior Song, I'll choose the best ones and send them to you!"

"Ahahah, sure... huh?" Song Shuhang's smile stiffened. He recovered from the 'sometimes my brain stops working' disease and returned to his senses.

F*ck... wait, what the hell was I doing just now?!

Once he recalled to mind everything that had happened, his legs went soft—he felt as though his acrophobia had suddenly worsened.

"Cough, Soft Feather. After thinking a bit, I think it's better if you keep those pictures to yourself. After all, I can see Senior White everyday, there is no need to send them to me," Song Shuhang coughed and said, his face serious.

"I see. Then, let's put it off until later." Soft Feather replied. However, she was thinking something else in her heart —Senior Song and I worked very hard to take these pictures...

Later, I must choose the best ones of the batch and secretly send them to Senior Song...

Chapter 267: A masked thief? Or is it an assassin?

In the afternoon, 3:30 PM.

Soft Feather said goodbye to Mama Song and prepared to leave. She was heading to her friend's family.

Mama Song was a bit sad to let her go. "Yu Rouzi, you can come here whenever you're free!"

Song Shuhang pushed the door open and prepared to see Soft Feather out.



Once they were downstairs, Song Shuhang asked, "Soft Feather, how are you planning to reach your friend's family?"

Song Shuhang remembered that Soft Feather couldn't ride a flying sword yet. Then, was she planning to reach that place by train, car, or plane?

"I'll go by train. There is a stop just outside the small town where their family is located. I'll just need to walk a bit before arriving there!" Soft Feather laughed. "Senior, you don't need to worry. I've already learned how to buy tickets; there won't be any problem!"

"Then, I'll accompany you to the train station," Song Shuhang said. There was a little bit of distance between his house and the train station.

"Good!" Soft Feather nodded.

"Em... is an electric scooter fine?" Song Shuhang asked, somewhat embarrassed.

Papa Song had taken the car to go to work, and the tractor he had used to come here was destroyed some time ago! Well, even if the hand-guided tractor was still intact, he had no intention of using it to drive Soft Feather to the train station!

"An electric scooter? I've heard of it, I will ride it with pleasure!" Soft Feather suddenly got excited.

Song Shuhang felt that it was very easy to make Soft Feather laugh or become happy. She was very lively and was always in a good mood.

Soon after, when Song Shuhang took out the womanly electric scooter, Soft Feather asked, "Senior Song, can I drive it? Please, let me drive it!"

"Sure, but wear the safety helmet. The road leading to the train station is under tight surveillance, and if you don't wear the helmet, you'll be scolded by the police officers." Song Shuhang gave her the safety helmet.

Speaking of which... Soft Feather wouldn't add weird stuff to the scooter akin to Senior White's formations to increase its speed and so on, right?

After wearing the helmet, Soft Feather sat in the front. Her legs were very long and it was rather interesting to see her ride this small scooter.

At first, Song Shuhang was planning to sit like usual with his legs spread apart, but after seeing that the person in front was Soft Feather, he heaved a sigh and decided to sit like girls, with both legs dangling on one side.

After all, willpower alone wasn't enough to control certain natural reactions...



In the end, Soft Feather didn't add any formation to increase the speed of the electric scooter. She was happy with just riding it on the road. Although there were all types of vehicles on the Spirit Butterfly Island, she could only take a stroll within the boundaries of the island. It wasn't as exciting as riding on the main road.

Unfortunately, it was very rare for Soft Feather not to act unreasonably. However, there was a limit to how reckless you could be with an electric scooter.

But along the way, the electric scooter suddenly started to slow down; it was out of power.

"Eh? Senior, what's happening?" Soft Feather looked at the electric scooter, her expression confused. Although she was twisting the handle to accelerate it, its speed was still getting slower and slower.

"Is it out of power?" Song Shuhang shot a glance and discovered that it was really out of power.

It seemed that Mama Song forgot to recharge it after the last time she used it—Mama Song didn't have a driving license. She tried to get it for three years but kept failing. Therefore, she decided not to take the test anymore out of spite.

"It's out of power? What do we do now?" Soft Feather was worried. She was so happy to ride this scooter, but now, it was out of power.

"Fear not!" Song Shuhang thought of a small technique in his possession and said, "I have the battery charging technique!"

Although the battery charging technique was used to recharge mobile phones and laptops, it should still work on an electric scooter. However, it was unknown how many time you would need to use it to recharge an electric scooter completely...



The answer was—thirty times!

One use of the battery charging technique was enough to charge a mobile phone completely, and a large amount of its extra energy was wasted. Therefore, both phones and laptops could be fully charged after only one use.

The battery charging technique didn't consume too much qi and blood energy, but after using it thirty times, Song Shuhang's face was a bit pale. If he hadn't already opened his Nose Aperture, he would have had to take a portion of the energy of the ghost spirit.

"Senior, you even know how to use the battery charging technique? Senior Thrice Reckless uploaded this technique on the group space a long time ago. But after taking a look, I discovered that it was too troublesome to learn and gave up." Soft Feather secretly stuck out her tongue and added, "Since it's fully charged, let's go!"

"Let's go then!" Song Shuhang was slightly panting as he sat in the rear seat once more.

The electric scooter started to operate once again; this time, it was fully charged.

Soft Feather's melodious laughter echoed again.

On the road, Song Shuhang felt that there was something amiss—

Wait, I fully charged it?

Damn, why the hell did I waste time to fully charge it? Charging half of the battery should have been more than enough to let me return home...

Is there something wrong with my head today?

After arriving at the train station, Song Shuhang accompanied Soft Feather to buy the train tickets. After seeing that she entered the waiting room, he was finally free from worries and left.



At dinner, Song Shuhang kept performing his two roles. First, he ate the dinner as Song Shuhang. Afterward, he went to this room, changed into Venerable White's appearance, and returned to the table again to eat the second meal.

Soft Feather temporarily lent him that brooch that could change one's appearance. Luckily, Song Shuhang's appetite had increased after all that practice. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for him to eat two large bowls of rice!

Anyway, this evening, mom was looking strangely at 'Venerable White'. Did she notice something amiss?

Fortunately, Senior White's meditation will end tomorrow. At the time, we'll eat together and mom won't suspect anything, Song

Shuhang thought to himself.



Spirit Butterfly Island.

Venerable Spirit Butterfly was sipping some Spirit Green Tea. His beloved daughter directly prepared these tea leaves. Although there were some problems with these tea leaves, they weren't enough to affect him who had reached the Spiritual Venerable Realm. This is how he had decided to dispose of these tea leaves prepared by his daughter.

At this time, a multicolored butterfly arrived in front of Venerable Spirit Butterfly and magically changed into a girl with colorful clothes. She was a monster butterfly that had condensed a monster core and could assume a human form.

The girl with colorful clothes said with a smile, "Teacher, senior brother just called. Your daughter left the home of fellow daoist Song Shuhang and successfully took the train."

"Oh, she left already! I see, tell Jianyi to keep protecting Soft Feather in secret." Venerable Spirit Butterfly calmly nodded—then, he slowly sheathed his flying sword.

If his beloved daughter was planning to pass the night in the house of a man... hehehe!

After seeing the flying sword in the hands of her teacher, the corner of the mouth of the girl with colorful clothes twitched.



Night was falling.

Song Shuhang was holding the enlightenment stone and meditating. He was training his mental energy.

Lady Onion had completely taken root on the enlightenment stone, and a tender sprout had started to grow on it, green and very pleasing to the eye.

Song Shuhang was thinking of having Lady Onion hand over the Buddhist Roaring Lion's Technique—after all, she was planning to steal his enlightenment stone. After failing, she had to suffer the consequences!

It was unknown if it was because she couldn't or didn't want to talk, but after taking root on the enlightenment stone, no matter what Song Shuhang asked, she would just shake a bit and stay silent.

Was it possible that she had turned into a normal onion spirit after losing her body?

Late at night, silence reigned supreme.

Song Shuhang could feel the strange energy of the enlightenment stone continuously flowing inside his body. At this time, it had already started to weaken the bottleneck of the Ear Aperture.

After a few days of practice, his Ear Aperture should be full of qi and blood. At the time, he would be able to break through easily.

But that wasn't all... Song Shuhang felt that even his mental energy was affected by this strange power.

This strength wasn't merging with his mental energy but was instead 'stimulating' it, making it stronger and purer.

'The effects of this strange stone are even better than what Venerable White had mentioned. If this situation continues, I won't need too long to open the last aperture, the Mouth Aperture. After opening all apertures, I'll be ready to jump through the dragon gate.' Song Shuhang slowly opened his eyes and sighed with emotion.

But just as he opened his eyes... he saw a masked figure stealthily trying to open the window of this room!

Song Shuhang's eyes met with that of the masked man.

Is it a thief?

This guy is so arrogant! He can clearly see that I'm sitting on the bed and still awake, and yet he still dared to open the window and enter the room... is he not giving me face at all!?

He needs a good lesson.

Song Shuhang put away the enlightenment stone and used the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>, dashing like lighting toward the thief. His right hand turned into dragon claws and aimed at the shoulder of the masked man.

"Dammit." The masked man cursed. However, he wasn't scared; he raised his palm like a sword and welcomed Song Shuhang's claw attack.

Immediately, Song Shuhang look changed—this wasn't an ordinary thief.

When the enemy raised his palm, he felt the power of qi and blood emanating from it; this thief was a cultivator!

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist?

Song Shuhang immediately thought of that Spiritual Emperor from the Penniless Thief Sect.

But he didn't have too much to think right now. He used the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> at full strength, and his right hand bypassed the thief's sword-like palm, directly

aiming at his throat from a weird angle.

"Junior, you have some skills, but... you're too slow!" the masked man said in a hoarse voice. He was trying to conceal his real voice.

As soon as he finished speaking, the palm of the masked man suddenly accelerated forward.

Its trajectory didn't change, but thanks to this sudden and extreme acceleration, it made Shuhang's previous move completely useless—because Song Shuhang's hand was still halfway when the sword-like palm was about to hit him!

"Shield!" Song Shuhang calmly said.

He used the innate skill of the ghost spirit, and a small golden shield appeared in front of his chest, keeping off the sword-like palm of the masked man!

Although it wasn't as strong as an 'armor talisman', this small golden shield was still capable of warding off most of the attacks of cultivators of the Second Stage!

At the same time, Song Shuhang put his other hand in his pocket.

He still had one sword talisman left!

"Clang!" The sword-like palm met the small golden shield head-

on, sending out a metallic sound.

"Pierce!" the masked man shouted. Then, a white-colored sword light erupted from the tip of his fingers.

It was true qi!

This masked man was a cultivator of the Second Stage or even stronger.

"Crack, crack, crack!"

Cracks started to appear on the surface of the small golden shield, and Shuhang's body was sent flying by a huge force.

Song Shuhang stumbled on the bed, falling next to Senior White.

After this successful attack, the masked man chased after Song Shuhang as fast as lightning, readying his sword-like palm for a follow-up attack...

Chapter 268: Even if one falls, a thousand will arise!

Song Shuhang was sent flying as his small golden shield broke, falling next to Venerable White.

At this time, the Bamboo Slips Formation was slowly revolving above Venerable White's head.

This particular formation was the opposite of a normal defensive formation—it wasn't protecting from external attacks but from internal ones. It was a revised version created by Soft Feather. It was precisely for this reason that Song Shuhang and Soft Feather could previously change Senior White's hairstyle with the formation still active.

But at this time, the characters on the bamboo slips were all 'moving'. It meant that the formation was working at full power right now—in other words, Senior White had used a move and the formation was operating at full strength to stop it.

After stumbling on the bed, Song Shuhang didn't bump into Senior White...

...But felt his body sucked up into another 'world'—he was familiar with this feeling, because he had already experienced it several times, and he wasn't hoping to experience it again.

He had felt the very same feeling every time he was sucked into

that desert created by Senior White ‘illusory reality’!

Song Shuhang quickly turned around and looked behind... he saw that the masked man was closely chasing after him and entered the range of the ‘Bamboo Slips Formation’, ending up in the world created by the illusory reality together with him.

Seeing this, he was somewhat relieved.

He was afraid that this man would harm his family members if he were to remain inside the house. But now that he had entered the illusion, he too would have fun with the young man in green clothes riding a white horse until Senior White was done meditating!

And after Senior White’s meditation had come to an end, this masked man would have nowhere to escape.



Song Shuhang relaxed and waited for the desert to appear and to once again meet the young man in green clothes riding a white horse.

But even after waiting for a long time, none of them appeared.

Weird, did the illusion change?

Song Shuhang was sure that he was inside the 'illusory reality' right now. Not only because he had felt his body enter a new world, but also because the masked man chasing after him disappeared.

However, there was no desert, and his current state was a bit strange.

"Is it possible that the illusory reality turned into a 'transparent world' this time?" Song Shuhang muttered.

The world he was in right now had no substance and was basically overlapping with the real world.

From his point view, he was still sitting in his room, and even the decorations were all the same.

However, this room gave him the feeling of being 'boundless'. Moreover, the bed was empty; there was no Senior White here!

So, is this a new world? Different from the desert that appeared the previous times?

Or... is it that this world has yet to take shape inside Senior White's mind? This would explain why it's still 'transparent' and lacks substance.

Song Shuhang operated his brain at full speed, trying to guess what was happening.

If this was a brand-new world, what characters would appear?

The protagonist of the desert was the young man in green clothes riding a white horse... but who would be the main character of this world that had yet to take shape?

Just as he was thinking, a figure suddenly got up from the bed... clearly, there was no one there a moment ago.

When he saw who this person was, Song Shuhang's expression became rather strange.



The masked man also entered the transparent world. However, he didn't know that he had entered an 'illusory reality'. Therefore, he was looking around, somewhat confused.

Is this a trap? The masked man was puzzled and at the same time very vigilant.

At this time, a figure suddenly got up from the bed.

The pupils of the masked man shrank—there was clearly no one there a moment ago!

But immediately after, he was delighted.

"Hehehe!" The masked man strangely laughed and dashed toward the figure on the bed.

The figure next to the bed didn't even have time to react as the masked man launched his torrential attacks.

Fists, palms, fingers, claws!

Atatatatatata!

"Aaaaaah!" the figure next to the bed screamed again and again, and blood madly spurted out its body...

At last, the masked man stopped his barrage of attacks.

The figure next to the bed had its eyes wide open. Sword qi had punctured its throat, fists had caved in its chest, fingers had pierced its belly, and the traces of deep claw marks could be found on its head.

After taking all these attacks, the figure crashed to the ground, and its eyes were still open even in death.

This figure had short black hair. Its age seemed to be around 18-19 years old, and it was 175 cm tall. Although its eyes were now wide open, one could faintly discern that it was a man with a kind face.

This person was unexpectedly... Song Shuhang?!

"Hehehe... boy, did you really think that you could escape with a stealth technique? Naive! From the instant you met me... only death awaited you!" The masked man evilly smiled and laughed hoarsely.

Then, he took a step forward and grabbed Song Shuhang's head. Next, he turned his right hand into a sword and slashed down.

Blood crazily sprayed, and Song Shuhang's head was cut off...

"A piece of cake!" The masked man had a happy expression on his face. Afterward, he turned around and prepared to leave from the window.



Meanwhile.

Song Shuhang was absent-mindedly gazing at the figure on the bed; this figure was none other than... Song Shuhang himself!

He didn't expect to be the new main character of Senior White's illusory reality.

It was a strange feeling to look at himself. Song Shuhang looked at the opposite party and decided to call it Song Shuhang No. 2 for

the time being.

After standing up, Song Shuhang No. 2 started to act according to the script.

At this time, Song Shuhang No. 2 didn't know whether to laugh or cry, "Hello, Senior. I'm right beside you."

This scene... it's from the first time I met Senior White, right? At the time, he took back Senior White's statue with great difficulty and waited for him to break out.

"Hello, Senior True Monarch White," Song Shuhang No. 2 said with a smiling face soon after. It seemed as though his voice was coming from a tape recorder.

Song Shuhang No. 2 wasn't as lifelike and fluid as the young man in green clothes riding a horse in the desert.

However, it wasn't actually so strange. After all, the young man in green clothes was already a finished product.

Meanwhile, Song Shuhang No. 2 was only a half-finished product for the moment.

After saying these two sentences, Song Shuhang No. 2's face became panic-stricken. "The brakes, quickly press the brake! ...Senior, this is not what I meant! There is a cliff ahead!"

Is this scene from that time I went for a drive with Senior White and we fell from the cliff?

Song Shuhang felt sad deep down in his heart after seeing Song Shuhang No. 2's terrified expression.

Next, Song Shuhang No. 2 changed and his expression became absent-minded. "Memories such as... Little White, when your hair reaches your waist, will you marry me?"

"Blerch!" Song Shuhang coughed up a mouthful of blood.

But at this time... Song Shuhang No. 2 stopped like a machine that had lost its power.

It seemed that Senior White was still constructing this transparent new world.



On another side.

The masked man had taken a few steps forward with Song Shuhang's head in his hands when he heard a sound transmit from behind.

When he turned his head, he was dumbfounded.

He saw another Song Shuhang get up from the bed—and the previous one was still lying on a side with his head missing and blood dripping all over the floor.

"Dammit, how come you haven't died?!" The masked man looked at the head in his hands and at the other Song Shuhang who was on the bed. "Who the hell are you?!"

After standing up, the second Song Shuhang said to the masked man with a somewhat bitter smile, "Hello, Senior. I'm right beside you."

"You're right beside me?" The masked man looked at the head in his hands, and a cold light flashed through his eyes.

"Are you playing tricks on me? You're courting death!" He put down the head in his hands and pounced toward the second Song Shuhang, launching another fierce and sudden attack.

This attack was also like a violent storm.

The second Song Shuhang didn't have the strength to fight back and was mercilessly slaughtered, following in the footsteps of the first Song Shuhang. Similarity, he had a hole on his forehead, a punctured throat, a caved-in chest, and a few holes in this abdomen.

The second Song Shuhang, who was now lying on the ground,

opened his mouth and squeezed out the second sentence of his script with the last bit of his strength, "Hello... Senior... True Monarch... White..."

The masked man coldly snorted. However, who is this 'Senior True Monarch White'? ...Was he referring to a Sixth Stage True Monarch?

Then, he gazed at the corpse of the second Song Shuhang that was now lying on the bed. Afterward, he used his hand to chop the head of this one too.

No matter which one of the two was the real one, as long as he brought the heads back, it was fine.

Thereafter, the masked man picked the two heads and headed toward the window, preparing to leave.



But as he turned his body and took five or six steps, another sound transmitted from behind.

Then, a familiar voice echoed once more. "Hello, Senior. I'm right beside you."

The masked man quickly turned his head and discovered that another Song Shuhang had appeared on the bed and was bitterly smiling. Next to him were the headless corpses of the other two

Song Shuhangs.

"..." The masked man felt that there was something quite wrong with this situation.

"This must be an illusory technique! That's the only possibility!" After thinking this much, the masked man pierced his thigh with his finger. Fresh blood spurted and he felt a stabbing pain.

It's not an illusion?

If this wasn't an illusion, what was exactly happening? If you were to see two identical people, you could assume that one was a double or that they were twins... but how would you justify the existence of three identical people?

Just as he was thinking, the third Song Shuhang opened his mouth and said, "Hello, Senior True Monarch White."

"..." The masked man.

He put down the two heads he was carrying and stared at the third Song Shuhang. After pondering for a moment, he said, "Hello?"

At this time, the expression of the third Song Shuhang changed panic-stricken. "The brakes, quickly press the brake! ...Senior, this is not what I meant! There is a cliff ahead!"

"..." The masked man.

It was as though they were on two different channels and couldn't communicate in the least!

Was this bastard making fun of him?

The masked man got angry and pounced toward the third Song Shuhang, launching another sudden and fierce attack.

And then, the third Song Shuhang also ended up like the others...

Chapter 269: Marry! Marry! I'll marry you!

"This time you're definitely dead!" The masked man panted slightly—even as a Second Stage True Master cultivator, continuously using your qi proved to be rather strenuous.

But at the moment when the third Song Shuhang was about to die... a ray of light flashed above the bed, and another new Song Shuhang appeared.

He appeared faster than the previous two 'Song Shuhangs'.

Was this akin to monster spawn rate + 1 in games?

The newly-appeared Song Shuhang had the same forced smile on his face, saying, "Hello, Senior True Monarch White. I'm right beside you!"

The masked man's hand was unable to move.

He knew there was definitely a problem with this world, but he couldn't understand what the problem was.

It wasn't an illusion—whenever he was killing this man before his eyes, he could touch him. Also, the odor of fresh blood was also present. They were not fake!

But every time he killed this man, he would appear immediately

right after. What was happening?

As he was in the midst of thinking, the fourth Song Shuhang who just appeared said once again, "Hello, Senior True Monarch White."

The masked man furrowed his brows and replied once again, "Hello."

But the fourth Song Shuhang before his eyes did not reply immediately.

As expected, about slightly more than half a minute later, Song Shuhang's face was in shock as he said, "The brakes, quickly press the brake! ...Senior, this is not what I meant! There is a cliff ahead!!"

The masked man sighed. This time, he resisted the thought of killing him with all his might and tried getting into the role to see if it would lead to any new changes. "Alright, alright, I'll step on the brakes!"

The fourth Song Shuhang was staring blankly again.

After staring blankly for over twenty seconds, his face suddenly wore an absent-minded expression and he said, "Memories such as... Little White, when your hair reaches your waist, will you marry me?"

The masked man was speechless.

Marry your grandfather!

Fists, palms, fingers, and claws violently attacked.

Atatatatatata!!!

"Aaaah~" resounded a painful cry.

The fourth Song Shuhang fell to the ground and died.

❄ ❄ ❄

"It should be over now, right?" the masked man muttered.

Just as he was muttering, a light ray flashed once again right before his eyes—the spawn rate seemed to be even faster!

The fifth Song Shuhang appeared right in front of him, next to the bloodied corpse of the fourth one.

As expected, his first sentence was: "Hello, Senior True Monarch White."

"Die, die, die, die, die!" the masked man bellowed.

I don't care how many you got, but since it isn't an illusion, I will kill every single one of you that appears before me!

I refuse to be misled! Don't tell me you can create a thousand people?

❄ ❄ ❄

Time passed by...

Next to the masked man was a pile of corpses strewn everywhere, at least about sixty corpses of 'Song Shuhang' in total.

"Huff, huff... this is so strange, still not finished?" The masked man wore an agonized smile on his face—he knew for a fact that he had fallen into an endless trap.

Because, when he killed the tenth Song Shuhang, he wanted to get up and leave this strange place—if he couldn't deal with it, couldn't he just run?

But it had been proven—even if he wanted to run, he couldn't!

The bed was clearly slightly over ten steps away from the window, but no matter how hard he tried to use all his strength to execute different footwork to run, jump, or sprint, and no matter how clearly he felt as though he had run quite a distance already...

yet when he turned back, it was still the same bed and the same gentle-looking man and the same pile of corpses strewn all over the ground.

And, the distance between his location and the window was always approximately ten steps! It was so close yet worlds apart, making him lose all hope.

Hence, he hardened his heart and continued to kill Song Shuhang.

Again, he didn't believe that a thousand more people could be spawned within the trap for him to kill.

If a thousand more people could be created for him to kill, then how twisted would the mastermind behind the trap be to take a liking to such cruelty?

Stop thinking too much and just kill kill kill kill kill!

But he was running out of strength and became weaker and weaker. His killing speed became slower and slower.

Before his eyes, the Nth number of 'Song Shuhang' fell to the ground with a loud thud. Before he died, he still asked stubbornly, "Will you... marry me?"

The masked man was speechless.

He was about to collapse, really about to collapse.



Time was like running water, it went by without turning back.

Song Shuhang No. N + 1 asked, "Will you... marry me?"

"Marry, marry, I already said I would marry you, is that still not ok?" The masked man cried. "Let me go, I beg of you to just let me go. Let me get out, I'm willing to do anything for you!"

However, before his eyes, Song Shuhang N + 1's injuries were too deep; his head tilted and he died.

Thereafter, Song Shuhang No. N + 2 appeared.

It was the same front dialogue as before.

This time, the masked man didn't strike. He stood blankly, waiting for Song Shuhang's recording-like dialogue to end.

Lastly, Song Shuhang No. N + 2 asked, "Will you marry me?"

"Marry, marry! I'll marry you! I'll marry you!" the masked man impatiently and agitatedly shouted.

However, after Song Shuhang No. $N + 2$ finished his sentence, he 'crashed' and stood there blankly, not moving a single bit.

"F*ck you, son of a b*tch!" the masked man bellowed in anger and used his last bit of strength and killed off Song Shuhang No. $N + 2$.

But it was of no use!

When one Song Shuhang got defeated, a thousand or even ten thousand Song Shuhangs would appear!

Song Shuhang No. $N + 3$ appeared within the ray of light.

Thereafter, he continued starting the same dialogue as earlier.

Ultimately it was still that question. "Would you marry me?"

The masked man's face fell. He didn't even have the mood to move his finger.

A moment later, he finally became clear-headed again.

"Calm down, calm down. Since it is a trap, there is definitely a chance to break out of it. Do not get manipulated by the other party. Take a rest first, and recover your true qi. As long as it's a trap, the man behind the trap would eventually reveal himself, and that would be the perfect opportunity for me to strike!"

The masked man finally calmed down; he took out a precious medicine pill for recovering true qi and swallowed it at one go.

Thereafter, he sat on the ground and started to recover his strength and true qi.

Just you wait... the moment a hole appears in this trap, I will teach you a lesson!

I'll make you wish you were dead rather than alive!

I'll use most cruel means to torture you!



In this transparent space, god knows how many hours have passed.

Song Shuhang was so bored that he climbed onto the bed next to 'Song Shuhang No. 2', took out his cell phone and took a selfie with 'himself'.

"Click!"

The cell phone flash lit up!

But at this time, the 'transparent world' suddenly disappeared!

It was too sudden; Song Shuhang was completely caught off guard.

In the next moment, he had already gone back to reality.

At this moment, he found himself sitting next to Venerable White.

Venerable White had already woken up. He was sitting up straight, smiling.

And in front of the both of them... that masked man was sitting upright and cross-legged, in the midst of recovering his true qi.

The masked man also felt the changes happening in the outside world and abruptly opened his eyes.

It was the same room! It was the same bed! It was the same man with a kind face yet extremely cruel personality!

The only thing that was missing was that ground full of corpses...

And there was an additional man who looked like a celestial that came out of a painting!

But it didn't matter, an opportunity had come!

"Hahahaha, that damned trap has disappeared, and your life is also over!" The masked man clenched his teeth and jumped in the air with his right hand clawing in the direction of Song Shuhang in a bid to create five beautiful holes in his head.

Song Shuhang did not panic, he maintained a smile on his face—his biggest pillar of support was already awake, what was there to be afraid of?

Next to him, Venerable White looked tranquil. He reached out his palm, aiming at the masked man, and said four words, "Earth Spell—Sand Transformation!"

Senior White's main attribute seemed to be related to earth. Be it the sculpture shell that appeared on his body during secluded meditation, or the Ground Leveling Spell... not forgetting the technique he just used.

Senior White created a long range seal with his hand.

Then, an earth-type rune was produced out of thin air and engraved itself on the masked man's body.

"Rip..." The masked man felt weakness in his own body. It wasn't just his body; even his spirit weakened at a really fast rate. He looked down and saw a frightening sight.

His body was actually transforming into a handful of golden sand, just like the sand in an hourglass, trickling down...

‘No, what is happening? Is this a magic technique? An illusory technique?’ He was extremely frightened.

In the blink of an eye, the masked man’s body and every item on it, even his soul included, all transformed into glittering sand.

It was the first time Song Shuhang actually saw Senior White personally killing an enemy. This sight deeply shocked him—Senior White’s spell wasn’t flashy or anything, and yet, it was extremely formidable. A cultivator who was capable of using true qi was transformed into a handful of yellow sand just like that.

Next, Venerable White’s right hand lightly waved, and a cool breeze appeared out of nowhere and swirled up the handful of yellow sand, sending it outside the window somewhere far away, mixing it with the soil on the ground.

Outside the window, it was still very late into the night—that was also to say that the time when Venerable White was scheduled to end his secluded meditation had not arrived.

"Senior White, you came out of secluded meditation earlier than planned?" asked Song Shuhang as he heaved a sigh of relief in his heart.

"I could feel a strong and obvious killing intent next to me.

Hence, I ended my secluded meditation earlier and woke up... but it's ok, this time it was only a small secluded meditation. The things that I wanted to reflect on and understand have already been more or less completed." Venerable White smiled warmly and said, "Next, after I experience a couple more interesting things, I can then continue meditating in seclusion. The next time, I should be able to meditate in seclusion for approximately 300 years straight.

The next secluded meditation will last 300 years? Song Shuhang was speechless.

"Shuhang, you cannot be lazy when it comes to practicing. A First Stage cultivator can live up to the maximum lifespan of ordinary human beings at most, which is about 120-plus years. The lifespan of Second Stage cultivators is about twice that of First Stage cultivators, which is maybe 220, and maybe up to 240-plus years. So, you have to become a Third Stage cultivator at the very least in order to live 300 to 400 years," Venerable White said slowly.

Song Shuhang slightly nodded.

"Even though there is still a very long time before my next secluded meditation... I hope that when I end my secluded meditation the next time and come out, I would still be able to see you." Venerable White smiled.

That is to say, Song Shuhang's cultivation needed to reach at least the Third Stage Realm in order to live long enough to see Senior White the next time he came out of secluded meditation.

Is this considered as a blessing from Senior White? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"I will do my best, Senior White," he said confidently. "Oh yeah, Senior, I have a strange rock for you to take a look!"

Next, he took out the strange rock from his pocket.

On top of it, Lady Onion's leaf shrunk a little, as though she was rather intimidated by Venerable White.

"Is this... the enlightenment stone?" Senior White took the strange stone and said, "No wonder, I see you have already successfully opened your Nose Aperture; even your Ear Aperture is in a state where it's brimming with qi and blood. Did you have any fortuitous encounter over the past two days?"

"Yeah, I did have a fortuitous encounter." Song Shuhang giggled.

At the same time, he thought of something. Could it be that the masked man accidentally discovered enlightenment stone on my body and wanted to forcefully steal it?

He did not see the image of the masked man frantically slaughtering 'him' in the real illusion. The target of the masked man was definitely not as simple as just an enlightenment stone...

Chapter 270: You need to pay remuneration, Lady Onion!

Song Shuhang gave Venerable White a simple explanation of what had happened over the past two days.

Starting from the 'Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist and the meteorite incident', which happened after the start of Venerable White's secluded meditation, to 'the hand-guided tractor accident'. Then, 'the meteorite exploding and destroying the hand-guided tractor with it too incident' to 'the appearance of the enlightenment stone'. Next, 'Lady Onion's attempt at stealing the enlightenment stone incident' before finally 'the lamb meat with a 300 years old fried green onion spirit incident'.

"Within the two days of my secluded meditation... so many things happened? You had quite a splendid two days, huh," Senior White said. Then, his expression suddenly turned sad as though he was experiencing some sort of heartache. "Wait a minute, earlier you said that the hand-guided tractor exploded?"

"That was because when the meteorite suddenly exploded, and the hand-guided tractor was within the range of the explosion and got hit." Song Shuhang felt sorry and consoled him, "Don't worry about it, Senior. If you really liked the hand-guided tractor, when we get back we can request for another one from True Monarch Yellow Mountain! I think that Senior Yellow Mountain would surely be able to get us the exact same hand-guided tractor as the one before."

"That's true... right, we can ask for a few more!" Senior White's

eyes lit up.

The hand-guided tractor was his most favorite vehicle to operate, especially when it trembled upon starting up—Senior White would get some sort of high from it.

Shuhang asked out of curiosity, "Why do you need a few more?"

"I suddenly thought of the 'flying sword competition' earlier, and I thought that perhaps I could look for a few fellow daoists to come together to organize a one-time 'hand-guided tractor competition'—every participant would receive a hand-guided tractor before making their own modifications, and then race each other to see who is faster. It should be very interesting." Senior White pinched his chin.

Song Shuhang was speechless and quietly turned his head around, not wanting Senior White to see his current expression—the moment he tried imagining the scene of a group of fairy maidens, daoist priests, and great masters operating the hand-guided tractors, racing and drifting on track at a speed of several hundred kilometers per hour, Song Shuhang didn't know what facial expression he should use to express the current state of his mind, which was in uproar.

"In a while, notify True Monarch Yellow Mountain to prepare around 30-40 hand-guided tractors. It's been quite a long time since I got out of secluded meditation, it's about time for me to look for an opportunity to gather my fellow daoist friends who are still alive; the hand-guided tractor competition is a pretty good opportunity." Venerable White made up his mind.

Song Shuhang went speechless.

If Venerable White was for real, the image in his mind would most likely become reality!

When that happened, he hoped that they would hold the competition in a place where there were no human beings around.

Or else, if they get caught by the police... and the police officers were to see a bunch of daoists priests, monks—as well as men dressed like ancient scholars and beauties in ancient costumes—racing on hand-guided tractors, wouldn't they be extremely traumatized?



"The hand-guided tractor's issue is then settled. Tell me more about the enlightenment stone. There is a small onion sprout on it, is this the 300 years old onion spirit you told me about?" Venerable White used his finger to lightly flick the onion spirit.

The leaves of the onion spirit quietly recoiled—when she was in Song Shuhang's pocket, she would secretly stretch out her leaves to see what was happening outside.

At that time, she saw the whole process of how this extremely formidable senior reached out his palm and destroyed a Second Stage cultivator—that Second Stage cultivator directly

transformed into a handful of golden sand. When she thought of that scene, she felt that her roots went a little weak.

"It is exactly this small onion spirit," Song Shuhang answered.

"This little onion spirit is pretty interesting... were you able to fill your Ear Aperture with qi and blood because you ate her leaves? If that's the case, nurture her with care! After you open your Ear Aperture, this little onion should have already grown quite a bit. At the time, you could directly pluck the upper part of the green onion and eat it, filling your Mouth Aperture with qi and blood. Even if it didn't get filled up, eating it a few more times should do it. It's a treasure!" Senior White smiled at Song Shuhang.

The Lady Onion immediately felt her vision go black...

"Actually, I was going to ask you to seal off her memories about the 'enlightenment stone' and let her go. This onion spirit... had a miserable past, I felt that her life wasn't easy," Song Shuhang said. His good nature was acting up.

The moment Lady Onion heard this, her eyes immediately lit up!

"But, this onion spirit seems to have grown on top of the enlightenment stone... I can't seem to pull her out. If I forcefully pull at her, I'm afraid I would hurt her roots, and by then she might really end up dying," Song Shuhang sighed.

Upon hearing this, Lady Onion's eyes immediately started

tearing up—why did her brain cramp the other day, making her climbing into Song Shuhang's other pocket onto the enlightenment stone? Look what happened now, she ended up growing on top of it!

"Taking root on top of the enlightenment stone was her having good luck," Venerable White said. "Before we find a solution, you should nurture her with care... the enlightenment stone is very beneficial to her growth. Thereafter, over a period of time, she will start growing leaves—you can take them as a form of remuneration to you for taking root on the enlightenment stone.

The Lady Onion's vision went black again—ultimately, she still couldn't escape the fate of being sliced.



"Then, Shuhang, you mentioned before that the enlightenment stone was etched within the meteorite, and there were both Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's and my sword qi there, right?" Venerable White lightly stroked that piece of enlightenment stone.

After it got separated from the meteorite, the aura of Venerable White, as well as Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's sword qi on the enlightenment stone, became much weaker, and they were still dissipating continuously.

Approximately within two days' time, the last bit of their auras and sword qi would completely disappear.

"I was thinking, could it be that after your disposable flying sword was shot into space, it might have left some of its sword qi on the meteorite?" Song Shuhang speculated.

"It's not the disposable flying sword." Venerable White smiled. "Even if it was my own sword qi, because the technique was different, the aura left behind would also be different. If I'm not mistaken, this sword qi should belong to that of the 'Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique'. That kind of flying sword technique is one I have never used on any disposable flying swords before."

"The Heavenly Peng's Flying Technique?" The name of that technique sounded familiar to Song Shuhang. He tried recalling a little and suddenly remembered. "What about the helicopter we took to space?"

"It is exactly that." Venerable White nodded and said, "The enlightenment stone is a very strange and unusual stone. Its strange power doesn't belong to the world of cultivators. Before it saw the light of day and was still hidden within the meteorite, even if it was me, I wouldn't be able to detect its presence—who would have thought that the inside of a randomly chosen meteorite to take a few pictures would have an enlightenment stone hidden in it."

All Song Shuhang was thinking right now was only one thing: This luck of Venerable White is genuinely heaven-defying!

"Now that you have the enlightenment stone and the onion spirit, Little Friend Shuhang, everything is ready for you. You just have to practice hard and quickly break through the First Stage

Realm, jumping through the dragon gate and transcending mortality, becoming a True Master."

As they were speaking, Senior White looked outside the window, smiled and nodded slightly, before snorting softly.



On a roof somewhere outside the window, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was drenched with sweat from shock.

"Did I get found out?" he muttered. Earlier, when Venerable turned his head over and shot a glance, he felt as though he was looking directly at him.

Luckily... Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist didn't have evil intentions.

Or else, he would end up in the same plight as the masked man, being transformed into golden sand.

That masked man's cultivation was only at the Second Stage, and the difference between his capabilities and that of Venerable White's was worlds apart. Because of such a huge, huge difference, the masked man had absolutely no means of detecting the frightfulness of Venerable, who was in the midst of secluded meditation.

Hence, that masked man had such huge guts to barge in and intrude Song Shuhang's room to bring about his own destruction.

But when one has reached Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's realm, they would be able to at least faintly detect Venerable White's formidable power.

I should stop thinking about the enlightenment stone temporarily... I should just set my mind on getting an apartment near little friend Shuhang's house, and become neighbors with him. Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist thought to himself.

He slid the sword orb out from his sleeve and transformed it into a layer of light. Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist stepped on the layer of light and flew far away in the direction of Wenzhou City—he had no money... if he wanted to get an apartment, he'd better look for a way to get some money.

As for how and where to get money? Penniless Thief Sect members never had to worry about being unable to deal with such problems. There was no need to worry.



Not far behind Daoist Cloudy Mist, in a shadow in the corner, there was a figure that was weakly lying on the ground—he didn't even have the strength to get up.

He was a chubby middle-aged man; however, this middle-aged man was just a puppet that was being controlled.

A fine golden hairpin was pricked into the back of his head, covered by his hair. It was almost not visible. It was a type of possession-like spell used to control ordinary human beings from afar.

"It's indeed scary... even from such a long distance away, he could actually detect my presence? Luckily, this time I'm only borrowing the body of an ordinary human, or else, earlier on, it wouldn't be as simple as just a mental shock. What I'd get would be an offensive spell, or even a flying sword to directly come over to retrieve my severed head, perhaps?" the middle-aged man muttered.

Furthermore, even though he used an ordinary human body as a puppet, the mental shock still almost managed to break his mental energy that was used to control the chubby middle-aged human, and even followed through to his own body, causing it to receive a certain amount of impact.

"With such a formidable figure guarding day and night, it's no wonder Jing Mo failed. At this rate... is there still a chance to get the Blood God Crystal back?" The middle-aged man laughed bitterly.

He kept feeling that he took every single step needed, advancing towards his goal—from the beginning when he started scheming, everything was in his hands. Everything under the sky was all pawns in his hands; didn't Su Clan's Seven also end up being adequately exploited by him?

However, ever since this asshole 'Stressed by a Mountain of

Books' forcefully inserted himself into his plans, everything got disrupted.

Right now... he felt that his hopes of him getting back the Blood God Crystal were bleak.

"However, I won't give up that easily," the middle-aged man said softly... After all, I'm Grandpa—ugh... Young Master Hai! And I never give up until the very end!

He reached out his hands and tore the piece of white paper he was holding.

That was a command to pursue and kill, belonging to the 'Limitless Demon Sect', similar to an order to capture a criminal for reward. The target was 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'.

Of course, this command to pursue and kill was fake... a powerful sect like the Limitless Demon Sect did not require a 'command to pursue and kill' to deal with Song Shuhang, a newbie that was still at the First Stage.

Chapter 271: The problem of imparting basic knowledge to the natives

This forged ‘command to pursue and kill’ of the Limitless Demon Sect was just a bait that Young Master Hai had used to attract that ‘masked man’ and push him to attack Song Shuhang...

"Sigh... you could have used your brain a little, you know? Did you really think that the sect would use normal white paper for a command to pursue and kill? Hahaha..." Young Master Hai tore the ‘command’ of the Limitless Demon Sect through the body of the chubby middle-aged man he was controlling.

Then, he stretched his hand and grabbed a small golden hairpin on the back of the man’s head, gently pulling it out.

Once the golden hairpin came off, the connection between him and the middle-aged man broke.

The middle-aged man held the golden hairpin in his hands and softly fell to the ground, fainting—after waking up, he would think that he fell asleep in this place after getting drunk. Perhaps, he would even feel happy that he had a small golden hairpin in his hands...

At this time, in Song Shuhang’s room.

The corners of Venerable White’s mouth rose, revealing a smile. ‘So it was someone from the Limitless Demon Sect! I was just

thinking how to find their headquarters... maybe I'll find some clues this time.'

Venerable White boasted an enormous amount of mental energy, how could one hope to escape him so easily?



The next day, early morning.

Song Shuhang slept till 8 AM.

He was exhausted after experiencing all those things yesterday night. Therefore, he unknowingly slept for quite a while.

"Are you finally awake?" Senior White turned his head and asked with a smile.

At this time, Senior White was using the computer, watching a movie and scrolling through the chat at the same time.

The movie he was watching was— F*ck, isn't this from the series of Fast & Furious? Song Shuhang felt a sudden impulse to change the movie into a video tutorial on traffic rules and safe travel.

In the group, several seniors were discussing.

While Senior White was scrolling through the chat log, Song Shuhang happened to see an SOS message from Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman. "Is there any fellow daoist that can send a professor of Chinese language here via mail? I'm really at a loss right now!"

"Pfff..." Song Shuhang almost choked.

He wants someone to send a professor of Chinese language via mail to his place?

Senior, a professor of Chinese language is a person! You can't casually send him via mail like an object...

Wait, both Soft Feather and Sixteen sent themselves over via mail... does it mean that it's perfectly normal for the seniors in the group chat to send people via mail?

Dharma King Creation: "Fellow Daoist Seven Lives, what happened? Why do you want us to send a professor via mail?"

As expected, he asked 'why' and not 'can you even send a professor via mail?'... it seems that these seniors have a bizarre concept of express delivery!

This is a serious problem. Someone might get hurt!

At this time, Northern River's Loose Cultivator replied, "If I'm not mistaken, fellow daoist Seven Lives should be on a remote

island, trying to teach the natives how to read and write. Was there some problem with their instruction?"

"Ah, don't even mention it. These friggin' natives are as stupid as dogs! I taught them the Three-Character Classic with great difficulty, but I didn't even have time to turn my head when they had forgotten everything.

No matter how much I whip their palms or beat them after hanging them up, it's all useless.

Up until now, their pronunciation is still subpar, and they often memorize things in the wrong order. After almost two months, they often change the first sentence of the Three-Character Classic into: Man at birth must grind soya beans into bean curd! Grind their sister! I didn't even teach them this crap!" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman was about to collapse.

Just as he sent this message, a new ID popped out in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

The name of this account was 'I'm stupid Yellow Mountain's master, Little Doudou' and it sent the following message: "Woof, woof! Seven Lives, I can't look the other way after that sentence of yours! Who did you just say that was as stupid as a dog? I'm gonna bite you! Woof, woof!"

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman: "..."

I'm stupid Yellow Mountain's master, Little Doudou: "Woof, woof! Immediately apologize to me and all the other monster dogs of the world. Otherwise, I'll bite you to death!"

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman: " @True Monarch Yellow Mountain , Your pet just appeared."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain quickly appeared only to send a row of ellipses: "..."

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman: "Look at Doudou's name."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "..."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: " @Stressed by a Mountain of Books , Isn't Doudou there with you? 😁 "

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "Look at Doudou's nickname 😁 But when did Doudou turn into stupid Yellow Mountain's master?"

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "...Fellow Daoist Thrice Reckless, farewell 🤝"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: "?"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber: " 🙏 , I directly quoted Doudou's nick, it was a mistake!"

System notification: [Thrice Reckless Mad Saber deleted a message]

Thrice Reckless swiftly moved his fingers and deleted his first message.

Moreover, he also wrote, "Senior Yellow Mountain, you also saw that I didn't do it on purpose. Since it was unintentional and I quickly deleted it, can you forgive me this one time? 🙏"

"Hehe." True Monarch Yellow Mountain said, "Too late."

[System Notification: Thrice Reckless Mad Saber was muted by the founder of the group, True Monarch Yellow Mountain, for 1 hour.]

Although he said it was too late, in the end, he muted him only for one hour.

❄ ❄ ❄

Venerable White turned his head and looked at the chat log. He nodded very satisfied and said, "The fellow daoists in the group are happily chatting. Very good."

"Happily?" Song Shuhang bitterly smiled. He felt that Senior Thrice Reckless was always courting death these days. Afterward, he added, "Senior, wait a moment. Can you lend me the computer for a bit?"

"Sure." Senior White got up from the chair.

Song Shuhang used Senior White account and wrote, "Doudou, where are you now?! Quickly come back with the small monk!!!"

I'm stupid Yellow Mountain's master, Little Doudou: "🐶, I almost scattered my dog poop everywhere. I thought that it was a mad Senior White, but it was unexpectedly Shuhang with Senior White's account. Anyway, Shuhang... you're still too young and naive. Come and catch me if you have the balls!"

Next, I'm stupid Yellow Mountain's master, Little Doudou also added, "Senior Brother Song, I'm Guoguo. If you don't spank me till making me shit all over the place, I might consider returning a bit earlier! But you must swear it in front of all the seniors in the group."

Song Shuhang clenched his teeth in anger. "Hehehe, you two are really birds of a feather flock together!"

I'm stupid Yellow Mountain's master, Little Doudou: "Catch me! Catch me! You'll have to do it like stupid Yellow Mountain; catch me if you want me to return!"

Wandering Monk Profound Principle: "..."

Wandering Monk Profound Principle: "🙄🔪"

Wandering Monk Profound Principle quietly went offline.

In a faraway place, after seeing these two emoji sent by Great Master Profound Principle, the small monk Guoguo was scared to death—he forgot that his teacher was also in the group. What should I do now? Let alone Senior Brother Shuhang, now even teacher wants to spank me till making me shit and piss all over the place!

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Little Friend Shuhang, I'll send someone to bring back Doudou and the small monk Guoguo. That's all for now."

Then, True Monarch Yellow Mountain used his powers as founder to change Doudou's username.

Afterward, True Monarch displayed his muting technique.

[System Notification: 'I'm Mr. Yellow Mountain's loyal dog, Little Doudou' was muted by the founder of the group, True Monarch Yellow Mountain, for 1 day.]

"..." Song Shuhang.

It seems that True Monarch Yellow Mountain played a major role in turning Doudou into such a silly and amusing dog...

This commotion Doudou had given rise to ended with him and Thrice Reckless Mad Saber getting muted. While the small monk

received a set of scary emoji from his teacher, Great Master Profound Principle.



Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman: "Let's not forget the main issue. Doudou caused our conversation to get sidetracked. Now! Who can send me via mail a professor of Chinese language?! It's very urgent! I really don't know what to do with these natives. If this continues, I'm afraid I'll start a massacre! The sword in my hand is trembling; I'm already at my limit!"

Song Shuhang quickly wrote using Venerable White's account, "Friendly reminder, you can't send people via mail. A Chinese language professor is not an object but a person! If you send them via mail... they might die!"

"Such details are unimportant at this time! If you want, you can send a professor of Chinese language by plane! Just help me solve this goddamn problem! Aaaaaaah!!!" It seemed that those natives had pushed Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman to his limits.

Dharma King Creation: "Who has a school-related business here and can send a teacher over there? If I'm not mistaken, there is a fellow daoist with such a business, his name should be... Drunken Sun? This fellow daoist practices a strange cultivation technique, and I can't properly remember his name. Anyway, this person should have control over a big school-related business. From primary school, junior middle school... to university!"

"..." Scholar Drunken Moon quietly appeared after being summoned.

Scholar Drunken Moon was depressed. The cultivation technique he was practicing was very special, and unless he reached the Eighth Stage Profound Sage, showing his divinity in front of the masses, the fellow daoists inside the group would keep forgetting about him.

Unknowingly, he had become the number one ghost member of the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

No matter how much he tried to show his presence, no matter how much he commented on the material in the group space, no matter how much he flooded, his fellow daoists would often forget about his existence.

Although he knew it was due to this special cultivation technique he was practicing, Scholar Drunken Moon was still depressed...

Scholar Drunken Moon: "It's regrettable that I wasn't able to leave a deep enough impression on my fellow daoists, making you forget my dao name. Anyway, I have indeed a school-related business, but it's summer vacation now. I'll help fellow daoist Seven Lives get in touch with a few people. If the pay is high enough, a professor of Chinese language might be willing to go abroad on a small island and teach Chinese to the natives... however, I make no promises!"

"Fellow Daoist Drunken Sun, thank you very much!" Palace

Master Seven Lives Talisman was moved to tears. "I'll never forget this kindness 🙏"

Scholar Drunken Moon, "Fellow Daoist Seven Lives, it's Drunken Moon, Drunken Moon! Ah... you can forget this kindness if you want, just remember my dao name!"

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman: "😏"

Song Shuhang thought a bit and wrote with Senior White's account, "Senior Seven Lives, did you try using 'pinyin' to teach the natives? Maybe if you use pinyin, they'll remember things a bit easily."

"Pinyin... I actually forgot about it. Hahaha... 😏" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman made a hollow laugh—after all, when he studied Chinese, they only used things such as the Three-Character Classic to teach people.

Song Shuhang felt sad for those poor natives that were hung, beaten, and had their palms whipped...

Original line: Man at birth is fundamentally of good nature.

Chapter 272: You sure know how to sweet talk!

When Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman learned Chinese characters, pinyin didn't even exist. Therefore, when he taught the natives how to read and write Chinese characters, he merely taught them whatever he learned back then.

From the start, he never thought of something like pinyin—and the natives were fortunate enough not to be taught traditional Chinese characters instead.

"However... now that I think about teaching pinyin to these natives, I feel very fidgety. I'll try first, and if it's not working out, then I'll wait for Drunken Sun, no, I mean, fellow daoist Drunken Moon to send a language teacher over," said Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman.

After finishing his sentence, he seemed to have suddenly recalled something. He added, "Right, if he can't find a language teacher, send yourself over to me, little friend Shuhang. Bring the Blood God Crystal along with you when you come. Like that, we will be able to complete our deal, and you can also help me teach pinyin to these natives, isn't that great?"

Song Shuhang was speechless.

Did I say something wrong? Why does it feel as though I dug a hole for myself for some reason?

But from beginning to the end, I was only kindly suggesting to Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman to use pinyin to teach the natives Chinese characters, right?

Not good, I must save myself.

What if ‘Senior Drunken Star’ couldn’t find a suitable language teacher? For all he knew, Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman might really fly for several days without stopping just to find him and wrap him up in a blanket before taking him to an isolated island in the middle of the vast ocean to teach Chinese to the natives.

As for Senior White who was next to him, he did not expect or hope for his helping hand... for all he knew, he might end up thinking that it was fun and ultimately tag along with him to the isolated island.

Song Shuhang felt that this possibility was too great, and just the thought of it was scary enough.

Especially when he accidentally turned his head to look at Senior White, it might have been his misperception, but when Senior White saw the words ‘isolated island’ and ‘natives’, his eyes seemed to be beaming with interest.

No way, I must save myself!

Song Shuhang racked his brains in a frenzy, and suddenly, an idea flashed into his mind. "Senior Seven Lives, I have an ingenious trick to teach pinyin. You can search it on the Internet... you should be able to find the 'Hanyu Pinyin Alphabet Song'!

At that time, you just have to keep playing the song on repeat—in the morning, at night, at mealtime, even when they go to the bathroom. Do this for about one to two weeks, and the natives should be able to master hanyu pinyin by then!

Not only that, I remember that people who lead a primitive tribal lifestyle like dancing a lot! Senior Seven Lives, you can search for some dance choreography online that is easy to learn and turn the 'Hanyu Pinyin Alphabet Song' into a dance and get them to sing and dance every morning. Since it requires them to jump about, it can pique their interest more easily!"

After he finished typing the words above at one go, Song Shuhang secretly sighed.

I apologize, my native brothers... but brainwashing songs are not exactly bad, if you hear more of it, it can increase your knowledge. Plus accompanying it with a dance, you can even do a mass dance in the public square, how advanced! It's very popular amongst elderly women in the whole of China.

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's eyes immediately lit up. "Ooooh, there's even such a trick! 😊 Awesome! Compared to rote learning, songs are much more catchy, it makes it easier for people to remember!"

Song Shuhang wanted to strike while the iron was hot and said, "After senior has taught the natives pinyin, learning Chinese characters would be an easy feat. Also, I feel that when teaching these natives, you should not blindly use strict methods of disciplining such as hitting their palms or hanging them and then beating them. We need to draw a distinction between reward and punishment. There has to be both punishments as well as rewards. That would be the best way to motivate these natives to learn!"

Actually, Shuhang felt that calling them 'natives' was not quite suitable, but at the same time, he could not think of a better term to substitute it.

"Drawing a clear distinction between reward and punishment? You have a point! Little friend Shuhang is indeed a young man, your way of thinking is so flexible." Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman was deeply impressed by Song Shuhang's words and felt that his idea was extremely great. At the same time, he asked, "As for how to draw a distinction between reward and punishment, little friend Shuhang, could you elaborate and explain it clearer?"

"Let me give you an analogy. For example, you can reward the few students who mastered pinyin or Chinese characters the fastest with some of the things that the natives like. Perhaps decent weapons? Items for fishing? Maybe a couple of modern objects such as a lighter?" Song Shuhang continued, "And for those who are slower or are lagging behind, you can consider other punishment methods, such as starving them for a meal or something. Compared to being hung and beaten up, perhaps being starved is something that's even scarier to these natives? Don't blindly stick to beating their palms or hanging and beating them; if

you use the same old punishment methods for too long, its effectiveness will become lower and lower."

Since I have never met any native people before... this is the most I can do to help. I hope that my suggestion can help you guys reduce physical sufferings in future.

If you compare being starved to being hung and beaten, being starved should be easier to tolerate, right?

"You've made a valid point; I can try it." Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman secretly nodded. At the same time, he deduced many things from that example. "Additionally, I can give them exam papers—a small test every three days, and an exam on the fifth day. The ones who did badly would get starved, and the ones who did well would receive all kinds of rewards. In the future, I can even get them to write essays; the ones who do badly will get hung and beaten up. Tsk tsk, how awesome!"

The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched, and his mind was filled with the image of a group of Black uncles wearing clothes made from animal skin, resting their upper body on the table, tackling a <Primary One End of Term Exam Paper> which Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman took and copied from the internet, or the essay topic <If I were a green onion>, while looking anxious and writing at a fast speed.

He never expected Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman to even think about things such as 'exam papers' or homework. Did I unintentionally increase the natives' level of suffering?

Don't tell me I did something bad out of goodwill again?

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman said, "It feels pretty awesome; I will immediately test it out on the natives. I'll let them hear ten days worth of Hanyu Pinyin Alphabet Songs first. Little friend Shuhang, when there are some results, I will contact you again! 🤝🎁"

After finishing his sentence, he went offline in a hurry.

After waiting for Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman to go offline, Northern River's Loose Cultivator popped up and said, "😁 Nowadays, you can't be happy even in a place far away from the turmoil of the world."

Fairy Lychee said, "Additionally, there is another big problem... the last time, did you guys receive the letter that fellow daoist Seven Lives sent? His profession is a 'Talisman Master', he is used to writing words using an indecipherable handwriting. At that time, when I tried identifying the words he wrote in the letter, I had a very hard time. If he were to teach the aboriginals how to read, and at the same time use such a handwriting to write for them... think about the psychological trauma they would be subjected to?"

Medicine Master: "It is indeed not easy for the aboriginals!"

Dharma King Creation said, "Scholar Sober Star, you must find a good language teacher for the aboriginals!"

"Sober Star? ...It's not Sober Star; it's Drunken Moon! The last time you only got one word wrong, now you remembered both words incorrectly! ☹️"

"I apologize, Fellow Daoist Drunken Moon. Actually, I have a suggestion, why don't you change your dao name—how about calling yourself Drunken Sun? I believe everyone would definitely be able to remember," replied Dharma King Creation feebly.

"Able to remember Drunken Sun + 1," said Fairy Lychee.

"Able to remember Drunken Sun + 2," said Medicine Master—if it was just copy pasting, Medicine Master's speed was still rather fast.

"Able to remember Drunken Sun + 3," said True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

Below, a line of seniors within the chat group followed suit.

Scholar Drunken Moon sighed softly. He really wanted to tie 10,000 tons of metal to all the people in the chat group and sink them into the Pacific Ocean!



The corners of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched, and he closed

the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Thereafter, he secretly sighed and said, "Hopefully the method I taught Senior Seven Lives would be effective."

On the side, Venerable White laughed happily and said, "Whether it's effective or not, there isn't a problem. Actually, I wanna take a look at how Seven Lives teaches Chinese characters to the natives. I am quite interested in that isolated island too."

Senior White indeed developed some kind of strange interest!

"Senior White! I have a place in mind that is much more fun. Two days later... I have a friend who invited us on a trip to an island resort in the East China Sea, there is even a luxury 5-day cruise! Senior, are you interested?" Song Shuhang provided Venerable White with a new target.

Otherwise, he was very afraid that Senior White would take him along and ride on the flying sword to Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman's place tonight!

Indeed, when Senior White heard the words "resort island" and "luxurious cruise", his interest was piqued.

"If it's an island resort, are there roller coaster rides? With ten or so inversions? Turbo Drop? Pirate Ship? Ferris Wheel? Top Buzz?" Senior White started listing several exciting rides.

Why did the rides that Senior White listed were those that could cause a person to get weak in the knees?

"Yes, they have it there! They have it all!" Song Shuhang raised his hand to his chest and assured him; they must have it!

"Then let's go immediately!" Senior White narrowed his eyes.

"Senior White, there's no need to rush. Let's set out two days later... besides, we also have to wait for Doudou and the small monk to come back first," answered Song Shuhang.

"Doudou and the small monk?" asked Senior White before saying, "Oh, you mentioned before that Doudou ran away from home again."

"Yeah." Song Shuhang sighed.

"Alright then, let's wait for two days." Venerable White reluctantly agreed.

"So that's agreed on, Senior White. Let's have breakfast first. And then, since we have time today, I will bring you to Mountain Yuyu, which is near Wenzhou City. This period of time should still be the harvesting season for bayberries, there's a campaign going on where you can go in to pick and eat at the same time, you can eat your fill," recommended Song Shuhang.

"Alright!" Venerable White's eyes became bright and sparkly.



Song Shuhang and Venerable White were chatting while walking towards the kitchen. They wanted to see if Mama Song had prepared any breakfast for them.

In the kitchen.

Mama Song was just wrapping dumplings when she heard footsteps behind her. Hence, she turned her head around.

"Good morning, Mom. We are eating dumplings in the morning?" said Song Shuhang.

"Yeah, I just wrapped them. I didn't know what time both of you are waking up so I haven't started cooking them yet. Song Bai, you're awake too. You woke up so early today? How rare," teased Mama Song.

Venerable White nodded slightly and replied, "Yeah, good morning, young lady. You must be little friend Shuhang's mother. I indeed woke up really early today!"

Young lady?

What did he call me?! Mama Song was initially dumbstruck, and then she smiled slightly and said, "Shuhang, your friend became so

good at sweet talking after one night."

Song Shuhang remained silent.

Venerable White's face looked perplexed, "?"

Did I say something wrong earlier? Venerable White questioned himself.

Chapter 273: Venerable White: I'll personally look for Doudou!

Song Shuhang laughed. "Ahahaha, indeed. Mother, Song Bai is a very interesting fellow. Yesterday, he was still tired and couldn't properly display his unique sense of humor!"

That wasn't a lie. After all, Senior White was indeed an interesting person... he would casually disassemble electric equipment, suddenly stumble on flat ground, and he could even fly to space! Being with him was so exciting and interesting that one would be moved to tears!

"You two go sit in the dining room. I'll prepare dumplings," Mama Song said with a smile.

"Fine!" Song Shuhang said as he pulled the baffled Senior White toward the dining room.



After eating breakfast, Song Shuhang said to his mother that he was planning to go on Mountain Yuyu to have some fun.

Then, he and Senior White went downstairs.

Mountain Yuyu wasn't very far from Song Shuhang's house. It was at most six bus stops from there.

But, since the last time he took a bus with Senior White, Song Shuhang decided not to use public transport anymore while accompanying Venerable White.

He didn't dare to bring Senior White there with the electric scooter either. He was afraid that Senior White would paste his A4 papers on it, making it shoot forward at insane speed. At the time, the police officers wouldn't be able to catch up even if they were to go at full speed. Those poor guys would only get depressed.

"I absolutely can't let Senior White see that electric scooter. We'll take the taxi!" Song Shuhang muttered to himself.

Then, the two of them went downstairs.



Do you know what super bad luck is? It's when you meet the worst person at the worst moment in the worst place. Afterward, this person does the worst thing possible too!

If all the above mentioned conditions come true... you have super bad luck.

When Song Shuhang and Venerable White went downstairs, next door's Auntie Li was bringing Mama Song's electric scooter toward their place.

"Oh, Shuhang! You've come just in time. This is your mother's electric scooter. I borrowed it to go to the market, and I was bringing it back. Since you're here, I'll leave it to you," Auntie Li said with a radiant smile.

The electric scooter was usually parked in the garage on the ground floor, and Auntie Li was just about to call Mama Song to tell her that she was coming over to return it. Luckily, she happened to meet Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang was dumbfounded— Auntie Li, did you really have to come at this time?

The things you feared the most would come true.

Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh. "Ahahaha! Sure, Auntie Li. You can leave the electric scooter to me!"

At the same time, he cautiously turned his head and looked at Venerable White.

As expected, Venerable White was greedily eyeing the electric scooter. That look could mean only one thing— I must ride it!

Venerable White had seen electric scooters several times in the Jiangnan area, and he had always wanted to try these small vehicles that resembled a bike.

However, he wasn't able to try one and later, he had been

occupied with that batch of new cars.

But now that he could finally get his hands on one, given his disposition, he would definitely want to try it.

"I'll leave it to you then." Auntie Li took the groceries placed on the scooter and waved at Song Shuhang, taking her leave.

After Auntie Li left, Song Shuhang turned his head and looked at Venerable White, asking, "Senior White, do you want to try it?"

"Sure!" Senior White nodded—he was just waiting for Song Shuhang to say these words!

Senior White gracefully mounted the electric scooter, swinging his long hair!

Song Shuhang bitterly smiled and gave Senior White the safety helmet. Afterward, he sat on the back.

"Where is the place we have to go?" Venerable White asked.

"Let's just ride on the main road for now; I'll tell you when you have to turn a corner," Song Shuhang said with a smile. At the same time, he was a bit worried and asked, "Senior White, do you know how to ride this gadget?"

"Of course, don't worry! When studying how to drive cars, I also

studied how to ride electric scooters!" After finishing his sentence, Senior White turned the key and pressed the accelerator.

Swish~ the electric scooter quickly dashed forward!



This time, something astonishing happened. From start to end, Senior White didn't paste those A4 papers with formations engraved on them on the scooter.

As a result, the speed of the electric scooter was quite slow... Is it possible that Senior White is in a good mood today and he doesn't want to drive at high speed?

Song Shuhang was confused.

However, he still diligently fulfilled his duty and told Senior White when to turn left, right, or go straight.

Very soon, Song Shuhang and Senior White arrived at Mountain Yuyu, the place where bayberries were supposed to be.

"Senior, we've arrived at the destination; you can stop." Song Shuhang said.

As soon as he finished speaking—screeech! Senior White slammed on the brakes and immediately stopped the electric

scooter.

Afterward, he put his foot on the ground, stopping in place.

Was he in such a hurry to brake? Song Shuhang looked at Senior White, somewhat confused.

After stopping the vehicle, Senior White didn't move and kept his robotic pose.

"Senior White?" Song Shuhang asked.

However, Venerable White was as still as before...

"There is something wrong!" Song Shuhang cautiously got off the scooter and went in Senior White's front. Then, he got a huge scare.

Venerable White was staring blankly and both his eyes lacked focus—he was distracted!

Senior White's ability to get distracted had reached a new level! Even while distracted, he could still understand things like turn left, right, and go straight!

Song Shuhang secretly rejoiced in his heart. He was incredibly lucky to have arrived at the destination still alive.



"Senior White, Senior White, we've arrived. Wake up!" Song Shuhang called out.

After a while...

Senior White finally returned to his senses and said, "Eh? We've arrived already?"

Song Shuhang felt like crying, "Yes! Senior White, we're already at Mountain Yuyu."

Moreover, you were the one driving, Senior White!

"Ahahaha! When I started to ride the electric scooter, I suddenly thought of a new and original way to modify the tractor... let me explain. I was thinking of installing a device on the tractor to let it run on water. Then, when we hold a tournament of modified tractors, a section of the road will be on the surface of the sea. What do you think of this idea?" Venerable White said excitedly.

"What?" Song Shuhang was stupefied and couldn't regain his composure for a while.

He discovered that even if he were way smarter, he wouldn't have any hope of guessing what the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group were thinking—Song Shuhang thought that even if fairy maidens, Daoist priests, and great masters were

driving modified hand-guided tractors, they would be dashing about wildly on the main road and that would be all. And if they wanted to add a little bit of difficulty, they could have chosen a mountain road.

But never would he have expected that Venerable White wanted that army of hand-guided tractors to ride on the surface of the sea...

Then, a scene appeared in his mind... 20-30 hand-guided tractors dashing about wildly on the surface of the sea as though they were riding on flat ground. Then, a tsunami suddenly approached, and fairy maidens, Daoist priests, and great masters started to shout excitedly as they operated their hand-guided tractors, riding the wind and cleaving through waves.

He felt that his scene was rather cool.

F*ck, why would I consider this cool?

"So, what do you think? Do you find it cool?" Venerable White laughed.

"It sounds very cool," Song Shuhang honestly replied—earlier, he felt that operating a hand-guided tractor and rushing into sea waves and splitting tsunamis amidst a tempest seemed indeed very cool!

"As expected, driving on the surface of the sea seems cooler than

driving on land. It's settled then!" Venerable White made up his mind.

"But enough chit-chat now. Let's go pick those bayberries." After recalling to mind those bayberries, Venerable White happily squinted.

Afterward, only one sound echoed on Mountain Yuyu—Venerable White's "Pew, pew, pew~"



After staying on Mountain Yuyu for a whole afternoon, Venerable White was finally satisfied and left.

Before leaving, Song Shuhang secretly left 800 RMB to the person in charge—originally, after paying 40-50 RMB, a person could eat as much as they wanted.

However, this was true only for a normal person, because after eating for a while, their teeth would start hurting. But Senior White was a living BUG! Who knew how many bayberries he ate during the time they stayed there.

If it weren't for the fact that he brought only 800 RMB with him, Song Shuhang would have left even more money to the person in charge.

After leaving Mountain Yuyu, Venerable White happily rode the

electric scooter.

On the way here, he had been in a daze and couldn't really enjoy the ride. Therefore, he was planning to have fun to his heart's content on the way back.

But right at this time, Song Shuhang's phone rang.

Song Shuhang shot a look at the screen and saw that it was his poor Senior Brother Zhou Li.

"Fellow Daoist Shuhang? I already sent someone to the location you mentioned to clean everything up. The scraps of the tractor were disposed of, and the guardrail was also fixed. There are no traces of the accident left. You don't need to worry about a thing." Senior Brother Zhou Li's voice echoed from the other end.

"Thank you, Senior Brother Zhou Li... moreover, is there any update on Doudou and the small monk Doudou?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Hehe... unfortunately, I couldn't find anything. Doudou knows me too well and is aware of most of the tricks at my disposal. In the past few years, he has become an expert at hiding his traces. I can only rely on luck to find him." Senior Brother Zhou Li heaved a deep sigh.

Song Shuhang felt sad after hearing these words.

"Ah, yes. Senior Brother Zhou Li, Doudou and the small monk Guoguo sent a message in the Nine Provinces Number One Group this morning. Maybe they bought a mobile phone or a tablet. Is this information of any use to you?" Song Shuhang said.

"Thanks for the reminder. It might be of help." Zhou Li sighed with emotion.

"Senior Brother, don't give up. Once you bring Doudou back, I'll bring him to the East China Sea, and we'll stay there for one or two weeks. You should take advantage of this opportunity to rest and maybe go on a date with that fairy maiden. What do you think?" Song Shuhang said.

"Thank you, thank you." Senior Brother Zhou Li was moved to tears.

Song Shuhang quietly hung up— It's rather easy to make Senior Brother Zhou Li happy!



After Shuhang hung up the phone, Venerable White turned his head and asked, somewhat worried, "Shuhang, I have a question. If Doudou and the small monk Guoguo can't be found in time, will we have to delay or cancel our plan to go to the East China Sea?"

"Senior Brother Zhou Li should be able to find Doudou by tomorrow, right...?" Song Shuhang bitterly smiled—at first, he had

a lot of confidence in Senior Brother Zhou Li. But now, only a fool would believe that he could find them by tomorrow.

"..." Venerable White.

"Let us go back for now." Venerable White said with a serious face, "It seems... I'll have to personally look for Doudou and the small monk!"

Chapter 274: Pooping while riding on someone's back!

The scooter wobbled home, carrying Venerable White and Song Shuhang...

On their way home, Venerable White did not use any formation to boost their speed.

Firstly, Venerable White only rode the scooter out of curiosity, he just wanted to experience it for a bit.

Secondly, the journey back was rather short, in total it was a distance of six bus stops. Thus, there was absolutely no need to race back.

When they got home, Mama Song seemed to be out running errands and hence she was not at home.

Venerable White and Song Shuhang then went back to the room.

"I will go look for Doudou and the small monk, and try to get them back by the end of tomorrow." Venerable White started to sort his cell phone out and took out the Meteor Sword.

Thereafter, he said to Song Shuhang, "Shuhang, give me your hand."

Song Shuhang reached out his hand puzzledly.

Venerable White used his finger to draw on his wrist with his spiritual energy—very quickly, a pretty 3D drawing of a Calabash Brother appeared on Song Shuhang's wrist.

This drawing looked very familiar.

"The Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique?" Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity.

"No, this acts as coordinates. With it, no matter which part of the world you're at, as long as nobody used any special method to hide it, I can locate where you are. After I find Doudou and the small monk, I will give you a call. Then, I will use the disposable sword to fly them back to you," explained Venerable White.

Send them back with a disposable flying sword? That's a good idea!

"Awesome!" Song Shuhang gave a thumbs up. "Also, Senior White, I strongly suggest that you set the speed of the disposable flying sword used to send the small monk back at 4x normal speed, and the one used to send Doudou, on the other hand, could be set at 50x—it wouldn't even be too much! Let them experience an adrenaline rush!"

"No problem." Venerable White nodded.

"Right, Senior, I would like to ask you for one more favor." Song Shuhang recalled something.

Then, he took out the 'treasured saber Broken Tyrant' and put it in front of Venerable White, saying, "Senior, can you draw a formation on Broken Tyrant to turn it invisible, so that ordinary human beings cannot see it?"

If he went on a trip to the East China Sea's island resort, it would be much easier for him to bring it out discreetly if it was invisible.

"Sure, that's easy," replied Venerable White.

He reached out with his finger again and drew on the Broken Tyrant an invisibility formation, a spirit gathering formation, and an anti-detection formation.

As such, apart from Venerable White and Song Shuhang, ordinary human beings would not be able to see the 'treasured saber Broken Tyrant'. Of course, this formation was only casually drawn by Venerable White—cultivators would still be able to see the Broken Tyrant saber.

"In that case, I'll head out to look for Doudou. Wait for me to contact you," Venerable White said.

If he could find Doudou before the end of tomorrow, that would be great... however, it also didn't matter if he found Doudou rather late, as Senior White had already set the coordinates on Song

Shuhang's body.

At that time, after Song Shuhang had arrived at the destination, his flying sword would be able to rush straight to Song Shuhang's side, following the coordinates.



Venerable White stepped on Meteor Sword and rode off into the sky.

With Senior White searching for Doudou and the small monk, Song Shuhang was able to have a peace of mind.



At dinner time.

Out of curiosity, Mama Song asked Shuhang, "Eh, Shuhang, your glib-tongued friend already left?"

"Ah, he's going to pick up some brat from his friend's family; he might need a couple of days before he returns," replied Song Shuhang.

"Oh my, it was rather lively previously with so many guests around, but little did I expect them to leave one by one," Mama Song said regrettably. She was a person who liked a lively

atmosphere.

Speaking of which, if not for the late implementation of the two-child policy, she and Papa Song would have another child.

For the past few years, what Mama Song complained the most about was the two-child policy—she wished so hard that the policy was implemented ten years earlier. Perhaps Song Shuhang would have had a cute younger sister by now.

"Hehe, wait for a couple of days, Song Bai will bring the kid back and it'll be lively again." Song Shuhang finished the soup in the bowl and smiled, saying, "Oh yeah, Mom, my dorm mate Gao Moumou's friend wants to invite us to an island resort in the East China Sea, and we're leaving in two days' time. Our trip is about ten days in total."

Mama Song's eyes lit up and she asked, "Are you going together with the young lady named Yu Rouzi?"

"Hahaha, Yu Rouzi has other things to do. But she said that if she can finish up her things in time, she would go over."

Papa Song slowly swallowed his food and asked, "Do you have enough money?"

"I do, sometimes I help out the seniors in school and get some remuneration in return." Song Shuhang laughed—even though his means of getting the remuneration was pretty violent.

Papa Song quietly nodded.



China, in the middle of the sky. A huge pekingese was lying on a civil aircraft heading to Beijing...

Within the fur of the huge pekingese, a small monk curled himself into a ball, wrapping himself in its fur.

They were indeed Doudou and the small monk Guoguo. The two fellas were hitching a ride on the airplane—why would they do that? It was because they had no money. The rest of the money the small monk earned from selling himself was spent on a widescreen phone that was made in China...

"Senior Doudou, is it really ok for us to escape to Beijing?" the small monk Guoguo asked anxiously.

Whenever he thought about Abbot Profound Principle sending 😊 and 🔪 in the Nine Provinces Number One Group, he would feel very panicky.

The abbot got angry to the point he sent the emoji of a knife! Did it mean that Abbot Profound Principle intended to use the knife to slash him? Even if he didn't use the knife to slash him, perhaps he would not be able to get away from a good beating.

Doudou said with joy, "Don't worry, don't panic. Based on my many years of experience of running away from home, at first, people in your family will get very mad. Just like Shuhang right now, threatening to beat the crap out of you! But, there's a saying—human feelings are easy to exploit!"

He started to pass on his own <Heart Sutra of Running Away from Home>. "After you run away for a long period and they can't find you, they will start to panic! By then, their anger would be taken over by 'worry'. After that, when they finally find you with much difficulty, they would pamper and dote on you like a baby."

"Is it really like that?" the small monk Guoguo asked in anticipation, but still kept his solemn face.

"Don't you worry, I can guarantee that. Stupid Yellow Mountain is also like that. Every time I ran away from home, he would act as though he was extremely angry. But ultimately, when he couldn't find me for 10-15 days, he wouldn't be the slightest bit angry, only worried and wondering why I wasn't coming home. After finding me with much difficulty, I would become the master of the family. They would give me all the nice food and drinks I wanted!" Doudou was very pleased with himself.

...The only bad thing about this trick is that you cannot use it too often. After using it too often, freaking stupid Yellow Mountain is now numb to it, and he isn't worried at all. Dammit, I really want to bite him!

After being brainwashed by Doudou, the small monk felt a lot better.

"So, will Senior Brother Shuhang come to get us?" asked the small monk.

"He definitely will; with his nice guy personality, he definitely would be searching every corner of the earth for us."

The small monk silently nodded. His heart felt warm—he seemed to understand why Senior Doudou liked running away from home so much.

"Achoo, achoo! Eh? Strange, why do I suddenly have a bad premonition?" Doudou sneezed a couple of times while laying on top of the plane. He used his claw to rub his nose—just as he was talking about how 'Song Shuhang should be searching every corner of the earth to look for us,' for no apparent reason, his instincts caused him to be on guard. This was the hyper instinct of dogs!

Could it be that the good guy Shuhang's still angry? It's been said that when such people get angry, they could be very scary.

As Doudou was deep in thoughts, suddenly, the plane beneath his body started shaking violently.

The passengers' screams could be heard one after another. The scene was in complete disorder.

During its flight, the plane suddenly experienced a strong

turbulence...

"A sudden strong turbulence? Woof~ an aviation accident wouldn't happen right?" Doudou lamented. I was just hitching a ride on the plane, that's all.

Forget it... in the event of an accident, I will try my best to save some of the passengers. Based on Doudou's capability, he still couldn't change the impact of strong turbulence on the plane, he could at most save a few people.



Luckily, the turbulence only lasted for a short period of time.

After peace was restored, the flight attendants started consoling the startled passengers.

The passengers looked as though they escaped a narrow death; some of them even cried tears of joy.

"Safe and sound, and I don't have to do anything." Doudou stuck out his tongue and lay down again.

At that moment, the small monk on his body looked very stiff—his face showed that he was in great distress.

"Guoguo?" Doudou asked out of curiosity.

At the same time, Doudou's keen nose smelled something bad...

"Senior Doudou... I pooped!" the small monk said in a weak voice.

...Perhaps it was because of his hemorrhoid treatment over the past three days, which required them to keep inserting the medical apparatus up his butt? Or perhaps, after he was cured of hemorrhoids, he might not have gotten used to it? In any case, he kept feeling that his anus was not tight enough for the past two days.

This morning they were in a rush to leave, and hence he did not have enough time to poop. During their journey, he felt the need to relieve himself but tried to hold on. However, when the plane started shaking—he was not careful for only a bit and accidentally pooped.

Doudou was speechless.

If he pooped his pants, then so be it. Besides, the small monk was only six years old—occasionally pooping his pants was pardonable. He was after all very young.

But, the problem was... the small monk was lying on top of his body, and was being kept warm by his fur.

He pooped while laying on his back!

"Senior Doudou... I didn't do it on purpose." The stern face of the small monk cringed so hard it started to look like fried dough twists.

"You don't have to say anything." Doudou sighed deeply and said, "Let's look for a place to deal with your underwear situation."

What else could he have done? The small monk was still very young, he couldn't possibly reprimand him severely, right?

Even if he reprimanded him, so what? Won't the small monk just end up crying out loud because he felt wronged? And he would still have to end up cleaning his poop in his underwear anyway.

After sighing deeply, Doudou used his claws to grab the small monk firmly and leapt down from the plane.

Speaking of which... as a dignified monster dog, why did he end up landing himself in such a predicament where he had to change the underwear of a little brat?

Doudou suddenly started to suspect if acceding to the little monk's request and bringing him out to play a game of 'running away from home' was a good choice...

Chapter 275: Monster hunters

By a small stream amidst the mountains.

The small monk had a serious face as he bared his butt, starting to wash his trousers on the bank of the stream. He was very skilled—it seemed it wasn't his first time washing his trousers.

Doudou was soaking upstream of him, letting the water wash his fur. However, he felt as though his body still smelled of poop even after soaking in the mountain stream for a long time. Was it a misconception?

Around three minutes later.

"Senior Doudou, I'm done washing." The small monk quickly came over and showed his clean trousers to Doudou.

"Alright. I'm also done soaking." Doudou came out of the small stream.

Then, he violently shook his body and got rid of the water. Next, the monster energy inside his body exploded, quickly drying his fur.

After seeing this scene, the small monk was awed. "Senior Doudou, can you help me too?"

"..." Little Doudou.

He wondered whether this small monk was his natural enemy or something.

However, he still stretched out his paw and grabbed the trousers. Afterward, he used his monster energy to dry them.

"Senior Doudou, you're incredible." The small monk put his trousers on and happily swayed his butt. Then, he made a pirouette and concluded his performance with a cool pose. "Ta-da!"

"..." Little Doudou.

"Senior Doudou, where are we headed now?" The small monk cheerfully ran to Doudou's side. It didn't matter where they were headed, the small monk was extremely excited. He was acting like a kid that had gotten out of home after being grounded for a long time.

"Let's go toward Beijing. I have a monster cat friend there. Let's go to her house to have fun," Doudou replied. This monster cat friend was precisely the monster cat he wanted to introduce to Shuhang.

After all, he couldn't harm his kind; he'd better harm some monster cat!



"Meow~" Just as Doudou mentioned the words 'monster' and 'cat', a low cry echoed beside his ear.

When he turned his head, he saw a tiger-striped cat closely watching him, baring its fangs and claws at him.

We are in the middle of mountains, is this a stray cat?

Cats and dogs were natural enemies.

And Doudou had the appearance of a normal pekingese at this time. Therefore, when the cat saw him, all the fur on its body stood on end, and its tail was so inflated that it seemed a corn.

The wildcat showed Doudou its sharp teeth and revealed its claws. It seemed as though it was trying to show Doudou its strength and scare him...

"Hehe, are you making your fur stand on end in front of this dog god?" Doudou spat out his tongue. Then, he moved his four small legs and dashed toward the wildcat.

When the small wildcat saw Doudou ignore its awe-inspiring pose and dash toward it regardless, it panicked and decided to fall back.

But how could its speed compare to Doudou?

Doudou pounced toward the cat like a hungry dog and pressed it down his body.

"Meow..." the small wildcat bitterly cried out.

"Woof, woof~ why don't you act arrogantly now? Why aren't you making your fur stand on end?! Woof, woof!" Doudou used his head to rub the small wildcat.

"Meow~ meow~" The small wildcat struggled with all its might and tried to scratch Doudou's body with its claws.

However... not even the young man in green clothes in Senior White 'illusory reality' could damage Doudou's dog fur, let alone this small wildcat with its weak claws.

The more it was hitting him, the more Doudou was cheerfully rubbing it with his head.

"Meow~ meow~" the small wildcat cried out again. At first, it had a very domineering voice, but it was getting weaker as time passed by. At last, it could only send pitiful cries, as though it was sobbing.

"Woof, woof~ why don't you act arrogantly now? Why aren't you making your fur stand on end?!" Doudou said self-satisfied—this scene reminded him of the first time he met the monster cat Chuchu.

At the time, Chuchu had just turned into a monster cat and also aggressively made her fur stand on end, trying to scare Doudou.

But Doudou pounced toward her like a hungry dog and immobilized her on the ground, starting to rub her with his dog head.

At the time, the monster cat Chuchu also struggled with all her might like this striped cat just now. Too bad that her cultivation was no match for Doudou and she couldn't escape.

After being rubbed for a long time, the monster cat Chuchu lost all her domineering air.

Nowadays, if she encountered Doudou, she always kept a distance of a meter between them.

But, the saying 'compromising will make a conflict much easier to solve' didn't apply to Doudou.

The more she was trying to avoid Doudou, the more Doudou was looking for her to rub her with his head.

Even now that he had run away from home, he was thinking of looking for the monster cat Chuchu and torturing her a bit.



Just as Doudou was cheerfully rubbing the striped cat with his head, the sound of footsteps echoed from a faraway place.

"Tiger-striped, tiger-striped, where are you?" The sweet and child-like voice of a girl echoed along the footsteps.

Very soon, the owner of the voice appeared in from of them.

It was a 15-16 years old girl wearing an apricot yellow daoist robe. Moreover, she had ten long talisman papers hanging on each shoulder. These talisman papers were covered with numerous incantations.

Furthermore, her uncovered arms were also full of rune-like tattoos.

Doudou immediately identified the girl by her attire. "A monster hunter?"

Monster hunters were a branch of cultivators. But they were different from those that cultivated to reach immortality.

Rather than becoming immortals, monster hunters preferred to vanquish demons and monsters.

Moreover... they were one of the most annoying branches amongst cultivators. According to their logic, a monster should be

subdued no matter if it was good or bad. Those that were bad were directly put to death, and those that were good were sealed up.

In short, they wanted to free this world from the creatures known as 'monsters'...

There was a time when monster hunters and monsters were furiously fighting each other till their last breath, but at a certain point, monster hunters hid themselves and disappeared from the world. From that moment, they rarely appeared in front of others.

There were many rumors and conjectures about what might have happened. But, in the end, aside from the monster hunters themselves, no one knew what the real reason for their disappearance was.

When I got out this morning, I was shat on. And just as I found a good place to wash the poop away... I actually encountered those monster hunters that no one has seen in the past several hundred years? What's wrong with my luck today? Doudou was depressed.

"A monster!" After seeing Doudou, the eyes of the girl with a child-like voice immediately lit up.

Then, without waiting for Doudou to speak, she stretched her hands and tore down a talisman paper from each shoulder.

"Wicked monster, die!" The young girl threw the talisman papers, which changed into golden flames, shooting toward

Doudou.

"..." Doudou.

As expected of a monster hunter... even after so many years, they were still mental, and as stubborn as a mule. As soon as they saw a monster, they would act like madmen and pounce toward them without even considering the disparity in their strength.

Anyway, it seemed that there was an inviolable rule in their minds—if you were to see a monster, you couldn't be gentle with it; you had to beat it to death!

"Bang, bang!"

The two pillars exploded after hitting Doudou's body, but their strength wasn't even enough to damage his fur.

The nearby small monk also finally reacted and quickly rushed forward with a serious face, angrily reprimanding the girl, "Absurd! Female benefactor, why did you suddenly attack Senior Doudou?!"

"He's a monster! Get out of the way, I must kill him!" the young girl said in a child-like voice.

"Female benefactor, you're going overboard!" The small monk angrily said, "And even if Senior Doudou is a monster, he is a good monster! Anyway, what's wrong with being a monster? They are

also living creatures. Moreover, how can you not distinguish between right and wrong and casually kill him?"

"..." Doudou.

Why is this small monk speaking as though I'm about to die?

"Little monk, make way. I'm tired of you guys preaching about the equality of all lives! Get out of my way; otherwise, don't blame me for injuring you in the process!" the young girl said as she tore down another set of talisman papers.

"..." Doudou.

F*ck, are you taking me for a little pekingese or something?!

As soon as I show my true body, this dog god will make that small monster hunter sh*t herself from fright!

Then, Doudou took a step forward and changed into a five meters long pekingese.

"Roar!" The howl of the dog echoed throughout the entire forest, and the leaves on the nearby trees fell one after another.

The effect was pretty good. After seeing Doudou huge body, the monster hunter girl swallowed a mouthful of saliva, and her morale dropped quite a bit.

Doudou smiled self-satisfied.

Just as he was planning to pounce toward the monster hunter girl and subdue her like the cat, rubbing her to death, the sound of footsteps echoed from a distant place.

That wasn't all, Doudou also smelled Zhou Li's scent.

"F*ck, how did Zhou Li discover me so quickly?" Doudou muttered to himself—usually, he would take at least a week to find his traces. What kind of incredible technology did he use this time?

He didn't want Zhou Li to catch him just yet. He still wanted to go to Beijing and have some fun with the monster cat Chuchu!

"Guoguo, let's leave. Our pursuer just caught up. We can't return home just yet," Doudou said.

The small monk nodded and quickly climbed on Doudou's body.

"Sit tight!" Doudou shouted. Then, he lightly jumped, and demonic wind started to coil around him; he was ready to get away.

"Don't think about escaping!" the monster hunter girl shouted. Next, she stretched her hand and threw a golden chain toward them...

The golden chain flew high in the sky and finally coiled around the small monk's neck...

"?" The small monk Guoguo.

Just at this time, Doudou rose into the sky with the small monk still on his back.

The monster hunter girl, who was firmly grabbing the other end of the chain, said while being dragged into the sky by Doudou, "Monster, you can't escape me! I've already caught you!"

"Female benefactor, let go... quickly let go... I'm... ugh..." The small monk grabbed with both hands the chain coiling around his neck. This is bad... I can't breathe! Let go, quickly, I'm dying!



"Doudou!" Zhou Li angrily howled from below.

"Doudou, don't even think about escaping!" Zhou Li stretched his hand, throwing a long chain toward them!

The chain flew in the sky and tightly latched onto the left leg of the monster hunter girl.

Afterward, Zhou Li, who was tightly grabbing the other end of

the chain, was also dragged into the sky.

Guoguo squeezed out, "I'm dying... I'm dying... Sob, sob~ I'll never run away from home again!"

Chapter 276: A man that makes other feel jealous

"Zhou Li, let go!" said Doudou to Zhou Li.

"Hehehe... in your dreams! There is no way I'll let you go now that I've caught you!" Zhou Li pulled the entirety of the chain out of his sleeve—there was a pointed hook on its other end.

This was Zhou Li's preferred weapon and also the reason he was nicknamed 'Heaven Shrouding Hook' Zhou Li. Other than killing his enemies, this chain with a pointed hook allowed him to capture them alive—this was one of the main reasons he was in charge of capturing Doudou. No matter if it was a human or a dog, Zhou Li was an expert at capturing them.

"Right, I won't let you escape, monster!" the girl above also shouted with her child-like voice.

"Benefactors... I'm dying... ugh..." The small monk started to foam at the mouth. He couldn't bear it anymore and softly fell downward.

The small monk had completed his Foundation Establishment not too long ago, and before leaving the temple, he had opened only his 'Eye Aperture'. The current strength of his body was even inferior to that of Song Shuhang.

Therefore, he reached his limit and passed out after having that

chain coiled around his neck for so long. Next, the monster hunter girl pulled him down from Doudou's back.

"Aaaaaah!" An ear-piercing cry echoed. However, it wasn't the small monk that screamed, it was the monster hunter girl.

The cultivation of this girl was too low, and she had no means to fly.

When the small monk was pulled away from Doudou's back, she also fell from the sky. At the same time, the chain coiling around the small monk's neck finally loosened up.

Zhou Li lightly shouted, and the chain attached to the girl's body gently moved, coiling around the small monk and the girl like a giant snake.

Then, the chain brought them to Zhou Li's side. At this time, it was swaying left and right in the sky like a huge snake.

A cultivator of the Fourth Stage had the ability to control and ride a flying sword, and since Zhou Li's weapon was a hook, he could ride and control a flying hook.

Although such a weapon had many wondrous uses when capturing someone, its speed was quite slow when compared to a flying sword or a flying saber.

But it didn't matter that much in the end. After all, no one ever

said that a cultivator could only have one weapon!

A sword orb flew out of Zhou Li's left sleeve and changed into sword light.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain had specially prepared this sword orb so that Zhou Li could easily chase after Doudou. However, it didn't have great use in battle; its only strong point was its weirdly high speed.

"Doudou, don't even think about running away! The small monk has also fallen into my hands, do you really think you can escape?" Zhou Li shouted.

Doudou stopped and turned around his body, revealing a human-like smile. "I let you pull him down on purpose. He had a chain coiling around his neck, and I couldn't free him while he was still on my back."

"Hehe... whatever, you can forget about escaping today!" Zhou Li said in a grave tone—for the sake of his beloved, he had to catch Doudou and deliver him to Song Shuhang's place. After that, he could finally pass seven beautiful days with his girlfriend!

It was a week long vacation! In those seven days, he could do whatever he wanted.

After thinking this much, Zhou Li's blood started to seethe in excitement, and even his eyes became bloodshot.

He stepped on the sword light and tightly held onto his chain, eyeing Doudou like a hunter eyeing their prey. He seemed to have locked every possible route Doudou could use to escape.

"Don't be in a hurry. I have something good to show you." Doudou raised his left paw and waved it, his face still wearing a human-like smile. Then, he used his other paw to take a mobile phone out of his fur and logged onto a certain account.

Zhou Li vigilantly looked at him, afraid that he would pull some tricks.

Next, Doudou revealed a weird smile and started to read some lines aloud, "Cough... My dear, I miss you so so so so much! I think of you every night, to the point that I can't even fall asleep! My dear, I already can't wait to be with you and protect you forever! ...Ugh, This is too disgusting, I can't keep reading."

When Doudou finished reading these lines, the excited Zhou Li made a strange face. He closely looked at the phone in Doudou's hands.

"Should I keep reading? Oh, this one is from last night... Ah, my dear! I think of you 365 days a year~ Soon, I'll catch Doudou and leave him to a young fellow daoist. Then, I'll be able to obtain seven days of vacation! My dear, I can't wait to fly by your side and pass seven beautiful days with you! I've already decided the place where we'll build our happy memories, hehehe..." Doudou continued to read.

A hint of surprise flashed through Zhou Li's eyes. Soon after, he said with indignation, "Doudou, from where did you get those chat logs?!"

This was the lovey-dovey conversation between him and his girlfriend on his secret account. Did Doudou—this shameless fellow—take a screenshot of his chat logs?

He hadn't added this secret account to the Nine Provinces Number One Group. Moreover, he didn't add any other fellow daoist either. As a result, it wasn't particularly protected, and it wasn't that difficult to crack down.

"Do you really think that I hacked your account?" Doudou said with a smile, "Too naive!"

Then, Doudou showed the mobile phone to Zhou Li, letting him see the account.

This account had a beautiful fairy maiden as its profile picture. Moreover, one could see all the sweet messages sent by Zhou Li in the chat.

"Now, I'm sure you think that I hacked the account of your sweetheart..." Doudou evilly smiled. "But you're still too naive!"

"Now, I'll make you understand how cruel the world is. From the very beginning, that sweetheart with whom you were chatting

online, sending sweet messages to, talking about your future, and sharing your happy moments with... it was me, Doudou!" Doudou loudly laughed, his face self-satisfied.

Zhou Li was dumbstruck.

"Impossible! I met her in real life!" Zhou Li howled.

"Hehehe... by relying on my charm, I just need to go to a random sect and cutely roll in the arms of a fairy maiden to convince her to help me with a small matter. Do you remember the first time you met her? She only revealed a sweet smile and immediately said she could accept everything, right? However, it seemed that she didn't want to talk about the things you usually chat about in the group chat, am I right?" Doudou smiled like a demon.

"Impossible! You're deceiving me!" Zhou Li clenched his teeth.

"Hehe, do you really find it impossible? Zhou Li, you're really too naive!" Doudou threw his head back and laughed loudly. "Do you really think that there is a woman that could bear with someone like you? Someone that doesn't have time to accompany her and is chasing after a pekingese every day, leaving her alone all the time?"

After saying this much, Doudou weaved the phone in his hands. "There isn't such a woman in this world. And even if there is, it's either a dream or someone is deceiving you! This is the truth!"

Zhou Li was dumbfounded.

And while he was in a confusional state... Doudou approached him as fast as lightning and held the small monk in his mouth, quickly running away.

The small monk, who was now with Doudou, looked at the dumbstruck Zhou Li with a worried look on his face.

"Senior Doudou, weren't you too cruel to Senior Brother Zhou Li?" the small monk cautiously asked. He felt that Zhou Li was a very pitiful person.

The fairy maiden he loved was just Senior Doudou's fake account... After imagining the scene of Zhou Li sending sweet messages to a pekingese, the small monk felt that he would have gone mad if he were in Zhou Li's shoes.

"Hmph... others shouldn't pity him but feel jealous." Doudou coldly snorted. "He chases after a pekingese every day and still has a woman willing to wait for him silently. This circumstance that should appear only in dreams and tricky situations... really occurred to this fool. This is the truth. Who knows how many men are envying that idiot."

"Ah? Senior Doudou, isn't that woman just a fake identity you created?" the small monk asked, somewhat confused.

"Do you think that I'm someone who would send disgusting

messages to Zhou Li every day? I managed to get a hold of her account because I went to her house and acted cutely for a few days." Doudou laughed.

"Senior Doudou, I think there is a very high chance that you would do something like this," the small monk said firmly—if it were someone else, the small monk wouldn't dare to be 100% sure of it, but if it was someone like Senior Doudou, he was more than capable of doing something so shameless and mean.

"Moreover, you shouldn't tell lies, Senior Doudou. Otherwise, you'll be spanked," the small monk said earnestly.

"..." Doudou.

"Would you believe me if I were to say that I'll throw you down from the sky?! Bastard, it was exactly to save you that I said that lie!" Doudou roared.

"Please forgive me!" The small monk quickly admitted his mistakes. But after a while, he earnestly said, "Still, telling lies is not a good thing."

At this time, Doudou was wondering if he should have left the small monk behind...



Zhou Li was absentmindedly standing on the flying sword, his

face pale.

"Uncle, don't cry," the monster hunter girl said cautiously.

"Hehe... Doudou... Doudou! So, you were playing with my feelings all along..." Zhou Li strangely laughed. "We need to have a good chaaaat!"

The layer of light lit up and Zhou Li dashed forward with the monster hunter girl, chasing after Doudou.

"Uncle, don't give up. We'll kill that wicked monster dog!" the monster hunter girl said with her child-like voice.

"KILL, KILL, KILL!" Zhou Li howled.



Wenzhou City, Song Shuhang's house.

Song Shuhang opened his eyes—he had just finished today's meditation.

‘Still no news of Senior White. Will he be able to bring Doudou and Guoguo back by tomorrow?’ Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"Moreover... I wasn't able to practice this morning. I'll have to go out and practice after my parents go to sleep. The quantity of qi and blood in my Ear Aperture is increasing at a faster pace than what I originally thought. Tomorrow at most, I'll be able to break through." Song Shuhang muttered.

Would he get an innate skill related to the Ear Aperture after opening it?

While opening the Eye, Nose, Ear, and Mouth Apertures, there was a chance to obtain an innate skill, and Song Shuhang was hoping to obtain a useful one!

Chapter 277: The fearful branch tracking technique

After opening their four apertures, a cultivator of the First Stage would surely obtain an innate skill; those that were lucky could obtain even two.

Song Shuhang obtained an innate skill when he opened his Eye Aperture, but he got nothing after opening his Nose Aperture.

Would he be lucky enough to obtain another innate skill after opening his Ear or Mouth Apertures?

"It has been more than a month since I started cultivating. Without even knowing, I'm about to open my Ear Aperture... recalling everything that happened, it almost seems as though it was a dream..." Song Shuhang sighed with emotion.

All the seniors in the group said that a loose cultivator would encounter many hardships on their path. But when he started cultivating, he met Soft Feather, Medicine Master, Su Clan's Sixteen, Senior White... as a consequence, his life as a cultivator had been very smooth, and there was basically no difference between him and those elite disciples from big sects.

In his pocket, Lady Onion cried till she passed out... he was already about to open his Ear Aperture after practicing for a little more than a month?

On the other hand, she had to suffer for 300 years to open three apertures... and there was still a long way for her to open her Ear Aperture!

As if that wasn't enough, the reason Song Shuhang almost filled his Ear Aperture with qi and blood after opening the Nose Aperture was her green onion sprout! Lady Onion was even more aggrieved after recalling this fact.

She had directly helped her enemy!

Such a horrible fate; what could she do besides crying?



July 13th, Saturday. Light rain.

Song Shuhang was standing in the middle of a mountain forest. He gently raised his hands and closed his eyes, trying to listen to the sound of the small water drops falling on the palms of his hands...

The sound of the raindrops falling on tree leaves...

The pleasant chirping of birds...

The sound of insects crawling in the forest...

The sound of small animals running back and forth amidst the bushes...

Even the sound of creatures moving below the surface...

All these sounds mixed in Song Shuhang's ear, becoming a beautiful symphony of nature. Without even knowing, he was lost within this marvelous melody.

Song Shuhang could hear all these sounds because he had opened his Ear Aperture.

Just as Song Shuhang predicted, the quantity of qi and blood in his Ear Aperture had reached the limit after today's practice, breaking through the bottleneck of the Ear Aperture. In the next instant, he felt like a deaf person that had suddenly regained his hearing. Now, he could hear various sounds he couldn't hear before.

Opening the Ear Aperture wouldn't just strengthen your hearing.

For example, when someone was speaking, Song Shuhang wouldn't feel any difference from before and the sound wouldn't be deafening, but only a little clearer. However, opening the Ear Aperture could let one hear many sounds that the average person couldn't, and that included even particular sound waves!

The symphony of nature was so wonderful that he wished he could listen to it forever.

The only regretful thing was that he didn't obtain any innate skill related to his Ear Aperture.

However, he still had the chance to obtain one after opening his Mouth Aperture.

Song Shuhang felt that his luck was pretty good!

Moreover, even if he didn't obtain an innate skill after opening his Mouth Aperture, he had already obtained a decent one when opening his Eye Aperture. Therefore, he didn't need to be in a sulk.

After a long time...

Song Shuhang's clothes were completely drenched when he reluctantly exited this wonderful state.

Shuhang didn't know that listening to the sound of nature was extremely beneficial to cultivators. Both state of the mind and mental energy would greatly improve under its effects.

This place he had casually chosen to break through had been a very good choice.



"My Ear Aperture is finally open. Tomorrow, I'll set out toward

the East China Sea for that trip on the island." While speaking, Song Shuhang took his phone and checked it. Just as before, there was still no news from Venerable White. "Does it mean that even Senior White can't find Doudou in such a short amount of time?"

Did Doudou and Guoguo hide so well this time?

"If Senior White can't bring them back by tonight, I'll have to go on the island alone and wait for them to reach me later," Song Shuhang said as he put the mobile phone back in his pocket.

Then, he took out the enlightenment stone from his pocket and looked at Lady Onion.

Lady Onion's tender shoots were now of the size of a fingernail.

"After opening the Ear Aperture comes the Mouth Aperture. I wonder if eating this sprout will quickly fill with qi and blood my Mouth Aperture..." Song Shuhang muttered.

However, without a senior by his side, it was very dangerous to eat Lady Onion's sprout—Ah? Wait!

Was I seriously thinking of eating Lady Onion?

I'm getting rather dangerous ideas...

At this time, Lady Onion, who was still attached to the

enlightenment stone, shivered.

"Please... don't eat me, please!" Lady Onion said. It had been very painful when she was cut into pieces by that saber.

Song Shuhang said somewhat surprised, "Eh? You can speak?"

"Yes, yes! I can speak now!" Lady Onion said. "Don't eat me, okay? As long as you don't eat me, I can give you a volume of the Buddhist Roaring Lion's Technique! You're about to open your Mouth Aperture, right? The Roaring Lion's Technique just happens to be related to the Mouth Aperture! If you learn this technique, it will help you open your Mouth Aperture!"

"Oh?" Song Shuhang smiled and didn't speak.

"Let's make a deal. If you promise not to eat my sprout, I'll immediately hand over the Buddhist Roaring Lion's Technique, okay?" Lady Onion said expectantly.

"Sure," Song Shuhang said with a smile—he had no intention of eating her sprout. Whenever he thought that the opposite party could transform into a cute onion spirit girl, he felt that eating her sprout was a rather sinful action.



In the meantime, Venerable White was still chasing after Doudou and the small monk.

Senior White was flying in a fixed direction without any deviation. He seemed confident in finding them.

The reason for this was the fearful tracking skill in his possession!

After flying for a while, Venerable White descended from the sky.

Then, he casually looked for a bifurcated branch of a tree and threw it toward the sky.

After spinning sixteen times, the branch fell to the ground and its bifurcated part pointed toward southwest.

"Oh, southwest, is it?" Venerable White nodded and turned his sword into a layer of light and headed southwest without hesitation.

This was a powerful tracking technique that belonged solely to Venerable White.

No matter how good one was at evading pursuers, it was all useless against Venerable White's 'branch tracking technique'! Even if they were to erase all their traces, they wouldn't be able to escape from Venerable White.

The limitation was that Venerable White was the only one that

could make use of this tracking technique.

Moreover... there were other flaws too.

For example, if Venerable White was flying in the direction pointed by the branch and the pursued were to suddenly change their direction, he would unknowingly go in the wrong direction and wouldn't realize until the next use of the tracking technique. At that point, Venerable White could fix the direction only with the next use of the technique, and even in that case, he would still waste some time.

But with such a fearful tracking skill at his disposal, finding Doudou and the small monk was just a question of time!



July 14th, Sunday. Clear weather.

Venerable White, Doudou, and the small monk have all yet to return...

And I received no news from Soft Feather either after she went to her friend's place to help her.

Song Shuhang took off his sports wrist guard, and if one were to look closely, they would see the 3D tattoo of a Calabash Brother and a girly bracelet.

After uncovering it, he silently covered it again. He was too embarrassed to let his friends see these things.

However, as long as he had both items with him, Venerable White and Soft Feather could easily find his position. Therefore, even if he were to go to that island in the East China Sea, Senior White and Soft Feather could find him at any time.

The only problem was... he had to turn off this phone on the plane.

What if Soft Feather or Venerable White were to contact him and he wasn't available? And if Senior White were to casually launch one of his disposable flying swords and send Doudou and the small monk over there...?

The plane would explode, right?

Soft Feather was also as dangerous as Senior White. If she were to use her 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique', she would bump into the plane, creating a huge hole in it. Good luck surviving then.

'If I don't receive any message, I'll call them before boarding the plane. I'd better avoid those fearful scenarios...' Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Just as he was fantasizing, his phone rang.

It was Gao Moumou.

"Shuhang, are you still home? Zhuge Zhongyang already sent someone to your place to pick you up. You should get ready," Gao Moumou said.

"I'm ready. I'm waiting for you guys to come over and pick me up," Song Shuhang said with a smile.

Other than the invisible Broken Tyrant, Song Shuhang only had a small backpack with him. The backpack contained tens of thousands in cash.

Then, he was wearing the ancient bronze ring on his finger, and the 'Green Breeze Speed Boost' pendant was hanging around his neck. Inside his pocket were also a sword talisman, eight evil-warding talismans, qi and blood pills, body tempering liquid, and fasting pills.

He was ready for all eventualities.

"Wait for us downstairs, we'll be there soon." After finishing his sentence, Gao Moumou ridiculed, "Moreover, didn't you say that you had several friends that wanted to come with us? How come you're the only one left now? Isn't it rather embarrassing? Or did you forget to tell them the trip was free?"

"Hehe, they had something to take care of. However, they might

still reach us later on the island," Song Shuhang said with a laugh.

After regretting saying those lines, Gao Moumou also hung up.

I didn't think that I would have to set out alone in the end...

Song Shuhang put on his backpack and went out of the room. Then, he said to Mama Song who was watching TV in the living room, "Ma, I'm going."

"Be careful on the road, and if Yu Rouzi is there, be sure to bring her here for a few days after you enjoy yourself on the island!" Mama Song said.

"Got it." Song Shuhang waved his hand and smiled.

Speaking of Soft Feather... the day before yesterday, when she mailed herself over, Song Shuhang felt as if someone was blowing cold air behind his neck, and he also felt as if someone was continuously staring at him... Song Shuhang was still wondering if it was only a misconception...

Chapter 278: Heavens, what a coincidence!

Coincidence: a remarkable concurrence of events or circumstances without an apparent causal connection. From the ninth volume of the <Slapping the Table in Amazement>: "Such a coincidence can only be the will of Heavens."

The person Zhuge Zhongyang sent finally picked up Song Shuhang and brought him to the airport.

After getting out of the car, he took his backpack and shot a look around.

He saw Zhuge Zhongyang, Zhuge Yue, Gao Moumou, Yayi, and Tubo.

On another side was Miss Lu Fei with her impressive stature as well as a maturer version of her, likely her elder sister. She was Zhuge Zhongyang's target this time.

Earlier, Gao Moumou made a bet with Song Shuhang. He said that if left alone, Zhuge Zhongyang and Lu Fei's elder sister wouldn't endure more than three minutes before starting to quarrel! Zhuge Zhongyang's temperament was so bad that he wouldn't be able to find a girlfriend for a lifetime!

At the time, after seeing Gao Moumou's self-satisfied smile, Song Shuhang wanted to remind him that if Zhuge Zhongyang couldn't find a girlfriend, he would continuously bother him.

But seeing his friend in such high spirits, Song Shuhang didn't have the heart to tell him this cruel truth.



"Eh?" After gazing at everyone, Song Shuhang's look returned to Zhuge Yue's body.

There was something wrong with Zhuge Yue today. It was very rare to see her (him) embarrassed and shrinking behind Zhuge Zhongyang and Gao Moumou, not willing to come out.

What was happening?

What made Zhuge Yue turn this quiet?

What could have happened?

Song Shuhang looked at the people next to Lu Fei.

And then... he saw someone he would have never expected to see.

It was a middle-aged foreigner with a strong build and a ruddy face.

And beside this foreigner was a blonde girl of mixed blood. The

blonde girl was having a pleasant chat with Lu Fei; it seemed that they had a very good relationship.

When he saw that stocky foreigner, Song Shuhang wished he could immediately run away and hide in the car he had come out of!

Because... that foreigner was none other than Joseph ‘Guy’ Maupassant.

Perhaps not everyone remembers this name. After all, his screen time was really too short. But if we mention the peerless martial technique the *«Times are Calling»*, then you might be able to guess the identity of this man!

How can there be such a coincidence?

Song Shuhang thought that he wouldn’t meet this ‘nominal disciple’ of his, Joseph, again. After all, Jiangnan College Town was very big and had a huge number of students. With such numbers, what was the probability of meeting the parent of a student twice?

However, he still met him!

Joseph ‘Guy’ Maupassant was standing next to Lu Fei, calmly smiling.

At this time, Song Shuhang understood why Zhuge Yue was

acting this way, not willing to show herself—it was due to the video she had sent on the website of the campus.

The title of that video was: ‘Wahaha, I laughed so much that I thought I was going to die! This is our Chinese Kung Fu seen through the eyes of a foreigner’.

And the main character of the video was a drunk Joseph ‘Guy’ Maupassant.

Song Shuhang unconsciously reached out to the magical brooch on his chest that Soft Feather had lent him; he was thinking of changing his appearance.

However... it was too late.

As soon as he came out of the car and went toward Gao Moumou and the others, the originally calm Joseph revealed an astonished look on his face. Afterward, it changed into one of happiness!

"Teacher! Teacher!" Joseph rushed toward Song Shuhang as though he was running a 100m race, calling out in a rather weird Mandarin.

Then, he gave Song Shuhang a warm bear hug.

"Teacher, I didn't think I would see you here! There is really fate between us!" Joseph heartily laughed.

"Ahaha, indeed. What a coincidence!" Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh—it was indeed fate... ill fate!

The world was so big, and there were billions of people. And yet, he still managed to meet Joseph once more... just how much of a coincidence was it?



When Gao Moumou, Zhuge Zhongyang, and the blonde girl saw Joseph cheerfully run toward Song Shuhang, they were temporarily at a loss.

Gao Moumou and Tubo were confused. As his roommates, not even they were this happy after seeing Shuhang. Just what was the relationship between Shuhang and Joseph?

But when they heard him shout ‘teacher’, they understood what was happening.

"Pfff!" Gao Moumou spurted out the water he was drinking, spurting it on Zhuge Zhongyang face who was standing next to him.

In the video, Joseph said that he met a martial arts expert at the athletic meeting in his daughter’s university... and now, it seemed that this ‘expert’ was Song Shuhang!

They didn't think that Song Shuhang was such a wicked person. Teaching someone a set of the <Times are Calling> fitness exercise and passing it off as a peerless martial technique.

In the back, Zhuge Yue covered her red face; she wanted to laugh but didn't dare to.

Because she was the one that put the video online, and just now, Joseph's daughter grabbed her and brought her to a side, reprimanding her.

If Joseph's daughter had a fiery temperament and had shouted curses at her, she would have probably felt better.

But Joseph's daughter was a very kind girl and had a gentle disposition—she was the type with a lot of patience. Therefore, she didn't curse after grabbing Zhuge Yue. On the other hand, she started to complain and release all her pent-up bitterness, reprimanding her for more than twenty minutes.

Zhuce Yue was terrified of her. She (he) wasn't too good at dealing with this kind of people!

"Teacher, the technique you taught me was really incredible. I practiced every day, and I feel that my body has become much stronger," Joseph said warmly to Song Shuhang.

From the looks of it, Joseph had yet to realize that the <Times are Calling> was just a set of calisthenics radio music...

It seemed that his gentle daughter didn't have the heart to destroy her father's dream. Moreover, doing exercise every day was healthy for the body.

And unless someone told him, Joseph wouldn't realize something was amiss—because he personally saw Song Shuhang practicing in the middle of the abandoned classroom.

Every time he was sending out a punch, the air would explode with crackling sound! It was nothing like those special effects in movies; it was real Chinese Kung Fu!

Therefore, someone like Joseph that had dreamt of learning kung fu since little firmly believed in this technique.

"Ahahaha! It's all thanks to your efforts." Song Shuhang bitterly smiled. But when he hugged Joseph, he discovered that his constitution had become much stronger!

Moreover, this growth could be felt very clearly!

Just how many times one has to perform this exercise in a day to strengthen their body to this extent? 🤔

Song Shuhang felt a bit sorry for this 'nominal disciple' of his.

However, he was also helpless. He couldn't teach others the

《Basic Buddhist Fist Technique》, the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》, and the 《Immovable Body of the Buddha》 without Great Master Profound Principle's permission.

And right now, he had no means to pay that price.

Senior Scarlet Heaven didn't say that he couldn't teach to others the 《Flaming Saber》 he learned in the dream. However, this saber technique was surely hiding some deep secret... and Shuhang didn't want to teach it to others before uncovering this secret.

Recalling things to this point, he realized that he was really useless as a 'teacher'...

"Thanks for the praise, Teacher. Unfortunately, my time is limited, and I can practice only thirty times a day. Ah, yes. Teacher, when will I start to feel the warm current flow in my body?" Joseph asked expectantly. He really wanted to be like Song Shuhang, punching the air creating crackling sounds!

If he could also do it, he would have really no regrets left.

"Ahaha, I can't say for sure. After all, everyone has different talent and different ways to practice. Therefore, the time they need is also different." After finishing his sentence, Song Shuhang sighed with emotion. "Moreover, you missed the best period to practice. As a result, you'll need to practice for more time."

It wasn't only Joseph, Song Shuhang had also missed the best

period to practice. When practicing, he had to put in double the effort while obtaining only half of the result.

"I understand, Teacher. Then, I'll just have to practice harder!" Joseph said while patting his chest. Then, he enthusiastically pulled Song Shuhang toward the blonde girl. "Come, Teacher. I'll introduce you to my daughter. She also studies at Jiangnan's university!"

What?!

Joseph's daughter is also here?

It was like a bolt from the blue for Song Shuhang, with lightning raining down on his head—It's over. This time, it's really over.



The blonde girl quietly stood there, waiting for her father to bring the 'main culprit' in front of her.

"Teacher, her name is Shuangxue Maupassant. As for the Chinese one, she took her mother's surname, Ji Shuangxue!" Joseph proudly introduced his daughter to Song Shuhang.

"And Teacher's name is... wait? Teacher, what's your name?" Joseph scratched his head and turned around with an embarrassed look on his face.

The last time, he unexpectedly forgot to ask his teacher's name...

"Hello, fellow schoolmate Song Shuhang," Ji Shuangxue said gently, stretching her fair and tender hand toward Song Shuhang—she had already learned about Song Shuhang's name from her other schoolmate, Lu Fei.

"Hello, fellow schoolmate Ji Shuangxue." Song Shuhang bitterly smiled and stretched his hand, shaking hands with Shuangxue.

The nearby Lu Fei wanted to laugh but didn't dare to; her face was all red. But Lu Fei's elder sister, who didn't know what was happening, was standing on the side with a baffled look on her face.

When Song Shuhang's gaze fell on Lu Fei, she stuck out her tongue, making a funny face.

Song Shuhang's smile became even more forced.

When Heaven sends calamities, there is hope of weathering them; when man brings them upon himself, there is no hope of escape!

Chapter 279: Quick, ask Shuhang who's the person chasing us!

After shaking hands, Ji Shuangxue did not blame Song Shuhang for teaching Joseph the peerless martial technique the *«Times are Calling»*. However, she would silently shoot a resentful gaze at him from time to time.

That kind of resentful gaze made Song Shuhang feel uneasy and nervous, as though there were brambles and thorns in his back. It was as a frightening way to kill people without even doing anything!

Thirty minutes later, Zhuge Zhongyang brought everyone to board the plane. Only then did the resentful gaze leave him temporarily. Song Shuhang could finally heave a sigh.

Before boarding the plane, Song Shuhang called Venerable White and told him that he was already on the plane. He also asked about Doudou and the small monk's whereabouts, and if he had already found them.

Venerable White said that he could already sense Doudou's aura and he would be able to catch Doudou and the small monk by this afternoon and bring them back. He also requested Song Shuhang to give him a call upon reaching the island resort. By then, he would use the flying sword to send Doudou and the small monk to his position.

Thereafter, Song Shuhang made another call to Soft Feather.

However, the call did not go through. Song Shuhang then sent an SMS and also sent a second message to her on the instant messaging app.

When they were boarding the plane, Joseph ran over enthusiastically and insisted on helping Song Shuhang carry his bag, because there was a saying that a disciple should help their teacher when the teacher was busy.

But Song Shuhang was only carrying along a small backpack!

After boarding the plane, Song Shuhang discovered that Joseph and his daughter were not together with Zhuge Zhongyang.

Since it was summer vacation, he wanted to bring his daughter to travel abroad. It just so happened that he also ended up choosing the East China Sea's island resort as his destination. His wife had already arrived at the island resort, waiting for Joseph and his daughter to come over.

Song Shuhang could only look at the sky dumbfounded. It was indeed so coincidental that even winning the lottery was easier.

On the plane, Song Shuhang sat in the window seat. Originally... Zhuge Zhongyang arranged for Lu Fei to sit next to him.

But now, the enthusiastic Joseph managed to convince Lu Fei with much difficulty to swap places. Lu Fei went over to Ji Shuangxue's, and Joseph, on the other hand, wore a face full of smiles as he sat down by Shuhang.

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to cry or laugh. Originally, he would have been sitting next to an adorable girl, but now, after much fuss, he was now sitting next to a foreign uncle.

After Joseph sat next to Song Shuhang, he asked excitedly, "Right, Teacher. With regards to cultivation, are there rankings and realms? I remember seeing in movies that there were also things called meridians or something of the sort."

Rankings and realms?

If it was the ranking and realm of the <Times are Calling>, it should be basic level? Proficient level? Physical education teacher level? And then gymnastics champion level?

But if he were to tell him all these rankings, Joseph might collapse, right?

Then, perhaps he should just randomly create his own rankings to dupe Joseph?

But he didn't feel too good about it—firstly, lying wasn't a good thing. Secondly, whenever Song Shuhang carefully glanced

towards Lu Fei's side, Ji Shuangxue kept giving him her resentful gaze from time to time.

Under such a resentful gaze, Song Shuhang could not bring himself to dupe Joseph.

"There are definitely rankings and realms... but you haven't even practiced your basics, it's not good to be overly ambitious. When you have completed your basics, I will introduce and explain to you the related rankings in detail." Song Shuhang used the delaying tactic.

"I understand, Teacher. I will definitely work hard." Joseph's morale was suddenly boosted.

After getting very excited, Joseph asked again in anticipation, "Teacher, may I be so bold as to ask you a favor?"

Recently, in order to complement the peerless martial technique he learned, Joseph's command of Chinese was getting better and better. Occasionally, he could even throw in some ancient Chinese expressions.

"Yes?" Song Shuhang casually answered.

"Teacher, disciple felt that he realized many things from practicing this peerless martial technique recently, but there are also a lot of things disciple doesn't understand. Since I am finally able to meet you, Teacher, why don't you demonstrate it once in

front of me to give me a pointer or two?" said Joseph, using half-ancient and half-modern Chinese.

What? Demonstrating it here?

Performing the 〈Times are Calling〉 on the airplane? That would be rather embarrassing! At the time, the killing intent in your daughter's resentful gaze would also be a couple times stronger!

Hence, Shuhang coughed and said, "Ahem, you don't have to rush it. Also, our current location is not suitable for demonstrating martial arts."

Joseph looked around and laughed embarrassingly. "Sorry, Teacher. I was too impatient. Then, when we get off the plane... when we get an opportunity, please give your disciple a pointer or two!"

"Alright." Song Shuhang forced a laugh—how could he even guide Joseph. In regards to the 〈Times are Calling〉, Song Shuhang himself was also a newbie!

On the other hand, for the past month or so, Joseph practiced it thirty times every single day. In terms of gymnastics exercises, he was more than qualified to be Song Shuhang's teacher!

Joseph was full of joy and said, "Teacher, if you don't find me annoying, I have another favor to ask of you!"

"Go ahead." Song Shuhang forced a smile.

Joseph lowered his voice and said, "Teacher, could you give your disciple a demonstration of the explosive punch you used that time, the one that made explosive sounds? So that when your disciple practices, he would be much more motivated!"

The punch that made explosive sounds?

Pertaining to this request, it was hard for him to reject. Because right now, Song Shuhang had already opened four apertures—hence, he was currently ten or so times stronger than before.

At that time he needed to practice the <Basic Fist Technique> till he filled his qi and blood before he could throw fists that made crisp sounds when hitting the air.

"Only for this one time," said Song Shuhang.

He directed his mental energy externally and sensed his surroundings. He realized that nobody was paying attention to him—even Joseph's daughter was chatting away with Lu Fei.

Then, Song Shuhang reached out his right palm and lightly pushed.

It looked as though he was just ordinarily gesturing with his hand.

However, this attack was infused with the qi and blood power within his Heart Aperture.

"Bang!"

A clear and crisp explosion sound was heard—it wasn't loud, but it made Joseph's eyes lit up.

He lowered his voice and said, "Congratulations, Teacher, for bringing the technique to the next level!"

Even though he was just purely a bystander, he was still able to sense the huge jump in Song Shuhang's strength. Because, at that time, when he saw Song Shuhang moving about within the abandoned classroom, he had to use all the strength in his body to throw a punch with explosive sounds. It was far from Song Shuhang's current state—it only required him to lightly fling his hand effortlessly to create the explosive sound.

"Hehe." Song Shuhang laughed softly without saying a word.

Next, he would have to wait and see how fated they were, both him and Joseph.

In the future, when Song Shuhang became strong and powerful, he would bring his family members to leave the secular world and look for a hidden place to settle down and introduce his family to the world of cultivation. By then, if Joseph and he were fated to be

master and disciple, he might as well teach him a few good things.

Of course, that would be a long time from now. The current Song Shuhang had no skills or abilities. He wasn't qualified to teach anything.



After seeing Song Shuhang's casually flung that punch, Joseph was perfectly satisfied. Next, he started to copy Song Shuhang, closing his eyes, meditating.

Song Shuhang did not teach him the meditation technique. But at that time, Joseph saw that Song Shuhang would sit cross-legged with his eyes closed to meditate after practicing.

Since teacher did it like that, then closing your eyes to meditate is surely effective.

Hence, after every thirty sessions of the <Times are Calling>, Joseph would sit cross-legged and meditate with his eyes closed and empty his thoughts—not thinking anything at all... silently in a daze!



Song Shuhang looked out of the window and mumbled to himself softly, "The East China Sea... and the mysterious island."

Actually, when Gao Moumou told him about this trip to the East China Sea island resort, Song Shuhang subconsciously thought of the ‘mysterious island’ that the seniors in the group introduced.

In any case, whenever words such as ‘East China Sea’ or ‘island’ were mentioned, he couldn’t avoid thinking about ‘the mysterious island’.

Would I be able to chance upon the mysterious island in the sky? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

However... he wasn’t worried whether he could find it or not. Because even if he were to be beaten to death, he wouldn’t enter that place. He definitely did not want to lose his memories.

Actually, he really wanted to go on a trip to the East China Sea together with Venerable White—because according to what Senior White had said before, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t find the mysterious island.

It seemed as though the mysterious Island was subtly hiding itself from Senior White? Or could it be that Senior White’s luck was stopping him from going near the mysterious island?

But no matter what, as long as he followed Senior White closely, he would not chance upon the mysterious island. He just did not expect Senior White to suddenly head out to look for Doudou and the small monk. And even now, he had yet to return.

The plane flew steadily...

I hope that the journey would go smoothly.

Out of boredom, Song Shuhang started to close his eyes and meditate—time was precious, he had to make full use of every opportunity he had to practice hard in order to progress further in his cultivation.



Meanwhile, on Venerable White's side.

At this moment, Senior White had already located Doudou and the small monk's position and was slowly approaching them. Song Shuhang had already gotten on the plane; after he was done, he could just go directly to the island resort to meet up with him and the rest, so Venerable White was not anxious at all.

And at the same time, at Doudou and the small monk's position.

The small monk said in a weak voice, "Senior Doudou, I'm dying..."

At this time, the small monk was charred black, and black smoke was coming out of his mouth.

"Try to hold on for a little longer. I feel that there is something very wrong with our current situation," muttered Doudou.

The small monk said in a weak voice once again, "It's not that there is something wrong, someone must have put a curse on us, right? Sob, sob... I'm scared."

Yesterday, Doudou, together with the small monk, successfully escaped Zhou Li and they continued to fly in the direction of the capital.

But on their way... various kinds of strange things happened to them.

For example, when the two of them were flying, suddenly, an artillery shell came shooting from below... it was said the military was testing a new anti-aircraft cannon!

With much difficulty, Doudou managed to dodge it thanks to his keen senses. As they continued flying, suddenly a bolt of lightning appeared within the clear sky. This time, Doudou could not dodge it and got blasted head-on. If Doudou did not activate his defense in time, the small monk on his back would have been severely injured.

Then, after flying and flying... suddenly, a supersonic aircraft directly came crashing straight in their direction! If not for Doudou's fast reaction, a disaster would have happened.

What was going on today?

Doudou seemed to have thought of a scary possibility and said, "Wait a moment, Guoguo. Call Shuhang immediately and ask him if he's the one chasing us. If he isn't personally chasing us, then ask him if there is someone else chasing after us!"

Chapter 280: Not subdued by force, do you want honor?

Guoguo shivered and felt around his body before taking out his cell phone.

Thereafter, he wanted to cry but had no tears. He said, "Senior Doudou, my phone broke. The bolt of lightning earlier fried the phone."

With the phone fried, there was no way of calling Senior Brother Shuhang.

Doudou was speechless.

"Senior Doudou, what's exactly happening to us? Did we commit some heinous crime that offended the Heavens?" asked the anxious small monk, who was chanting scriptures at the same time in an attempt to lighten his feeling of guilt.

Doudou sighed deeply and said, "I'm only worried about one thing... what if the person chasing us to bring us home isn't Song Shuhang, but Venerable White...?"

"What will happen if Venerable White is the one chasing us?" the small monk asked carefully.

"We're dead men!" Doudou said affirmatively... Yeah, dead men,

not dogs.

The small monk immediately got frightened and said, "Then, what's gonna happen to us?"

"Don't panic. We still can't confirm that it is Venerable White chasing us. We should firstly look for a public phone to give Shuhang a call, and confirm if it is Venerable White chasing us," Doudou said calmly. "If it is indeed Venerable White chasing us..."

"Do we surrender?" the small monk interrupted.

"No, we should immediately give Medicine Master a call and make a reservation for a bed there. Then, we will rush to his place at top speed, and get hospitalized with a peace of mind."

The small monk swallowed his saliva and said, "Make a reservation for a bed? Isn't it better if we just surrender?"

"Hmph, there is an ancient saying: one should not be corrupted by wealth or status or shaken by poverty or subdued by force. Only then one can become a man of character! No matter how great the threat or force is, we cannot succumb to it," Doudou said proudly.

Hence... he insists on getting hospitalized at Medicine Master's place instead of surrendering? Does he really have to persist in running away from home to such an extent? The small monk was confused.

"We should take advantage of the fact that Zhou Li has not caught up with us and hurry to look for a place that allows us to make calls," said Doudou.

Thereafter, he continued flying and flying with the small monk and finally found a small shop with something that looked like a public phone.

"These days, looking for a place to make calls sure is difficult." Doudou immediately landed in a corner next to the shop and went inside together with the small monk.



"Go make the call, I will give you Song Shuhang's number via secret sound transmission! You still have some spare change with you, right?" asked Doudou.

"I do." The small monk nodded.

A person and a dog went to the shop. The small monk faced the aunty at the counter, put his palms together and said, "Female benefactor, I need to make a phone call."

"Oh wow, what a cute little master." The lady boss smiled. "Do you need me to help you dial the number?"

"Thank you, female benefactor, but the small monk knows how to use it," replied the small monk.

After he took the phone, he dialed the phone number that Doudou gave him via the secret sound transmitter and called Song Shuhang's phone.

Very soon, a cordial voice came from the phone, saying, "Sorry, the phone you are trying to reach is switched off."

The small monk stiffly turned his head around and looked at Doudou, saying, "Senior Brother Shuhang... his phone is switched off."

Doudou was speechless.

"I'm sorry, female benefactor. The call did not go through." The small monk faced the lady boss, put his palms together and apologized.

The lady boss almost spurted blood from her nose after seeing how cute this small monk was.



Why is Shuhang's phone off? Doudou was suspicious. That was because Song Shuhang had already learned the battery charging technique, so even if his phone ran out of energy, he could just use it to charge it.

As he was thinking, his facial expression suddenly changed. He turned around and sniffed before getting startled.

Next, he immediately sent a sound transmission to the small monk, saying, "Guoguo, let's hurry and leave. I can sense Zhou Li's scent approaching. Zhou Li's state seems a little strange today... he could actually catch up with us so soon?"

The small monk quickly bade the lady boss goodbye and hurriedly escaped with Doudou.



Doudou carried the small monk on his back and flew high into the sky at a fast speed, continuing to fly in the direction of the capital.

"Senior Doudou... do we have to make a call to Senior Medicine Master?" the small monk asked anxiously.

"Let's increase the distance between Zhou Li and us first, then discuss!" Doudou answered.

As they were talking, Doudou suddenly stopped.

In the next moment, Doudou charged straight ahead. Not only that, but he also took out a magical treasure that looked like four wind-fire wheels and placed it under his feet.

He flew upwards at lightning speed, and rose to more than a hundred meters in altitude in an instant!

"Senior Doudou?" the small monk asked out of curiosity.

"Don't talk, that fella Zhou Li has already caught up," answered Doudou. He and Zhou Li had been fighting for so many years because of his episodes of running away from home; hence both of them knew each other's tactics very well.

Earlier on, Zhou Li had made his move!

Just as Doudou flew up, a snake-like chain with a hook curled up in his original position below.

If Doudou did not fly up high instantly, he would have been caught by the chain.

But Doudou was still able to dodge it in the end.

"Hehehe, Zhou Li, this isn't enough. So many years have passed, and you're still using the same tactic. Your Heaven Shrouding Hook might be concealed, but I discovered its pattern a long time ago. As long as I detect a tiny trace, I can dodge it. You're really too naive, Zhou Li. Can't you change your tactics a little?" Doudou said complacently.

"Hehehehe, naive?" Suddenly, Zhou Li's voice could be heard from somewhere above Doudou.

Following his voice was a chain that landed from the sky above—the long chain transformed into a large net, engulfing Doudou and the small monk.

Below, Zhou Li's 'Heaven Shrouding Hook' also curled up and transformed into a net and came at Doudou from below.

It was indeed an inescapable net!

"F*ck, two Heaven Shrouding Hooks!" Doudou screamed, and the four wind-fire wheels on his feet spun at lightning speed, launching his body forward at full speed.

But... just as Doudou was charging forward at such a fast speed, there suddenly appeared a strong draft in the opposite direction that started to affect him.

Even though the strong draft didn't have a huge impact on Doudou's speed, sometimes, that little bit of extra speed one lost was enough to change the situation.

The inescapable net that the Heaven Shrouding Hooks had transformed into trapped Doudou tightly.

After being captured, the two Heaven Shrouding Hooks tied Doudou's four legs firmly. In the blink of an eye, Doudou was tied

up like a rice dumpling.

The small monk on his back was also tightly bound.

"Dammit, I refuse to surrender!" Doudou bellowed. If not for that sudden strong draft, he definitely would not have been caught by the Heaven Shrouding Hooks.

Additionally, why are there two Heaven Shrouding Hooks? That fella Zhou Li had always been using just one!

"Hehe, you won't surrender?" Zhou Li, who was stepping on the sword light, steadily landed in front of Doudou. "There have always been two Heaven Shrouding Hooks... just that my skill was not good enough previously, and I could only use one of them. As for the second one, I only started to master the technique to use it not long ago. Just in time—I got to test it out on you!"

Next to Zhou Li, the monster hunter girl stared at Doudou like a tiger eyeing its prey.

"I refuse to accept defeat. If not for that strong draft earlier, you think you'd be able to catch me? Don't talk about two Heaven Shrouding Hooks, even four of them would not make it easy for you to catch me!" Doudou clenched his teeth.

"Hehe, no matter what you say... right now, you're in the palm of my hand!" Zhou Li took out a pipe from his body and lit it up before taking a long drag.

Doudou bitterly clenched his teeth.

Zhou Li took a long drag from the pipe once again and exhaled two long streams of smoke from his nostrils.

After being cheated by Doudou yesterday, Zhou Li's eyes became very red, and he kept saying how he wanted to fight it out with Doudou. But today, his condition was entirely different—even weirder than yesterday.

The current Zhou Li was too calm—Doudou originally expected Zhou Li to seethe in anger and beat him up badly.

But Zhou Li right now had not shown a single bit of anger—he was only silently smoking his pipe. Such a feeling ended up making Doudou panic instead.

It was practically the calm before the storm—the prelude to a volcano's eruption!

After a long time.

Zhou Li exhaled two puffs of smoke from his nostrils and finally said, "Doudou... yesterday's incident, just forget about it."

'???' Doudou's mind was instantly filled with a row of question marks.

"Yesterday's incident, just take it as if it never happened." Zhou Li used an extremely depressed tone and said, "Yesterday, you never told me that you were my 'sweetheart', and I don't know anything about this matter either. Absolutely nothing happened yesterday!"

"???" Doudou got even more puzzled. Forgive this poor dog—sometimes, I just can't understand the way human beings think.

Zhou Li took a long drag from his pipe, and after the smoke was exhaled through both his nostrils and mouth, he said, "Later, I'll keep chatting with my 'sweetheart' on the Internet. You don't have to care, just continue to act your role as my 'sweetheart' well."

Zhou L's tone was so miserable it almost made others cry.

"Uncle, don't cry." The young female monster hunter lightly patted Zhou Li's back, using a baby voice to console him.

Her consolation made Zhou Li want to cry even more.

Doudou was speechless.

He finally understood that Zhou Li had lost his mind.

But the words he said earlier were the scarier thing!

Did Zhou Li mean that he set his mind on having an online love affair with 'Doudou' the male dog? Apart from their species, did the sex also not pose a problem?

If so, this was a very critical situation! Doudou felt that his chastity was at stake here!

If he could turn time back, Doudou would guarantee that he would never have played that joke on Zhou Li yesterday.

This wouldn't do, he needed to make up for this mistake.

Zhou Li's worldview that just got shattered needed to be restored once more by him!

"Zhou Li. You misunderstood!" Doudou said gravely. "Yesterday, I was actually just playing a joke on you!"

"A joke?" Zhou Li turned his head around. Smoke was coming out of his nostrils and mouth, causing his face to be engulfed by white smoke; he was giving off a terrifying feeling.

"Yes, I admit, that was a nasty joke. But your 'sweetheart' is indeed a real person. I only secretly misappropriated her account. Trust me!" Doudou felt that he had never sounded as earnest as he just did in his entire life.

Chapter 281: Venerable White: Don't worry, I can act as a matchmaker!

Under the enveloping white smoke, Zhou Li's eyes stared at Doudou calmly. "Misappropriated her account?"

"Yes, trust me! All the while, it has been Fairy Ouyang talking to you online. Just by looking at the content of your chat history, I feel that it's so mushy. How can I bring myself to chat with a man like you in that manner?" Doudou raised his voice; in order to protect his chastity, he felt the need to announce the truth!

"Hehehehe." The smoke shrouding Zhou Li's face got thicker and thicker. He let out a bitter laugh and said, "Doudou, you don't have to console me."

"What?" Doudou was puzzled.

Two streams of smoke came out of Zhou Li's nostrils. "Actually, I have thought about it carefully before, you are right—a man like me who spends his time chasing a pekingese all over the world, what kind of lady would like me?"

"Zhou Li, you underestimate your charm. In reality, there is this one fairy who is currently silently waiting for you! If you don't believe me, you can send a message to her and ask her yourself!" Doudou raised his voice. "You see, my phone is already broken and I am being tied up by you. If you quickly send a message to your 'sweetheart', when she replies, it would prove what I'm telling you is the truth, wouldn't it?"

The hand that Zhou Li used to hold his pipe was stiff, his eyes seemed to shine with a tinge of anticipation.

Thereafter, he took out his phone and carefully send a message to his chat partner: "Are you there?"

Zhou Li had never felt so excited and anxious from sending just an ordinary message like currently.

The message was sent!

Five minutes later...

Within the instant messaging app, Fairy Ouyang's account showed that she was 'online', but she did not reply.

Before, when her status was 'online', she would definitely reply within five minutes—even if it was just sending an emoji.

"Hehe." Zhou Li forced a laugh and continued turning his head around to look at Doudou; he exhaled two streams of smoke from his nostrils and mouth. Indeed, Doudou was playing tricks on me!

Doudou was speechless.

Are you kidding me?!

"Right, give her a call! You have her number, right? You can give her a call and clarify with her!" Doudou shouted.

Zhou Li didn't say anything this time, he only silently swiped for his contacts and retrieved Ouyang Yuan's name and tapped on it to call.

Thereafter, the familiar sound of the zither was played.

The melody played over and over again, but his call still did not connect!

"Hehe." Zhou Li took a long drag and exhaled. This time, it wasn't just his mouth and nostrils—white smoke even came out of his ears, and once again engulfed his entire face.

Doudou wanted to cry so bad.

This is a joke played on me, a joke played on me... definitely a joke played on me!

Seriously, f*ck, stupid Yellow Mountain, what's exactly happening!?

I don't want to date Zhou Li, I definitely do not want to! Somebody save me!



Just at this moment, a person approached Doudou, the small monk, as well as Zhou Li from afar at a very fast speed.

"Eh? Doudou, you guys were already caught?" That figure halted and stood still on the sword, smiling.

It was indeed Venerable White who rushed here.

Venerable White evidently knew 'Zhou Li', hence he teased them after stopping.

Doudou looked up, and looked at Venerable White—indeed, the reason why both he and the small monk were so unlucky during their journey was that Venerable White was chasing after them.

But it didn't matter who came; as long as he could be saved, that was enough for him.

"Senior White!" Doudou shouted. "Save me!"

Venerable White laughed. "Save you? I'm here to catch you and bring you back."

"You can take me wherever you want, and you can also punish me as you see fit!" Doudou said loudly.

Venerable White raised his brows and asked, "What happened?"

Thick smoke came out of Zhou Li's nose and mouth; he opened his mouth, but he couldn't say a single word.

"Doudou? What kind of trouble did you get yourself into?" Venerable White looked at Doudou and asked.

Likewise, Doudou opened his mouth... but he didn't know where to begin.

"Senior, why don't I tell you instead!" At this moment, the young female monster hunter that had been staying next to Zhou Li raised her hand.

Thereafter, she happily started her narration of the incident from the beginning, to details of what happened, and finally to the end.



"Doudou, tonight after we get home, write a thousand-word apology letter with a pen, and I will personally pass it to little friend Zhou Li," said Venerable White indifferently.

Doudou swallowed his saliva—he wanted him to use his dog paws to write a thousand words letter? What kind of joke was this, how could a dog write with its paws?

He was just thinking about resisting, but when he saw Venerable White's still and expressionless face, he couldn't bring himself to do so.

"Additionally... little friend Zhou Li, let me see your phone for a bit." Venerable White reached out his hand.

Zhou Li quickly put out his pipe and carefully passed his phone to Venerable White.

During the whole process, he dared not make eye contact with Venerable White—his boss, True Monarch Yellow Mountain, had already set an example and told everyone about Venerable White's fearful charm from his first-hand experience.

Venerable White swiped on Zhou Li's phone and looked for a bit before asking, "Which sect is your partner from?"

"She's a disciple of White Cloud Academy, her name Ouyang Yuan and she teaches to play zither," Zhou Li rigidly reported her name to Venerable White.

"White Cloud Academy, I might have some recollection. Hold on a moment." Venerable White opened his phone and searched his contacts.

A moment later, he dialed a number—since the day Venerable White decided on organizing the 'hand-guided tractor

competition', he started contacting his old acquaintances one by one.

One of them happened to be from White Cloud Academy.

After the call connected, Venerable White asked, "Hello, is this True Monarch Eternal Fire?"

"Oh, it's Senior White. What's up?" A gentle and polite voice came from the other end of the line.

"True Monarch Eternal Fire, is there a female cultivator in your White Cloud Academy called Ouyang Yuan that holds zither classes?"

"Oh, you're talking about teacher Ouyang Yuan. Is there anything you need from her?" asked True Monarch Eternal Fire.

Venerable White answered, "I want to ask a question, what is fellow daoist Ouyang Yuan currently doing?"

Although True Monarch Eternal Fire was very curious as to why Senior White was asking about what Ouyang Yuan was doing, he just answered, "Teacher Ouyang Yuan is currently in the midst of a zither class with the other disciples. If you need to talk to her, I can help you pass on a message?"

"There's no need for that, everything's fine. That's all then, bye!" said Venerable White.

"Alright." Even though True Monarch Eternal Fire didn't get what was happening, he answered calmly and patiently... in the Erudite School, the cultured practitioners had the same behavior—they would not panic even when the sky collapsed. Their personality might sometimes cause others to feel anxious!

After Venerable White hung up, he said to Zhou Li, "Your partner is currently giving her students a zither lesson... if you trust my words, you can try contacting her again after a few hours.

Zhou Li stiffly nodded, his face was still wearing a bitter smile... he was still very worried... what if the person he was exchanging sweet and romantic messages with was Doudou and that Fairy Ouyang Yuan had absolutely no clue about it? In that case, what could he even do when he contacted her later?

Venerable White looked at Zhou Li and saw his bitter expression—he knew immediately what he was thinking and what his worries were.

"How about this—let me guarantee you, if relationship problems surface between you and that female cultivator Ouyang Yuan, let me mediate and be the matchmaker, ok? I have quite a lot of experience when it comes to matchmaking." Venerable White smiled.

After all, ever since he came out of secluded meditation till now, True Monarch Yellow Mountain helped Venerable White and Shuhang quite a lot. Hence, he decided to help Zhou Li

matchmake. After all, it was only a small effort for him.

Furthermore, Venerable White was indeed very experienced at matchmaking. Even though... in the past, when he helped to act as the go-between, a lot of unexpected things happened, such as having both parties suddenly change their affection for each other to one aimed at him at the same time, etc.

With Venerable White's assurance, Zhou Li looked instantly a lot better.



After settling the matter, Venerable White turned around and faced Doudou and the small monk who were tied and bundled up together, saying, "In that case, Doudou, Guoguo, let's go home."

Thereafter, he took out two disposable swords, activated the sword technique and both disposable swords steadily halted, hovering in the air.

Next, Venerable White reached out his hand and grabbed out. Doudou and the small monk were pulled towards him—the chains of the 'Heaven Shrouding Hooks' on their bodies undid themselves automatically.

"Both of you choose a flying sword and stand on it, I will send you guys home." Venerable White smiled warmly.

The clueless small monk Guoguo smiled adorably and climbed onto one of the flying swords.

When Doudou saw Venerable White taking out those two disposable flying swords, he found them familiar. Weren't these disposable flying swords the same that Venerable White used to send some items on a 'space trip'?

What was Venerable White planning to do? Send them to space directly?

"Senior White, I can fly back myself! Don't worry, this time I won't run away!" Doudou hurriedly answered.

"Hush, don't talk anymore." Venerable White held up his index finger.

Thereafter, he reached out his hands, grabbed and threw Doudou on the other flying sword. "Grab firmly."

He did not even wait for Doudou to resist, Venerable White just activated the sword technique. "Off you go!"

"Whoosh, whoosh!"

The two disposable flying swords, one in front and one at the back, flew straight ahead at lightning speed.

In the blink of an eye, only two black dots could be seen—one in front, and one at the back.

"Aaaaaaaaaaah..." This was the small monk's version of screaming, sharp and clear and sweet-sounding.

"Wooooooooooof..." This was Doudou's version of screaming. Originally this speed was within Doudou's range of tolerable speed, but for some reason, he felt as though he was being sent into space...hence he couldn't help but scream.

Can't you at least let me use an oxygen tank?

"Jumping down from the flying sword? Don't even joke, when you ride on Venerable White's one-time disposable sword, there isn't a choice for you to get off midway," said the big monster snake that got sent into space after offending Venerable White once.

"Then, little friend Zhou Li, see you. I will contact you in a couple of days." Venerable White waved at Zhou Li and rode on 'Meteor Sword' that had now transformed into a sword light, following behind Doudou and the small monk.

Zhou Li was dumbfounded.

The young female monster hunter next to him blinked—she felt that the senior from earlier was very handsome!



On the plane, Song Shuhang vaguely dreamt of that bustling floating island and the majestic city in the sky!

Chapter 282: Excuse me, can anyone fly a plane?

The dreamland this time was not affected by Lady Onion or by the pink string of karma.

It was just Song Shuhang seeing the majestic city in the sky once again in his semi-conscious mode.

Why would I see that city in the sky for no apparent reason? Could it be because I am nearing the East China Sea? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Song Shuhang, who was in the midst of dreaming, looked all around and saw that there were mountains, lakes, forests, and grasslands on the huge island.

There was also an ancient city, as well as tall city walls to fully protect it.

In the dream, Song Shuhang saw everything from bird's-eye view, overlooking the majestic island in the sky from above. He could clearly see the layout of the ancient city. Especially in the center of the ancient city, where stood an eye-catching tall tower.

However, in this ancient city, not a single human figure could be seen—there was not a single soul in sight.

Is this the mysterious island? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

The last time, via Lady Onion's dreamland, he could feel the presence of the buddhist monk named 'Nine Lanterns' (or perhaps he should say buddhist nun Nine Lanterns?) within the city in the sky. However, he did not see any traces of 'Sister Nine Lanterns' in his current dream. He did not see a single person.

After surveying the entire ancient city once, Song Shuhang's gaze shifted to the outside world—to be exact, to the huge forest.

Next, his gaze fell upon that enormous crescent moon-like lake.

This crescent moon-like lake was extremely beautiful.

It was the same as those lakes that constantly appeared in fantasy movies—tranquil, reflecting the moonlight, and causing one to be charmed by it. If one were to use their phone to capture an image of it, it would not even require any filters—it could be used directly as a computer or phone wallpaper.

Just as Song Shuhang's gaze was about to get closer to the lake... suddenly, something within the lake sensed his gaze.

"Splash!" A huge and long blue fish jumped out of the crescent moon-like lake, directly charging towards the sky.

It was really huge—just by observing its body, the part of its body that was out of the water was at least ten meters long. Its figure

was like that of a snake, but it had no fish scales—its skin was akin to a dried-up tree bark.

The huge blue fish faced the sky, revealing its ferocious teeth; its tongue was akin to a small, strange green fish, and it also had a pair of sharp claws that were gesturing threateningly at Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang got shocked by the strange fish that suddenly appeared—it was practically like watching a warm, comforting movie and having a scary ghost suddenly appear in the scene, coupled with a ghostly cry.

Regardless of who it was, they would have been subconsciously scared out of their wits.

After getting a huge scare, Song Shuhang woke up.



"Was it a nightmare?" Song Shuhang muttered as he slowly opened his eyes.

When he opened his eyes, everything outside the window was pitch black—the kind where you wouldn't be able to see all five of your fingers.

"Eh? What's happening, is it already nighttime?" Song Shuhang asked out of curiosity.

It shouldn't be the case—when they headed out it was still morning, it shouldn't take more than a couple of hours to get to the East China Sea, should it? How could it be night already?

Additionally, why were the passengers around them wearing a panicked look on their face?

"What happened?" Song Shuhang immediately asked Joseph, who was sitting next to him.

Joseph smiled bitterly and said, "Teacher, something really bad happened."

Just as Joseph was about to explain to him, the air hostess' shocked voice was heard in the plane.

"Dear... dear passengers... I need to inquire, are there any passengers amongst us who can fly a plane? This matter is extremely urgent." The air hostess' voice was trembling,

After that, the air hostess repeated what she said earlier in English.

The passengers were in a state of panic; chaos and disorder ensued.

"What's happening? Why are they asking if anyone knows how to

fly a plane?" Song Shuhang was extremely curious.

"Just earlier, three minutes ago at most, everything suddenly went black mid-flight, and nothing can be seen since then," Joseph explained, trying his best to maintain his calmness.

"After that, we suddenly realized that a lot of people disappeared, including my daughter and several other passengers. They just suddenly disappeared, as though they had never boarded the plane at all." Joseph clenched his teeth; he was very worried about what happened to his daughter.

"What is even worse is that the pilots have both disappeared; the flight crew members at the front of the plane, too... they have all suddenly disappeared."

Song Shuhang was dumbstruck.

The pilots have disappeared? Some of the flight crew members who somewhat knew how to operate a plane have all disappeared?

What kind of joke is this! Then who's piloting the plane right now?

"Could it be that I haven't woken up from my dream?" Song Shuhang muttered.

It felt like one of those consecutive nightmares that people had sometimes—after one nightmare ended, another scary nightmare

would begin.

Such consecutive nightmares were said to usually occur when a person was down with a cold, or if they were generally not feeling well.

"It's not a dream, Teacher. Our current situation is really bad... right now, the airplane is on autopilot, and we should be fine for a short period of time at least. But, if nobody who knows how to operate the plane takes over, sooner or later, the plane will crash." Joseph smiled bitterly; there was a purple bruise on his arm—it was caused by him pinching himself.

Three minutes ago, he also thought it was a nightmare. But even though he pinched himself till his arm turned purple and was in extreme pain, he still did not 'wake up' from the dream.

This wasn't a dream... it was the cruel reality.

And at this time, the air hostess' panicky voice was heard, "Sob... please do not crowd around and blame me, blaming me is of no use... sob, I don't know how to fly a plane. If there is anyone amongst you who can fly a plane, please hurry go to the control cabin. Even the autopilot mode is malfunctioning now."

The remaining several flight attendants were surrounded by the agitated passengers; they absolutely had no idea what to do; after all, none of them could operate the plane.

The passengers were all in despair.

What kind of joke was this, where could you find a person who could operate a plane seated amongst the passengers? This wasn't a 007 special agent or a sci-fi movie where a male lead, who could even operate a space shuttle, would suddenly appear!

* * *

At this time, Zhuge Zhongyang's regretful voice came from behind Song Shuhang. "I'm sorry, I am so sorry, everyone, it was my fault for suddenly choosing to go to the East China Sea's island resort. I have implicated all of you."

Next to him was Gao Moumou, hugging his girlfriend Yayi with a forced smile on his face.

Tubo was rather depressed. He raised his head and rested it against his seat. He only accepted an invitation to go on a trip, but instead, he was about to face death—of course, he would be depressed.

"Don't waste your time, write your farewell letter. If you're lucky enough, your farewell letter might be found. Use your cell phone to type it; perhaps when there's a chance to get some signal, you can still send it out before you die." Zhuge Yue unlocked her phone with her finger and started to quickly tap on the keyboard.

Joseph sighed and silently took out his phone, switched it on,

and prepared to write his farewell letter. "Teacher, are you also going to write a letter? What a pity, it was very hard for me to meet a person like you with authentic Chinese martial arts techniques, but I've only barely learned a few days, and now I'm about to go to heaven."

Song Shuhang was speechless.

When it came to flying a plane, Song Shuhang did know a thing or two. However, he learned how to operate a private jet, which was very different from a commercial aircraft like that. Additionally, the one he actually physically operated before was merely a private helicopter.

But...desperate times calls for desperate measures.

Song Shuhang stood up, lifted his backpack and walked towards the control cabin.

Over there, there was a slightly chubby air hostess who kept repeating and repeating her earlier words. Both her legs were trembling, she was completely scared to death.

Next to her, a bunch of angry passengers was raging loudly, using all kinds of languages to cuss. Since they were in the face of death, they had to be given some sort of an outlet to vent.

Joseph looked at Song Shuhang feeling very puzzled, unsure what his master was doing.

Likewise, Gao Moumou looked at Song Shuhang in a baffled way. After thinking for a bit, he lightly patted Yayi in his arms, making her stay in her original position.

Thereafter, he tapped Tubo, expressing that he wanted Tubo to go with him to check on Song Shuhang and find out what he was up to.

In the face of death, you couldn't count on others to have a good temper.

"Sorry, could you let me pass through." At this time, Song Shuhang was squeezing his body through the crowd. When he stuck out his chest, he managed to force the people in front who were blocking him aside.

Very soon, he arrived right in front of the chubby air hostess.

"Hello Miss, if you're looking for someone to fly the plane, why don't you let me try it." Song Shuhang felt around his pocket and took out a private pilot license (PPL) from his pocket and passed it to the air hostess. "Even though it is just a license for private jets, which is slightly different from commercial planes, if there is no one else who can fly a plane, why don't I give it a shot. At least I have some experience flying an aircraft."

Song Shuhang's voice wasn't loud, but all the passengers who were crowding in front heard it.

Immediately, everyone quietened down. Everyone looked at Song Shuhang in anticipation. At this point, Song Shuhang was akin to their last ray of hope.

Song Shuhang looked somewhat young, and in the eyes of the majority of the people, being young equated lack of experience and hence lack of reliability. However, at this moment, nobody would actually mind Song Shuhang's age.

What they only cared about was the private pilot license (PPL) that Song Shuhang took out—they wanted to know if that was real or fake!

"When did Shuhang learn how to fly a plane?" Gao Moumou lowered his voice and said next to Tubo's ear with his eyes wide open.

"How would I know?" Tubo laughed bitterly. He clearly just went to get a driver's license with Song Shuhang not long ago, and now, Song Shuhang magically produced a private pilot license?

Gao Moumou moved closer to Tubo's ear and asked in a small voice, "It couldn't be fake, right?"

Because... Song Shuhang absolutely did not have the time to learn how to fly an airplane or attend the pilot license exams!

They were after all Song Shuhang's roommates—they roughly

knew about Song Shuhang's schedule for the semester. Going to flying classes was a rather time-consuming activity; Song Shuhang definitely had no way of hiding it from them.

After hearing that, Tubo's face immediately turned white.

But at this time, the flight attendant in front happily passed the private pilot license back to Song Shuhang and said, "Mr. Song, please give it a try! In our current situation, we can only depend on you!"

Chapter 283: The disappearing passengers and the mysterious particles of light

Song Shuhang took his private pilot license back from the hands of the air hostess and said, "I'll try my best."

"Let us pass, please." At this time, the worried Gao Moumou and Tubo forced their way through the crowd and arrived next to Song Shuhang.

Gao Moumou lowered his voice and asked, "Shuhang, what's going on?"

"Someone has to give it a try, don't you think?" Song Shuhang said—never would he have expected that the plane he was sitting in would have an accident. He was merely a cultivator of the First Stage and had no means to fly. If the plane were to crash, he would end up exactly like all the others passengers, dead without a burial site.

At this reply, Gao Moumou and Tubo could only bitterly smile.

After putting away his private pilot license, Song Shuhang headed toward the control cabin. At the same time, he asked the air hostess, "Is the door of the control cabin open?"

Usually, you couldn't enter the control cabin of civil aircrafts unless authorized. Old-style aircrafts had a key hidden somewhere to open the door, but modern ones mostly had electronic locks.

And the most advanced ones could only be opened by the commander through a facial recognition system.

However, advanced airliners also had their good points—and a lot of modern airliners had a special feature; if the people inside the cabin didn't reply to the air hostess within thirty seconds, the pilot would be considered incapacitated, and the flight attendants outside the cabin would be able to open the door by inputting the password.

"The control cabin is open... it should have been opened when the commander or the copilot disappeared. At the time, they probably tried to run away from that place with all their might. However, it seems that it was all in vain," the chubby air hostess explained.

"I see. Leave the rest to me." Song Shuhang was a fearless man. The more the situation was hopeless, the more he was calm and collected.

After he entered the control cabin, Tubo and Gao Moumou followed suit.

As per the air hostess' instructions, the other passengers stopped outside the cabin and didn't enter as to avoid disturbing Song Shuhang. After all, this young man had flown only private aircrafts in the past.

Private aircrafts and airliners were completely different, and if everyone were to enter the cabin and disturb Song Shuhang, their

chances of survival would become even lower.



After entering the control cabin, Song Shuhang looked at the dazzling instrument panel and buttons.

Just as he expected, it was completely different from a helicopter!

Tubo looked at Song Shuhang and said cautiously, "Shuhang, driving a car and flying an airplane aren't the same things. Be careful..."

Song Shuhang nodded and sat down, trying to operate the accelerator of the plane. In this case, airliners were a bit of a hassle, because every company would make different planes with different ways to operate them.

Luckily, since he knew he was doomed to go on flight lessons with Senior White, Song Shuhang went to the library and read a lot of books that explained how to operate aircraft.

All kinds of information were present in these books, and now, it was finally coming in handy.

Then, Song Shuhang started to slowly pilot the plane...

Gao Moumou and Tubo looked at Song Shuhang piloting the plane; he seemed very earnest in what he was doing.

"Shuhang, when did you learn to fly an airplane?" Tubo curiously asked.

Gao Moumou said in a low voice, "You didn't learn from a flight simulator, right?"

Tubo suddenly felt his heartbeat speed up.



Some time later, Song Shuhang disabled the automatic pilot, which had activated on its own due to the loss of signal, and restored the manual mode. The only problem was that it was completely black outside and he couldn't see anything. Even while manually operating the plane, he could at most keep flying it steadily.

Hopefully, they would be able to get out of this jet-black world sooner or later.

"I roughly know how to fly this plane, but there is a big problem..." Song Shuhang said.

After hearing his words, Gao Moumou asked, "What problem?"

"I don't know how to land..." Song Shuhang replied.

He previously piloted a helicopter, but a helicopter and an airliner landed in completely different ways. Although he knew the theory behind plane landing, actually being able to do it was a completely different matter!

If Song Shuhang could really land the plane just based on the theory he knew, there would be something seriously wrong!

"..." Gao Moumou.

"..." Tubo.

"Moreover, landing is hardly the biggest problem." Song Shuhang pointed ahead and bitterly smiled. "Our biggest problem is that we have no idea where we are and we don't know what's around us!"

Even if the lights of the plane were on, it was black all around and they couldn't see anything.

The communication equipment and the navigation system had both lost signal. At this time, they were like blind men trying to find their way in the middle of darkness.

Gao Moumou calmly asked, "In other words... we're doomed to die, aren't we?"

Tubo thought a bit and took out his phone. "It seems I'll have to write a will after all."

Just as the three of them were talking, screams suddenly echoed from the rear of the airplane. Men were shouting, women calling out in alarm, and children crying... there was a huge commotion.

"I'll go take a look!" Gao Moumou was worried about his girlfriend Yayi and immediately headed toward the passenger compartment.

When he arrived there, he was dumbfounded.

A lot of people in the passenger compartment were standing absent-mindedly in their original positions, their bodies glittering. This strange light on their bodies made them look like fireflies in the middle of the night.

All the presents were stunned by this sudden turn of events.

"Yayi!" Then, Gao Moumou quickly ran toward his girlfriend.

Luckily, Yayi was fine; Lu Fei, her elder sister, and Song Shuhang's foreign disciple Joseph were also safe and sound.

Yayi immediately pounced toward Gao Moumou and hugged him.

"Yayi, what happened?" Gao Moumou asked, somewhat worried.

"Earlier, many of the passengers were suddenly shrouded in a blazing light. Just like the ones you see now." Yayi pointed at the dozens of passengers whose bodies were covered in light.

"Afterward, all those passengers were slowly reduced to ashes and disappeared. It was as though they were completely burned by that light." Yayi had a terrified expression on her face.

Just as she was speaking, one of the passengers shrouded in the blazing light started to scream, and their body changed into particles of light.

These particles of light fell to the ground like sand, and the person quickly disappeared without leaving any traces behind.

Then, just as if this scream had given birth to a chain reaction, the other passengers also started to change into particles of light one by one.

Some of the passengers, who were changing into particles of light, were terrified and tried to cling to their friends and relatives to get help. However, they were like 'ghosts' and simply passed through them...

Soon after, they quickly disappeared amidst chaotic screams.

Gao Moumou frowned and thought to himself, 'They completely

disappeared... does that mean that the commander, the copilot, the flight crew, and the passengers from before all disappeared the same way?’

"They are not dead, right?" Yayi worriedly asked. The things that were happening couldn't be explained through 'logic', and that was driving all the present on the scene crazy.

"I have no idea." Gao Moumou heaved a sigh. Then, he thoughtlessly said, "Come, let's go to the cabin and inform Shuhang."

He too had no idea why he had such a thought... however, he believed that they might clear up the situation if they were to inform Shuhang of what had just happened.



At this time, in the control cabin.

Tubo suddenly pointed ahead and shouted, "Shuhang, be careful! There is something ahead!"

"There is something ahead?" Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide. However, he couldn't see anything aside from the darkness.

How is this possible? Tubo can see things I can't?

I'm a cultivator that has opened the Eye Aperture; I can see even ghosts!

"I don't see anything... Tubo, are you sure you're not having hallucinations?" Song Shuhang quickly asked.

"No, I'm not mistaken. There is something very bright amidst that mass of darkness!" Tubo shouted and pointed ahead of the plane.

Song Shuhang blinked a few times but he could see nothing but darkness. Is there something wrong with my eyes?

Just as Song Shuhang was in deep thoughts, Gao Moumou entered the cabin.

The air hostess and the passengers outside were in an uproar, afraid that the 'light' might suddenly appear on their bodies and turn them into particles of light. Therefore, no one really cared if Gao Moumou and the others entered the control cabin.

"Shuhang, something happened outside. A layer of blazing light covered some of the passengers. Afterward, they changed into particles of light and disappeared," Gao Moumou said immediately after entering the cabin. "I fear that the passengers from the first batch also disappeared this way. However, they vanished so quickly that we weren't even able to notice this strange phenomenon."

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples... it seemed that more and more troubles were coming his way!

The scariest thing was that they didn't even know what was happening!

If he had known earlier, Song Shuhang would have brought Venerable White along. With him around, something as insignificant as this phenomenon wouldn't have been scary in the least!

"Eh? Shuhang! There is something bright ahead!" Gao Moumou said while pointing ahead of the plane.

He was pointing at the same place as Tubo.

"..." Song Shuhang.

What the hell is happening? How come Tubo and Gao Moumou can see this bright thing while I can't?

Was it something that only mortals could see but not cultivators?

"Every one of you can see it? Yayi, can you see it too?" Song Shuhang turned his head and asked Gao Moumou's girlfriend, Yayi, with a bitter smile.

Yayi looked at Shuhang and finally nodded.

"Can you describe this bright thing you're seeing? What is its shape?" Song Shuhang heaved a sigh.

Gao Moumou raised his brows and asked, "Shuhang, you really can't see that light?"

"I don't see anything besides darkness," Song Shuhang said with a bitter smile.

Gao Moumou looked at the faraway dot of light and narrowed his eyes. "Shuhang, we should wait till we get a little closer; it's too far away right now. Anyway, from what I can see, it seems like a green dot giving off a golden radiance..."

Chapter 284: Slice, slice, slice the airplane!

A green dot of light radiating golden light?

Song Shuhang suddenly had a bad premonition—it couldn't be the mysterious island, right?

As he was thinking about it, Gao Moumou's next sentence confirmed his guess.

"It's getting closer and closer, I indistinctly see a... small island?" Gao Moumou opened his eyes widely and used his hands to rub his eyes as hard as he could before laughing bitterly, and said, "That small island... seems to be floating in the sky? As expected, I must be hallucinating, right?"

Tubo forced a smile and said, "It indeed is a small island."

Yayi answered, "It indeed is floating in the sky."

Song Shuhang was speechless.

This was cheating... at first, he thought that if he really ended up chancing upon the 'mysterious island' on this trip to the East China Sea, at most, he wouldn't enter it and everything would be fine!

As for the seniors in the group—Senior Three Reckless, Senior

North River, and Senior Ancient Lake Temple, when they chanced upon the mysterious island, they decided on their own accord to enter it.

And Song Shuhang, who already knew that entering the mysterious island would cause memory loss, naturally would not choose to enter it.

But who knew the mysterious island was so shameless... it actually pulled the trap card!

If not for Gao Moumou and Tubo pointing out that there was an island floating in the sky, Song Shuhang, who was unaware of everything, might have ended up charging straight into the mysterious island!

‘Why is it that the seniors in the group had the choice whether or not they wanna enter the mysterious island, but I, on the other hand, feel like I’m being forced to enter it?’ Song Shuhang pondered deeply for a moment, and silently touched his chest.

Even though he couldn’t see it anymore, he knew that there was a karma thread on his body connecting himself to Lady Onion on the enlightenment stone, and there was yet another karma thread on Lady Onion’s body, connecting herself all the way to ‘Nine Lanterns’ in the ‘city in the sky’.

If the island in the sky was the mysterious island, then could the karma thread be behind all these, insisting on getting him on the mysterious island?

Wasn't this an evil trap?!

Hehe, you want to get me on the island, but on the contrary, I simply will not be entering. Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Hence, he said to his roommates, "I feel that there is definitely something fishy about that island, we have to avoid it!"

"Agreed, that's what I think too." Whenever Gao Moumou looked at the island floating in the sky, it would give him the creeps.

On the other hand, Tubo was a very curious young lad with an exuberant desire for knowledge. "I think that perhaps we should go check it out?"

"Gao Moumou, what is the location of that small island? We will go around it." Song Shuhang's ears automatically ignored Tubo's opinion.

"In that direction." Gao Moumou's finger pointed at the location of the 'floating island' in his eyes.

Song Shuhang nodded and changed the plane's route, carefully avoiding the floating island's coordinates.

The plane continued flying for a very long time...

"Have we avoided it?" Song Shuhang asked.

Right before his eyes was only pitch-black darkness, so he could not see the floating island and could only ask Gao Moumou.

"We have!" Gao Moumou nodded.

Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh.

Next... the plane continued advancing.

As it was flying and flying, suddenly, extremely bright rays of light appeared right in front of the plane.

Gao Moumou, Tubo, and Yayi could not adapt to the sudden strong light in time; they instinctively squinted.

We have finally gotten out of the pitch-black zone? Song Shuhang rejoiced in his heart. Since he had already opened his Eye Aperture, his adaptability to bright light was very high.

Song Shuhang was able to adapt to the extremely bright light before his eyes in the blink of an eye.

He looked greedily at the scenery in front of him, in a bid to find out where he exactly ended up at.

When he opened his eyes... Song Shuhang teared up immediately.

Appearing in front of him was a huge and vast forest. The forest was so tall that its big trees reached high up to the sky, touching the clouds. There were giving him a feeling of ‘my drill will pierce the Heavens’. Song Shuhang did not specialize in plants, hence he could not identify the species of the huge trees. But when he saw those trees, he somehow felt that they did not fit in the present era.

At the end of the forest was a vast grassland that stretched as far as the eyes could see. The grassland was so vast that when the wind blew over it, the grass ‘rolled’ like waves in the sea.

Thereafter... Song Shuhang saw a familiar landscape.

It was a huge, crescent moon-like lake. It was the exact same lake he saw within the ‘city in the sky’ in his dream on the plane earlier.

When he saw the crescent moon-like lake, Song Shuhang felt his liver faintly hurting. If the dreamland he saw on the plane was real, hiding within the crescent moon-like lake would be a huge fish that was more than ten meters long. Additionally, that 10-meter part of its body that was revealed was only a small section—God knew how scarily long the hidden part of its body in the lake would be!

At the same time, he knew beyond doubt that the island below

was the majestic ‘city in the sky’ he saw in his dream. At the same time, he was at least 70% sure that the island in the sky was the mysterious island.

Don’t tell me I’m destined to lose my memories? Tears rolled down Song Shuhang’s face.

Furthermore...Why did I end up entering it when I had already clearly avoided that island in the sky?

Can anyone tell me what is happening?

Unless... what Gao Moumou and the rest saw was ‘a mirage’, the reflection of the floating island. Instead, the actual floating island was just in front of the new flight route, waiting for them to walk right into the trap?

That was too despicable.



"So pretty!" After Yayi’s eyes adapted to the bright rays, she snuggled up to Gao Moumou.

Likewise, Tubo gasped in surprise—it was such a beautiful place.

In the passenger compartment of the plane, there were about 20-odd passengers who had not vanished... all the passengers sensed a

change outside the plane, and they all ran to the windows to take a look outside.

"Oh, so beautiful!" Song Shuhang's disciple in name, Joseph, exclaimed loudly in English. Joseph was a person who loved to travel; he frequently brought his family to travel all around the world.

However, even after going through all the mental images of the beautiful landscapes he had ever seen before, there was not a single place that could hold a candle to the fairyland right before his eyes.

Yes, fairyland. The kind of image you'd see in fairy tales, novels, or movies; even the legendary paradise wouldn't compare to that, right?

"Are we saved? We have already passed the damned pitch-black zone, right?" the slightly chubby air hostess cheered loudly.

"Nobody else on the plane got ignited into particles of light, and no one else disappeared! Are we all safe now?!" another white-collar worker said agitatedly, his voice filled with the extreme joy one experienced after surviving a calamity.

Lu Fei's elder sister also went to the window and asked, "But, where exactly is this place?"

"I don't know, my phone has no reception either. Could it be an island in the East China Sea?" Lu Fei took out her phone and

looked.

"Perhaps it's because we're within the airplane, hence the signal would be interrupted. After we land, we can check it again," said Zhuge Yue. At the same time, she (he) took out a camera and started shooting photos of the scenery outside the window.

Zhuge Yue was a member of the school's news department; recording and filming everything odd, interesting or unique that she saw became an instinct for her.

Zhuge Zhongyang secretly heaved a sigh—luckily, all of them were safe and sound. If anything happened to the people he invited on this trip, Zhuge Zhongyang would definitely blame himself for the rest of his life.



Within the control cabin.

"Shuhang, do you wanna look for a place to land?" Gao Moumou asked out of curiosity.

"Let me give it a try," Song Shuhang answered.

Of course, Song Shuhang wasn't planning to descend, he wanted to see if he could directly break through the 'mysterious island' barrier and return to the real world!

However, when he was to increase the plane's altitude and speed, his facial expression changed.

No matter how hard Song Shuhang tried to accelerate, the plane seemed to have lost its power and steadily descended.

What was happening?

Song Shuhang's brain started spinning very fast.

Very soon, he recalled some of the things that the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group said in regards to the 'mysterious island'.

For example, at the entrance of the mysterious island, there was a 'flight restricting formation'. Even for a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor, upon entering the mysterious island, he could only descend and land since he would be unable to use the flying sword.

Even a Golden Core Spiritual Emperor would be forced to land—one could forget about flying a mere plane there.

Song Shuhang secretly sighed. He could only try his best to glide the plane over the grassland, at least it wouldn't land in the forest and get pierced by the tall trees this way.



Just as Song Shuhang used all his might to glide the plane, two rays of light flashed within the sky.

They seemed to be two sword lights?

The two sword light first ‘whizzed’ and charged in front of the plane... thereafter, they abruptly halted.

Then, the two sword lights changed their direction, turned around and charged towards Song Shuhang!

‘If my eyes did not fail me, they should be Senior White’s ‘disposable flying sword 004 edition, right?’ Song Shuhang’s gaze was fixated on the two sword lights.

At the same time, he experienced a sudden feeling of uneasiness.

F*ck, these two disposable swords... they couldn’t be rushing toward me, right?!

Just as that thought struck Song Shuhang, the two disposable swords arrived right above the airplane...

Senior White, what are you doing?!

Song Shuhang wanted to cry but couldn't shed any tears. He remembered giving Venerable White a call when he was boarding the plane and telling Senior White that he was on the plane and his cell phone needed to be switched off.

If Venerable White wanted to send Doudou and the small monk back via the disposable sword 004 edition, he needed to at least wait till they got to their destination first.

Then why were there two disposable flying swords being shot over?

Venerable White shouldn't be making such a rookie mistake!

Also, the swords have already been shot here, but what about Doudou and the small monk? Why are they not on the flying swords?

At this time, it would be a good thing as well if Doudou were here, because Doudou is after all a Fourth Stage monster dog who can fly!

Oh, I forgot there is a flight restriction in this place. Even if Doudou were here, it would be of no use...

Wait, at the very least, Doudou has already mastered a couple of techniques and spells. If he were here, the risk of crashing the plane would be slimmer.

And Doudou is after all quite strong—on the strange mysterious island, he would be able to fulfill the role of a bodyguard well!

Just as Song Shuhang was letting his thoughts run wild, the two disposable swords struck the plane, slicing the front of the airplane, just like slicing tofu...

❄ ❄ ❄

Senior White, do you know how to sing ‘Twinkle Twinkle Little Star’?

Sorry, Shuhang, your senior only knows how to ‘Slice Slice the Little Plane’...

Chapter 285: Prodigious gorillas

At this time, in the space above the East China Sea.

"..." Venerable White slightly furrowed his brows.

Before him, the unconscious Doudou and small monk were floating, wrapped by his spiritual energy. However, the flying swords they had used to travel were nowhere to be seen.

Before boarding the plane, Song Shuhang gave Venerable White a call, saying that he would contact him again after reaching the resort island. Of course, Senior White hadn't forgotten this point.

Therefore, when he used the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique and sent Doudou and the small monk toward Song Shuhang's coordinates, he also closely followed behind.

Senior White was planning to let Doudou and the small monk approach Song Shuhang's plane. Afterward, he would control the speed of the flying swords and make them slowly follow the airplane, proceeding toward the resort island together.

With him following closely, he could easily make sure that the two disposable flying swords 004 edition wouldn't damage the airplane Song Shuhang had boarded.

However, a small accident happened when the two flying swords were on their way...

Just now, when the flying swords carrying Doudou and the small monk crossed the space above the East China Sea, they suddenly bumped into what seemed to be an invisible wall. This barrier had a strange power, and as soon as Doudou and the small monk came in contact with it, they fainted.

On the other hand, those two flying swords bypassed the barrier and changed into starlights, disappearing!

Luckily, Venerable White was following closely, and when he saw that Doudou and the small monk were falling toward the sea, he stretched his hand out and used his spiritual energy to catch them.

After gazing at the incorporeal and yet material barrier, Venerable White started to ponder.

‘Those flying swords disappeared without a trace... is this the work of a space-related technique?’

The disposable flying sword 004 edition was supposed to follow Song Shuhang... since it entered the barrier ahead, it had to mean that the plane Song Shuhang boarded also entered the barrier, right?

However, what was on the other side of the barrier?

Venerable White stepped in the sky as if walking on flat ground and arrived in front of the invisible barrier.

‘Is the mysterious island on the other side?’ Senior White thought to himself.

Recently, a lot of strange things happened in the East China Sea airspace. Was this the same mysterious island where even his fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces Number One Group lost their memories?

After thinking a bit, Venerable White put out his hand and tried to touch the barrier—in the past, he tried to look for the mysterious island. But no matter how much he tried, the island seemed to be playing hide-and-seek with him and wasn’t willing to be found.

And now that he had finally found it, Venerable White didn’t mind going there and explore it.

Then, just as Senior White was about to touch the barrier... a strange crackling sound echoed throughout the surrounding area.

In the next instant, the invisible barrier literally shattered, disappearing without leaving any traces.

The East China Sea airspace was once again peaceful, and there were no abnormalities.

Venerable White’s face froze— I was so close!

Just as I put out my hand, the barrier suddenly crumbled?

Are you trying to slap me in the face?

❄ ❄ ❄

On the floating island.

A long time had passed since the flying sword sliced the plane.

Song Shuhang slowly regained consciousness... the last thing he remembered was two disposable flying swords cutting off the nose of the airplane.

Afterward, he lost consciousness and fainted.

...I'm still alive...?

Even today, I somehow managed to survive! Song Shuhang sighed with emotion.

‘Then, where am I now?’ Song Shuhang thought to himself—at this time, he felt as if his body was submerged in water, floating up and down.

I didn't fall into that crescent moon-like lake, right? There is a very high chance that there were monsters inside!

However, this lake felt warm and rather comfortable.

Is this crescent moon-like lake actually a hot spring...?

Just as he was pondering, Song Shuhang heard a faint and anxious cry echo in his ear.

This cry had a certain rhythm and seemed that many people were shouting in unison— Is it possible that they are not screaming in fear, but are instead... singing?

Song Shuhang took a deep breath and opened his eyes.

In the next instant, he was completely dumbfounded.

What crescent moon-like lake!

What hot spring!

At this time, he was inside a cauldron with blazing flames underneath! The water in the cauldron slowly starting to heat-up, and one could already see bubbles rising.

Moreover, Song Shuhang saw that many condiments and vegetables were floating in the water...

As if that wasn't enough, his body was also trussed up tightly.

This scene reminded him of those man-eating tribes in movies. But those scenes where they were cooking people alive were fake! Moreover, even real-life cannibals were unlikely to eat people like this!

What sorcery was this?

Just who was playing tricks on him?

Song Shuhang turned around and gazed at the 'people' shouting and yelling beside the cauldron.

After seeing who these 'people' were, he was stunned.

Because the guys surrounding the cauldron weren't human—they were black-colored gorillas. And there were more than twenty of them.

They were standing erect and surrounding the cauldron while screaming, cheering, and jumping around... they looked exactly like those primitives tribes you see in documentaries.

'These guys want to eat me!' Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Never would he have imagined that he would be treated as food one day.

If he hadn't timely woken up, in one or two hours, a dish named 'Boiled Song Shuhang' would have been served and consumed on the dinner table of these gorillas.

Moreover... these guys were clearly gorillas, but why were they using something like a cauldron to cook things? Where the hell did they find this cauldron in the first place?!

Alright, I should stop thinking about this trivial stuff.

Song Shuhang used a little bit of his physical strength and broke free of the bindings; he didn't need to use the power of qi and blood.

Next, he stood up while still inside the cauldron, looking all around. It was at this point that he saw that, not too far away from the gorillas, Tubo, Gao Moumou, and his girlfriend Yayi were also trussed up, while Song Shuhang's backpack and the still invisible treasured saber Broken Tyrant were casually thrown on a side.

Luckily, they threw him into the cauldron first. If they had decided to throw in there Tubo and the others first, they might be already thoroughly boiled...

Anyway, where were the other passengers?

Tubo and the others were with him in the control cabin when they disappeared. But what about the passengers in the rear and the other people he knew?



When Song Shuhang stood up, all the gorillas were surprised.

"Roar?"

"Rawr?"

They confusedly looked at the 'food' that had suddenly stood up in the cauldron.

Soon after, a particularly strong-looking gorilla took the lead and loudly roared at Song Shuhang, starting to hammer its chest.

Does it want to fight?

Song Shuhang came out of the cauldron and clenched his fist.

"ROAAAR!!" That stocky gorilla madly dashed toward Song Shuhang on its four limbs. On the way, it picked up a huge stone and tried to smash Song Shuhang with it.

Have all these gorillas developed intellect?

Song Shuhang spun his wrist and welcomed the huge stone with a light attack of the Basic Buddhist Fist Technique. Thanks to the

wondrous power of the fist technique, the rock was sent flying.

"Roar!" The stocky gorilla jumped up and used its thick arms to try to get a hold of Song Shuhang.

"Hehe." Song Shuhang smiled. "Basic Fist Number Five!"

The 'Basic Fist Number Five' was an explosive and overbearing attack, perfectly suitable to deal with this huge gorilla.

The stocky gorilla saw the 'food' before its eyes quickly move, disappearing from its sight.

In the next instant, it felt a severe pain in its chest as though a huge rock had suddenly hit it.

Song Shuhang needed only one punch to send the stocky gorilla flying. After falling to the ground, the gorilla struggled for a while but was unable to get up.

Song Shuhang had used the strength of this attack to probe the overall battle prowess of this pack of gorillas.

The strength of their physical body surpassed that of their brethren from Earth of at least twofold. Just by relying on the strength of their bodies, these gorillas were comparable to a cultivator that had opened their third aperture, the Nose Aperture.

Of course, if a cultivator that had opened three apertures were to use the power qi and blood, they could easily defeat these gorillas.

Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh.

Although he had easily knocked down this stocky gorilla, he had also used the qi and blood in his Heart Aperture to do so. Nevertheless, the gorilla wasn't seriously wounded by this hit.

It seemed that these gorillas had a high resistance toward physical attacks.

Although it was now lying on the ground and couldn't get up, that stocky gorilla wouldn't need too much time to recover. Afterward, it would bravely charge toward him once more.

But what gave Song Shuhang a headache was the fact that there were twenty plus gorillas in front of him!



When they saw the stocky gorilla knocked down, all the nearby gorillas were stunned. They roared at Song Shuhang in a low voice; however, they didn't charge toward him.

'I should take the initiative and gain the upper hand; otherwise, it would be troublesome if they were to surround me,' Song Shuhang thought to himself. Then, he shot a glance at his backpack and the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

He was planning to retrieve Broken Tyrant first. With the saber in his hands, dealing with these gorillas would be easy.

Song Shuhang took a deep breath and operated the supplementary technique <Immovable Body of the Buddha>. At the same time, the blood and qi in his Heart, Eye, Nose, and Ear Apertures started to churn, optimizing the condition of his body.

"ROAR!" At this time, the knocked down stocky gorilla was finally able to get back on its feet.

Then, it approached Song Shuhang on its four limbs.

The other gorillas made way and allowed it to confront Song Shuhang once more.

"Roar!" The stocky gorilla got up on its two feet and patted its chest again, sending out a 'thump-thump' sound.

In the next instant, it charged against Song Shuhang once again.

Just as before, it picked up a huge stone along the way and threw it toward Song Shuhang.

And also just as before, Song Shuhang used his fists to easily send the stone flying. Soon after, he made a fist with his right hand and prepared to use the 'Basic Fist Number One' to get rid of this

gorilla.

But right at this time, Song Shuhang saw the stocky gorilla bend its body and lift his shoulders, assuming an awe-inspiring pose.

This pose was similar to Song Shuhang's when he used the 'Basic Fist Number Five' earlier.

Although it was only an imitation... it was still able to perfectly copy his posture after seeing it only once. Was this thing really a gorilla?

Such high-level comprehension skills belonged only to a prodigy!

At this time, the stocky gorilla dashed forward like a bulldozer and closed in on Song Shuhang.

Chapter 286: Gymnastics gorillas!

Even though it did not have any substance, contrary to its appearance, the stocky gorilla still had an intimidating physique and strength—the power its punch packed was rather significant.

Song Shuhang decided to avoid meeting the attack head on. He slightly moved his body and performed the footwork of the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>. After which, he confidently and effortlessly took a few steps, and leisurely walked behind the gorilla.

Next, Song Shuhang slapped his palm on the gorilla's back hard. This palm contained the qi and blood power of the Heart and Eye Apertures. It was extremely strong and powerful!

"Thump!"

The gorilla could not dodge in time and took the hit head-on. The impact went through its thick and sturdy skin, then to its muscles, injuring its inner organs.

"Rawr," the gorilla cried out in pain and its saliva splattered everywhere. At the same time, upon impact, its body bumped towards the boiling cauldron, turning it over before falling onto the burning flames.

The gorilla's fur immediately caught fire, and its continuous cries echoed... however, very soon, it ingeniously rolled around on the floor and quickly put out the fire on its body.

From the looks of it, they seemed to be very experienced when it came to putting out the fire on their bodies. Probably, in their everyday lives, it was not unusual for them to set their fur on fire.

The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched—speaking of which, were these indeed just ordinary gorillas and not some gorilla spirits?

After the stocky gorilla started rolling all over the floor, it weakly collapsed, not moving a single bit. This time, it was badly wounded—there was no way it could get up within a short period of time!

Song Shuhang turned around and stared at the troop of gorillas.

"Roar, roar," the troop of gorillas bellowed and came charging at Song Shuhang.

Next, another enormous gorilla took the lead and charged straight at Song Shuhang.

Oh? There is actually a code of chivalry within this troop of gorillas; instead of attacking me as a group, they actually want a one-on-one challenge?



Then, while that enormous gorilla was charging halfway, it

casually picked up a large rock and smashed it towards Song Shuhang. F*ck, throwing a rock before the start of a fight... so it wasn't that stocky gorilla's unique skill, but an innate skill of the entire gorilla species?

"Smashing rocks at me is of no use!" Song Shuhang reached out with his hand and slapped, smacking the large rock out of the way.

However, something that made him shocked happened.

When that huge gorilla was approaching him, its two short legs employed a footwork—it was the same ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩ executed by Song Shuhang earlier!

Thereafter, when that enormous gorilla got to Song Shuhang's back, it used all its strength and slapped Song Shuhang's back.

That set of moves was indeed the technique used by Song Shuhang to hit the 'stocky gorilla' earlier.

What an awesome imitation skill!

Even though the few steps of the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩ were not as impressive as it looked, the learning ability of this troop of gorillas was indeed heaven-defying!

Should I consider bringing one back for Senior White to play with? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Thereafter, to deal with the enormous gorilla attacking him from behind, Song Shuhang lifted his leg, like a horse lifting its hind legs, and kicked at the enormous gorilla.

This strong final blow from his kick directly sent the enormous gorilla flying.

The physique of the enormous gorilla was clearly weaker than that of the earlier stocky gorilla—after being kicked by Song Shuhang in its chest really hard, it fainted as soon as it collapsed onto the floor and could not get up again.

Song Shuhang surveyed the remaining nineteen gorillas—if it was going to be a one-on-one challenge, taking down this troop of gorillas wouldn't be hard!

However, would this troop of gorillas continue to engage in one-on-one challenges?

The answer was... no.

After the two strongest gorillas of the troop were defeated by Song Shuhang, the remaining nineteen gorillas bellowed in rage and charged towards Song Shuhang at the same time.

And what was even worse was that when they were charging halfway, they all bent down to pick up a large rock each in sync, and ferociously threw them at Song Shuhang.

It was indeed an innate skill of their species!

With so many rocks coming all at once, change in quantity led to a change in quality; their destructive power and menace increased multifold!

Song Shuhang looked at the sea of huge rocks being thrown at him and felt his liver indistinctly hurting again.

* * *

On the other side.

On the grassland not far from the troop of gorillas...

The wreckage of the plane was scattered all over the grassland, its front nowhere to be found.

The passengers in the fuselage of the plane were a bit more fortunate, they did not receive the full force of the impact from the disposable flying swords like Song Shuhang and company who were in the control cabin.

Besides, when the accident occurred, the plane was already under the influence of the 'flight restriction formation' and slowly descending.

The flight restriction formation did not directly pull the items in the sky down to the ground, but forcefully nullified their ability to fly instead; there was also another force that supported the items in the sky, making them slowly land...

After the plane landed on the grassland, even though many passengers were injured, they were all alive.

However, right now... the over twenty passengers that just escaped from calamity had to face another, bigger danger.

A total of fifty-odd black gorillas rushed over the moment the plane landed; without even waiting for the passengers to react, all the gorillas dispersed, surrounding all the twenty-odd remaining passengers in a circle.

After these black gorillas surrounded the passengers, they actually took out ropes. From the looks of it, they wanted to tie these passengers up one by one.

Immediately, girls' screams could be heard, coupled with children's cries...

"God, what is happening?" a black uncle cried out in English; his voice was naturally loud—it momentarily masked all the other screams and cries of the girls and children.

Based on the black uncle's knowledge, a troop of gorillas usually consisted of thirty of them at most, so how did more than fifty

gorillas gather in front of him?

Additionally, the gorillas even knew how to tie people up with ropes! Where did these gorillas even come from?

The black uncle's cry was too loud and crisp—it attracted the attention of the troop of gorillas.

Thereafter, a strong gorilla walked out from the group and went in the direction of the black uncle, charging and bellowing at him at the same time.

It seemed as though... the loud and clear cry of the black uncle earlier was mistaken as a provocation by the troop of gorillas?

Next, the strong gorilla hit its chest and charged towards the black uncle like a tank.

The black uncle's legs went weak immediately.

The strong gorilla charged in front of him and punched the living daylight out of the black uncle, leaving him unconscious on the ground.

"Huhuhu!" The strong gorilla's facial expression clearly showed disdain. After that, it retrieved a rope and skillfully tied the black uncle up.

This was indeed a sorrowful scene.

But for some reason, when the black gorilla skillfully tied the black uncle up, it felt as though it was stitching something with a needle, making the the people on the scene smile for unknown reason.

After he was done tying up the black uncle, the strong gorilla bellowed at the passengers. "Roar, roar, roar!"

Thereafter, it used both hands to hit its chest, displaying the gorillas' signature gesture.

The remaining passengers were frightened to death.

Some people frantically took out their phones, making futile attempts to dial numbers; some of them screamed out loud with tears streaming down their faces continuously; some of them even curled themselves up, trembling in fear...

Amongst the remaining twenty passengers, twelve of them were gentle and feeble women.

Among the nine men, five of them were slightly plump liberal arts staff.

Amongst the remaining four, one of them was the black uncle that was tied up by the strong gorilla.

The other one was an adorable little boy.

The third one was an old professor with a head full of white hair.

The last one was Song Shuhang's disciple in name, Joseph.

Apart from Joseph and the black uncle that was already tied up like a rice dumpling, who looked like they had at least a bit of fighting strength, the rest of them practically had no fighting capacity.

Unfortunately, the young and healthy men on the plane earlier got transformed into particles of light that disappeared within the flame.

That was indeed the kind of scene that caused people to give up all hope!



Lu Fei, who was hiding in the crowd, asked in a small voice, "Elder sister, what are we gonna do?"

Lu Fei's elder sister furrowed her brows and secretly sighed. "We're in trouble. We got surrounded, and based on our current state, we have no way of escaping from the clutches of this troop of gorillas."

Next to her, Joseph clenched his teeth, silently protecting the two ladies. His daughter had already disappeared from the plane, and now, he would definitely not allow these two ladies to be harmed in any way!

When Joseph looked at the troop of at least fifty monstrous gorillas, he knew he already was in desperate straits. At such a time... if they didn't fight back, death would be the only option.

But if they fought back, pitting 20-odd weaklings versus fifty strong and formidable gorillas... no matter how you see it, there was absolutely no chance of winning.

Perhaps now is the time for me to use the peerless martial technique that master taught me! Joseph clenched his fists with all his strength.

Joseph had complete faith in his master, Shuhang—he believed in the peerless martial technique that his master, who only lightly pushed his palm to create the exploding sound in the air, taught him.

Even though he had only practiced for slightly over a month, Joseph could really feel that he got a lot stronger.

"Roar, roar, roar!" At this time, that gorilla bellowed at the passengers once again and hit its chest with strength.

Behind him, the other black gorillas also bellowed, each holding a rope, slowly approaching the passengers.

Their movements were in sync... they practically looked like a group of people moving around.

The strong gorilla's face looked very pleased.

Thereafter, he took out another rope once again, and reached out his hands in a bid to grab the nearest air hostess.

At this time, Joseph finally stepped up and shouted in anger, "Stop what you're doing!"

The strong gorilla turned around in curiosity and stared at Joseph.

Joseph's eyes looked fierce, and he had a grave expression on his face.

Next, he started performing the first set of the <Times are Calling>, the preparation stage.

He maintained an upright position and raised his left arm while facing the left hand.

The next step... bend the right leg forward, and at the same time, his left arm was lifted towards the inside, facing the right hand!

Thereafter, his right leg went back to its original position, and at the same time, he lifted both arms (palms facing outside) and slightly raised his head.

Joseph stared provocatively at the strong gorilla.

The strong gorilla initially stared blankly.

Then it looked like it was deep in thought. Thereafter, it did a disdainful expression—its facial expression was too vivid, just like that of a human.

Then, the strong gorilla stood upright!

It raised its left arm while looking at its left hand!

Its right leg bent forward, and at the same time, its right arm was lifted towards the inside, facing the right hand!

Lastly, its right leg went back to its original position, and at the same time, it lifted both arms (palms facing outside) and slightly raised his head.

This imitation was too perfect, perfectly smooth and fluid, it didn't seem like it was its first time performing it at all! It looked very nice!

After finishing the first set of the «Times are Calling», the strong gorilla turned its head around and stared provocatively at Joseph!

Chapter 287: What's worse than being helpless? Being super helpless, of course!

‘How is this possible? How did it learn my body tempering technique with just one look?’ Joseph opened his eye wide. It was obviously just a stupid gorilla, why was it so good at learning things?!

The strong gorilla had a self-satisfied look on its face. Then... it unexpectedly showed the middle finger to Joseph! Apparently, it wasn't their first time meeting humans; moreover, they had learned many things from them.

‘Such arrogance! It was only the warm-up!’ Joseph clenched his teeth and displayed the second set of the <Times are Calling>, the Vessel Relaxation Fist.

Of course, it was a name Joseph had come up with. In truth, it was nothing but a stretching exercise!

Joseph stood straight and raised his arms high in the sky with the palms of his hands facing forward!

Next, he half-squatted and brought down his arms with the palms facing backward. After finishing this movement, he stood up and raised his hands up, before bringing them down once more. Afterward, he took a step forward with his left foot, doing a forward lunge and shifting his two arms from the front to the side, changing the fist into a palm and slightly raising his head.

After completing this series of movements, he stood erect and exhaled, throwing out a mouthful of bad air!

The strong gorilla stared at Joseph and scratched its head.

The corner of Joseph's mouth rose—the second set was much more complicated than the first one. This creature was only a gorilla after all, right? It shouldn't be capable of learning this style.

But right at this time, the strong gorilla made a backflip and stood erect. Afterward... it raised its arms high in the sky with the palms of its hands facing forward!

Next, it half-squatted and brought down its arms with the palms facing backward... at last, the strong gorilla assumed a standing position and exhaled, throwing out a mouthful of bad air!

Just as before, it had perfectly copied Joseph's movements!

After finishing, the strong gorilla felt that there was something amiss.

Then, it waved its hand, and the fifty or so gorillas standing behind it seemed to have understood its meaning.

They started to rhythmically beat on the ground with their feet and hands and cried out in unison, "Roar! Roar! Roar! Roar! Roar!"

Then, the strong gorilla performed once more the second set of the <Times are Calling>, this time amidst these howls.

Moreover, its speed was getting faster and faster!

The other fifty or so gorillas behind it were also howling at a faster and faster pace.

In the end, the strong gorilla performed the second set, the stretching exercise, three times faster than Joseph.

Seeing this gorilla perform the stretching exercise three times faster than normal felt the same as watching a video in fast-forward motion...

After completing the stretching exercise, the strong gorilla raised its hands, and the fifty gorillas behind roared in unison...

Then, the strong gorilla turned around and bathed in the cheers of the audience like a superstar. At this time, it looked the second coming of Harambe.

At last, it turned its body around and lightly pouted its lips, blowing out air from its nose. And just in this fashion, a gorilla-style ‘disdaining’ expression came to be.



In the rear, all the captives were dumbfounded.

They had no idea as to what kind of face to make to express their current feelings—it was a mix of several emotions: 70% fear, 10% depression, 10% awe, and 10% stupefaction.

Lu Fei asked cautiously, "Elder Sister, is that a... dance competition?"

After a short pause, Lu Fei's elder sister said, "I think it might be a gymnastics competition? But the question is, what kind of gymnastics is that?"

"It's the <Times are Calling>; I specially looked it up on the Internet earlier," Lu Fei replied.

After seeing Zhuge Yue's video, she went online and looked up which stretching exercise Joseph was performing. After searching for a while, she discovered that it was the <Times are Calling>.

Recalling Zhuge Yue, Lu Fei carefully looked at the other captives—as expected, Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang weren't amongst them!

Also, Song Shuhang, Tubo, Gao Moumou and his girlfriend Yayi weren't there either.

Lu Fei tried to recall what happened back then. Before they crashed, Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang wanted to go to the control cabin to check out on Song Shuhang.

It seemed they got separated when the nose of the airplane was cut off.

"The Times are Calling? So that's what it was... anyway, how many sets are there in total of this stretching exercise?" Lu Fei's elder sister asked.

After pondering a bit, Lu Fei replied, "There are ten."

"Only ten..." Lu Fei's elder sister looked all around.

They were tightly encircled by more than fifty gorillas. Unless they could fly, there was no way for them to escape this encirclement.

It seems that as soon as that foreign uncle is done competing with the gorillas in gymnastics, they'll start attacking us again...

I must think of something! We have to escape before this uncle named Joseph completes the ten sets of the Times are Calling!

Lu Fei's elder sister tried to calm herself down.

And just as she was operating her brain at full speed, Joseph was

already performing the fifth set of the Times are Calling, the ‘chest-expanding exercise’.

Since this strong gorilla was getting better and better at learning this stretching exercise, Joseph also had to increase his speed, quickly arriving at the fifth set.

Lu Fei’s elder sister scratched her head, somewhat worried. ‘Dammit. In front of absolute strength, every scheme is useless!’

No, I have to do something! If this keeps going on, Joseph will quickly finish all the ten sets!

I have to find a way to gain time and get away from here!

At this time, the nearby Lu Fei asked the twenty or so surviving passengers, "Is there anyone amongst you who is a breakdance expert?"

"A breakdance expert?" The passengers were at a loss first. Then, their eyes suddenly lit up!

These gorillas seemed very happy to imitate human movements—they could easily discern this point from the fact that they were having a gymnastics competition with Joseph right now.

Therefore, something like breakdance had a chance to attract their attention.

Moreover... breakdance was complicated and rather difficult to perform with the build of these gorillas. Some of the moves might even throw them into confusion, giving them a chance to escape!

"I do!" someone suddenly said.

Everyone turned their heads toward the direction the sound came from... then, they saw a tied-up black uncle with a self-satisfied look on his face. "I'm an expert in breakdance!"

That wasn't completely out of the question. After all, black uncles seemed quite good at breakdancing.

But even if he was the best breakdancer in the world, it was useless! Because not only he was completely tied up, a strong gorilla was also pulling the other end of the rope, dragging him along! Who would even dare to free him?!

"Cough. If there is no other choice, I can give it a try." At this time, a chubby man stood up and said with a forced smile on his face, "When I was young, I took some breakdance lessons."

But later... he started working and didn't have time to practice breakdance anymore. He had a family to support now; therefore, he couldn't wantonly act like a carefree youngster anymore.

With time, his nimble and agile body gained weight due to his job, and his breakdancing skills also considerably fell...

"Big Brother, do your best!" At this time, a cute young boy tried to encourage the chubby man.

The chubby man took a deep breath and clenched his teeth, mustering his strength. Afterward, he walked toward Joseph.

Once Joseph was done with the ten sets of his gymnastics exercise, he would go on stage and perform several breakdance moves in the hope of piquing the interest of these gorillas, pushing them to imitate him.

If he could pique their interest, it would be a success, but if he were to fail... well, there was no need to say what would happen.

‘I wonder how long I can hold with the current state of my body...’ the chubby man thought to himself as he started to secretly warm up.

Perhaps, this would be the last dance of his life, and going out of scene while performing the breakdancing he liked so much didn’t look too bad.



Several minutes later.

At this time, Joseph’s movements were eight times faster than

usual; he was in the process of completing the last set of the <Times are Calling>, the ‘straightening exercise’.

He had to put his life on the line to reach this speed—both his hands were moving frantically.

Luckily, he had practiced at least thirty times every day in the last month—only thanks to that was he able to instinctively perform the <Times are Calling> and reach this speed.

The gorilla stood in place with a serious expression, carefully looking at Joseph’s movements. With speed being eight times faster than normal, unless it carefully followed his movements, it would miss some bits.

After finishing his performance, Joseph gasped for breath and silently looked at the gorilla.

After watching the performance, the strong gorilla pondered for a moment.

In the next instant, it stood up and... swish, swish swish! It performed the ‘straightening exercise’ ten times faster than normal!

After performing the exercise at 10x speed, it bathed in the cheers of the other gorillas like a superstar.

Joseph secretly heaved a sigh.

"Teacher, I did my best," Joseph said.

Unfortunately, he still couldn't use qi and wasn't a real martial arts master... it was really a pity!

"Brother, you were incredible. Leave the rest to me." Right at this time, a chubby man stepped forward and patted Joseph's shoulder.

Joseph looked at this chubby man, somewhat confused.

After stepping forward, the chubby man faced the gorillas and made a provocative gesture, challenging them to a breakdance battle.



The strong gorilla was confused and looked first at Joseph and then at the chubby man.

In the next instant, the chubby man started his breakdance performance.

This might as well be his last dance; therefore, he gave his all and displayed moves that he never dared to perform in the past. At this time, he had already surpassed his limit!

The chubby man felt that it was his best performance since he

had started practicing breakdance.

All the surviving passengers loudly cheered, approving of this performance.

But the strong gorilla in the front was getting more and more confused and tilted its head in confusion.

After scratching its head, it patted a nearby gorilla that was slightly shorter than it but still very strong-looking, hinting at something to it.

Then, this short but strong-looking gorilla took a step forward, charging toward the chubby man that was still madly dancing!

And just in this fashion... it hit him and knocked him out.

Next, it took out a rope and quickly tied him up...

All the cheering passengers immediately stopped, dumbfounded looks appearing on their faces... for a very long time, they were unable to utter a word.

It seemed that breakdance wasn't enough to pique the interest of these gorillas and push them to imitate it...

But, why the hell were they interested in gymnastics exercises yet didn't care about breakdance?! Just why?!

Then, the short gorilla dragged the chubby man along and returned to the crowd of gorillas.

Afterward, the other strong gorilla raised both his hands and patted his chest, fixing its gaze on Joseph.

It wanted to keep fighting!

‘At this time, I can only put my life on the line, huh?’ Joseph thought to himself.

Soon after, he howled and mustered his courage, charging toward the strong gorilla without turning his head...

❄ ❄ ❄

In the meantime.

Wenzhou City, Baijing Street, Song Shuhang’s house.

Yesterday, Auntie Li suddenly moved out of her house. According to the rumors, a millionaire made an offer that Auntie Li couldn’t reject and bought the house.

And that millionaire was supposed to move in exactly today.

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was humming as he went toward Song Shuhang's house with some gifts in his hands.

He rang the bell, and every soon, Mama Song came to open the door.

"Hello, who is it? Oh, it's you?" Mama Song said as she looked at Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist. Wasn't this the seriously injured person that Shuhang brought home a few days ago?

Then, this person left the same night and even took along her bed sheet!

"Hello, Miss. It's me indeed, my name is Li Yun." Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist revealed a smiling face and said, "I was lucky that little brother Song Shuhang helped me a few days ago, allowing me to recover from my injuries very quickly. I came here to thank him. Also, I've bought a house in the area, and from today onwards, I'm your neighbor."

After finishing his sentence, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist enthusiastically passed those exquisite presents to Mama Song.

Mama Song took the gifts and looked at Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's honest and simple smile—her impression of him immediately rose.

"There was no need for these gifts! Come inside, have a seat," Mama Song said with a smile.

"Then, I'll be impolite and stop for a glass of water." Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist continued to giggle. But why was he here? He was here to freeload Song Shuhang's enlightenment stone and break through a small realm within the Fifth Stage!

However, after entering the house, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist didn't see Song Shuhang.

He smiled and thoughtlessly asked, "Eh? Little friend Shuhang isn't home?"

"Oh, he left this morning with his friend and went on a trip. From what I know, they went abroad to some island to have fun. Youngsters are always like this. Even during summer vacation, they refuse to stay idle at home and want to have some fun," Mama Song said as she passed him a cup of boiled water with a smile.

He went somewhere to have fun... and the place is even abroad?!

How can there be such a coincidence!

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was stunned.

Luckily, he was a cultivator that had lived for several hundred years, and although he had passed half of his life sealed, he was still very experienced and good at adapting to the situation.

Without Mama Song noticing, he recovered and asked with a smile, "When is he coming back? Last time, I was in a hurry and didn't even have the time to thank him properly."

"At least seven, eight days, and up to ten, fifteen days," Mama Song replied thoughtlessly. Song Shuhang said he would stay there for around a week, but if he were to meet Soft Feather, the trip might be prolonged for a bit!

Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's mouth twitched at the corner.

Absurd! For the past few nights, he paid visits to tens of schools and gave rise to major stealing incidents in 40-50 sects! After gathering money with great difficulty, he finally bought a house near Song Shuhang—and why did he put in so much effort? Because he wanted to benefit from Song Shuhang's enlightenment stone as soon as possible!

At this time, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was truly heartbroken...

Chapter 288: Reality? Illusion?

Facing the overwhelming shower of incoming rocks, Song Shuhang's only option was to bring the ‹Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk› to its peak and retreat as fast as he could, dodging the rain of rocks.

‘I can't drag it any longer.’ Song Shuhang looked at Gao Moumou, Tubo, and Yayi who were being tied up.

I need to quickly deal with this troop of gorillas. If I drag it any longer, I cannot guarantee the safety of my roommates anymore in the event the situation worsens.

When he thought of that, he clenched his teeth and swiftly drew the character 雷 on his right palm.

At this time, the gorilla that charged right in front roared and pounced at Song Shuhang; what it was holding in its hand was actually a long saber. It was a mystery where these gorillas had been hiding all the weapons—they simply suddenly brought them out one by one.

‘It's a saber.’ Song Shuhang grabbed the right opportunity, then his figure flashed and slammed into the gorilla.

Thereafter, he used one hand to grab the gorilla's wrist, seizing the long saber in its hand. Then, he shouted lightly, "Lightning Palm!"

The 雷 rune on his palm activated.

In the midst of the crackling lightning sounds, a ball of lightning appeared on his right palm, which Song Shuhang used to slap the gorilla's chest as hard as he could!

"Urghhhhhh!" the gorilla let out a cry out of extreme pain—there was a huge hole in its chest, and fresh blood splattered out of its mouth as it flew upon impact.

After it landed on the ground, the gorilla frantically twitched before dying.

Upon seeing this, the rest of the gorillas started bellowing and pouncing violently towards Song Shuhang.

"Flaming Saber!" Song Shuhang flipped the wrist holding the saber, activating the ancient bronze ring's 'Flaming Saber' skill.

"Bang!"

Flames burned violently on the long saber; Song Shuhang dragged the flaming saber and executed the footwork for the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>, charging towards the troop of gorillas.

His speed was so fast it looked as though he flickered and went

right up to the nine gorillas who were right in front.

The Flaming Saber's light left behind a Z-shaped afterimage.

When the flames on the saber went out, the second of the nine gorillas that had charged toward him fell to the ground; it followed in the footsteps of the first one, earning a one-way ticket to the underworld.

The remaining gorillas immediately stopped moving and stared at Song Shuhang in fear.

Song Shuhang took this opportunity to unleash a small trick related to mental energy, the 'spiritual pressure'. He coldly stared at the troop of gorillas, trying to intimidate them.

The surviving gorillas immediately cried in a strange manner, fleeing in all directions.

Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He did not pursue and attack the fleeing gorillas. He wasn't bent on killing them all, so it was a good thing that they decided to run.

He grabbed the saber the other way round and walked towards his roommates—he was going to cut the ropes tied around their bodies and wake them up.

But after taking two steps, the long saber in his hand suddenly burst into flames.

Thereafter, the long saber suddenly turned into particles of light, akin to sand, before scattering all over the floor.

Song Shuhang stared blankly and immediately thought of what Gao Moumou said to him in the plane.

The missing passengers on the plane also burst into flames, transformed into particles of light and then disappeared! Just like the saber.

Song Shuhang immediately turned his head around and looked at those gorillas he killed.

Indeed... after their death, the gorilla that took his Lightning Palm, as well as the gorilla that was slashed by his Flaming Saber, burst into flames before transforming into particles of light and vanishing.

‘What’s happening?’ Song Shuhang furrowed his brows.

These gorillas felt extremely real, but the scene after their death gave people a sense that it could be illusory.

It was extremely illusory, yet extremely real!

‘Illusory reality?’ Song Shuhang recalled Venerable White’s ‘desert’.

Could it be that the mysterious island I'm currently at is actually a place created by an 'illusory reality'?

Don't tell me that people who die within the 'illusory reality' transform into dots of light and disappear?

Song Shuhang did not see 'himself' getting repeatedly killed by the assassin within Venerable White's 'new illusory reality'. Hence, he did not know what the characters who died in an illusory reality would become.

Or else, he definitely would not have associated the scene before his eyes with an 'illusory reality'.

It doesn't seem right, the mysterious island is not as simple as just an 'illusory reality'. True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple and Senior Northern River did bring back some treasures with them. Even though they were some low-level treasures, the mysterious island is definitely not as simple as an 'illusion', Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Besides, regardless of whether or not it was an 'illusory reality', it could not be taken lightly—because if one were to die in the illusory reality, they would really end up dead.

Because it was an illusion, but also a reality!

After thinking this much, Song Shuhang walked ahead, took out

his backpack and used the treasured saber Broken Tyrant to cut the ropes around Gao Moumou, Tubo, and Yayi.

Gao Moumou and the company were injured, but luckily, those injuries did not pose any threat to their lives.

Song Shuhang touched the ancient ring and used his mental energy to activate the healing spell on it.

Of the functions the ancient bronze ring boasted, the Second Stage Flaming Saber technique could be activated three times a day, and the healing spell eight times a day—though it could only be used on a single person at a time, and would only display effects of the Second Stage. As for the spirit gathering formation, its functions were passive, and thus constantly in effect.



After Gao Moumou and the company had the healing spell used on them, the three of them woke up very quickly.

"Eh? Shuhang? Where is this place?" Gao Moumou forcefully rubbed his temples; he felt as though his mind was like sticky paste.

"We're at the floating island that we saw from the plane," answered Song Shuhang.

At the same time, he couldn't help but think, If this is the

mysterious island, then, when we leave, I'll probably lose my memories right?

Eh, wait a minute!

The seniors who left the mysterious island mentioned before... that the cultivators that left the island sealed their memories on own initiative.

In that case... for ordinary human beings, they do not have qi and blood, true qi, and spiritual energy—how would they seal their own memories, then?

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples.

Forget it, let's talk about this later... right now, the most important thing is to think of a way to leave the mysterious island.

As for how they were gonna leave the mysterious island, he immediately thought of the bird's-eye view of the mysterious island he saw in his dream.

A grassland, a forest, a crescent moon-like lake, as well as that enormous ancient city.

We should go to the 'ancient city' first, perhaps we can get a clue with regards to how we can leave the mysterious island there.

We can't stay in the wilderness for too long—on this island, there are high-level monster beasts that could even pursue and kill a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor.

"The floating island...?" Gao Moumou forced a laugh. "Am I dreaming?"

Song Shuhang said, "I wish I was dreaming too."

"What about the rest of the people?" Tubo looked around and realized there were only the four of them here.

"My guess is that we probably got separated. At that time, we were in the control cabin and the rest of them were behind. Hence, that is why we stayed together," answered Song Shuhang.

Yayi, who was in Gao Moumou's arms, asked, "What should we do next?"

"Let's look for the other passengers first, like our classmate Lu Fei and her sister, not forgetting Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang as well as Joseph—they were all in the passenger compartment of the plane. Perhaps they are currently together with the rest of the passengers," said Song Shuhang after pondering.

On this mysterious island that was full of various dangers, Song Shuhang's strength alone seemed very small. He hoped that he could safely bring his friends to the ancient city...

The other passengers too—as long as nobody harbored any ill intentions or sought to stir trouble, Song Shuhang naturally would also take them along to the ancient city.

"That's true, we gotta find our classmate Lu Fei and the rest first." Gao Moumou wanted to push up his glasses out of habit, but his glasses had already been lost during the whole plane accident.

Gao Moumou could only rub his nose. "Can the plane wreckage be seen? If it crashed, we should be able to see thick smoke or something, right?"

"Let's look for a highly elevated place and look down from above. Hopefully, we can successfully find them without a hitch," said Song Shuhang.

He was rather worried—danger lurked in every corner of the mysterious island. Apart from that, in times of extreme despair, some people who were psychologically twisted could also become a significant source of crisis.

Hopefully, none of them would turn out to be one of those psychologically twisted people and give birth to 18+ rated scenes!

Song Shuhang's worries were definitely unnecessary... because the passengers who were alive were united as one in order to deal with a troop of gorillas who knew how to do calisthenics...



Meanwhile, in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

‘True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple’, who reduced his frequency of going online recently due to the memory loss, appeared. "Fellow Daoist Northern River, is the company that manufactures gym equipment under you still in operation? The equipment used by the disciples in my daoist temple to train is so worn out, it needs to be replaced soon..."

Changing with times, as well as science and technology advancements, cultivators were also introduced to the invention of gym equipment, especially for disciples in First Stage Realm to train their body—the results were pretty decent.

Northern River’s Loose Cultivator answered, "I did not invest in any gym equipment manufacturing company... One of my subordinates had a collaboration with a gym equipment manufacturing company, and then placed an order with them for custom-made high-intensity gym equipment. But three to four years later, that manufacturing company decided to venture into another industry and invested in real estate; their luck was bad and they had already gone bankrupt after making a lot of losses."

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple: "..."

"Wait for True Monarch Yellow Mountain to go online, I remember he has a lot of manufacturing assets for equipment-related products under him," answered Northern River’s Loose Cultivator.

"Alright then, guess I have no other choice. If it's really not possible, I will buy a gym equipment manufacturing company then 😊." True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple smiled.

Just as both seniors were chatting, Venerable White went online.

"Fellow Daoist Ancient Lake Temple, Fellow Daoist Northern River, it's good that both of you are online. I have a favor to ask from you guys 😊."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator said, "What's up, Senior White? Feel free to tell us."

Venerable White: "I need the both of you to help me consolidate all the information pertaining to the 'mysterious island', and also include your personal conjectures and theories!"

True Monarch Ancient Lake Temple asked out of curiosity, "Venerable White, you're interested in the mysterious island?"

"Yeah, I have always been interested in it," Venerable White replied. "Besides, Song Shuhang took a plane earlier, and went straight into the mysterious island... I must find out and process the information with regards to the mysterious island. I need to see if I'm able to get him out safely."

Little friend Shuhang had entered the mysterious island?!

He is still as adventurous as before! Quite a number of seniors in the chat group immediately thought.

Chapter 289: Hello, the stain of my life!

Song Shuhang and company successfully found the plane that crashed, as well as its passengers.

Fortunately, they did not encounter any scary monster beasts that might try to chase or kill them on their way there.

When Song Shuhang found the passengers, they seemed to him like Spartans.

Fifty-plus gorillas were seen surrounding approximately twenty passengers... and the twenty passengers were forced to stand in four neat lines.

In front of these twenty passengers, there was a strong gorilla... that was doing the <Times are Calling> calisthenics—it was leading the exercise.

Nearly twenty passengers wore perplexed expressions while following the gorilla in performing calisthenics at the same time!

What kind of image was this... Song Shuhang almost wanted to jab something into his eyes to render them blind. Even gorillas that became spirits would not be as human-like as the troop of gorillas before his eyes, right?

Behind the troop of gorillas were a black uncle, a slightly plump middle-aged man, an old professor, an air hostess, as well as Song

Shuhang's disciple in name, Joseph. They were currently tied up like rice dumplings by the gorillas and thrown onto the ground.

"What exactly is happening?" Gao Moumou stood on an elevated ground, his eyes squinting into two lines. He had myopia, hence objects afar looked very blur and indistinct to him, but if he used his mind to think and fill in the gaps, he would still be able to find out what was happening in front!

"The gorillas are teaching the passengers calisthenics radio music?" Tubo secretly took out his phone in a bid to record the scene before his eyes. Unfortunately, it was too far away, so all he captured was a bunch of black dots.

"Are they filming a movie?" Yayi muttered—after all, it was extremely outrageous that the gorillas were teaching human beings how to do calisthenics.

Just as the audience was chatting away... suddenly, amongst the people doing calisthenics, a little boy couldn't quite keep up with the rest and fell behind on a couple of steps.

At this time, one of the gorillas from within the troop that was surrounding the human beings pounced ferociously towards the passengers and grabbed the little boy. It tied him up skilfully and dragged him behind the troop, putting him together with the black uncle, the professor, the air hostess as well as Joseph.

"There is even punishment?" Tubo felt as though his beliefs were completely shattered after today's episodes.

Gao Moumou didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Is this War for the Planet of the Apes?"

The scene before their eyes was as science fiction as it gets.

The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched before he said softly, "You guys stay here, don't move. I will go there to take a look."

"You're going alone? Let me accompany you!" Tubo clenched his teeth.

"Exactly, if you wanna go, all of us go together." Likewise, Gao Moumou clenched his teeth.

"It's fine, I can go there alone. If there's any danger, I will escape back here immediately. You guys know this too, I've been training recently, hence I run fast." Song Shuhang gave a thumbs up.

Gao Moumou and Tubo thought about it and agreed—previously, Song Shuhang took the first place in their school's long-distance race. If both of them tagged along, they might end up being a hindrance instead.

"You must, by all means, be careful. I've heard that gorillas can erupt with a very high speed for short distances. You must pay attention to your own safety," Gao Moumou said carefully.

Song Shuhang nodded. "You guys hide well, don't let them find you."

Thereafter, he approached the troop of gorillas at high speed.



While approaching, Song Shuhang secretly used the ⟨True Self Meditation Scripture⟩ and brought his mental energy to its maximum.

Speaking of the ⟨True Self Meditation Scripture⟩, it must be said that the image of his True Self had completely changed recently.

In his sea of consciousness, his True Self was still firmly sitting cross-legged as before.

Perhaps because he had practiced the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩, his True Self's hair was tied up into a bun like that of scholars in ancient times, his face looking auspicious and peaceful—he had the manners and air of a scholar.

How should it be put... Song Shuhang was rather pleased with the changes appearing in his True Self from the neck up.

But from the neck down, his body suddenly became extremely ripped, similar to bodybuilders' physique—huge chunks of muscles, strong, sturdy, veins popping out.

Indistinctly, his True Self's 'muscles' would sparkle with golden light. This was the result of practicing the <Immovable Body of the Buddha>.

Additionally, his True Self's upper body had no clothes or accessories, and his lower half was wearing four-toned pants.

As for the appearance of his True Self, Song Shuhang was in absolute despair... He only had one goal at the moment—after he had leapt through the dragon gate, and transformed what was illusory into reality, turning the qi and blood in his body into true qi, he would definitely search for several daoist sword arts and also techniques from the Erudite School to practice.

I must change the image of my True Self back!



Very quickly, Song Shuhang had already approached the troop of gorillas.

As he was approaching them, another five, six more passengers had their arms tied behind the back with the rope looped around their necks by the gorillas and thrown to Joseph's side because they couldn't keep up with the gorillas' calisthenics.

Song Shuhang took a deep breath, his hand holding the treasured saber Broken Tyrant tightly—his opponents were fifty gorillas, he

dared not be careless; he feared that when the gorillas went berserk, they might accidentally kill the passengers.

After getting to an appropriate distance, Song Shuhang revealed himself abruptly with the treasured saber Broken Tyrant in one hand.

At the same time, he activated a mental energy trick, 'spiritual pressure', and transformed the mental energy that had been accumulated for a long period into pressure power, directing it towards the fifty gorillas!

Also at the same time, his finger spun the pendant, 'Green Breeze Speed Boost' that was hung on his chest. A layer of green spiritual energy surrounded Song Shuhang's entire body, increasing his speed to the maximum.

Song Shuhang needed the gorillas to reveal a moment of weakness before he could eliminate most of them while the Green Breeze Speed Boost was still in effect.

Like that, the passengers would be able to safely get out of danger. By then, the remaining gorillas would slowly be eliminated.



He used the might of his spiritual pressure on all of the gorillas at the scene, and also around all the ordinary passengers. At such a

critical moment, Song Shuhang had absolutely no time to differentiate and specifically target the enemy.

Under the might and pressure of his mental energy, all the gorillas stiffened.

In the next moment, just as Song Shuhang was about to perform the 'Flaming Saber' to exterminate the majority of them, they all suddenly let out a strange cry and fled in all directions.

They fled tremendously fast—in the blink of an eye, not a single one was left.

Song Shuhang also stiffened; he had activated the Green Breeze Speed Boost and was ready to fight these gorillas, but instead, they chose to flee suddenly. At this time, he felt as though he had punched a pile of cotton, quite annoyed.

Don't tell me my 'spiritual pressure' skill had another breakthrough? Song Shuhang suspected.

"Teacher! Teacher!" At this time, Joseph, who was tied up like a rice dumpling, started cheering loudly upon seeing Song Shuhang's appearance. He was like a worm, wriggling happily towards Song Shuhang.

And the passengers who were forced to do the <Times are Calling> radio exercise once again fell weakly to the ground—some of them cried out loud, some of them laughed as hard as they

could, some of them fell to the ground as their legs gave away... they used various kinds of methods to vent their emotions.

"It's Shuhang." Likewise, Lu Fei and her sister sat weakly on the ground without caring for their image, looking at Song Shuhang's figure.

Even though they did not know why the troop of gorillas suddenly fled in all directions when Song Shuhang appeared, it was good that they left.



Song Shuhang looked at the supplementary technique 'Green Breeze Speed Boost' on his body, and carefully took a step forward. Under the support and protection of the Green Breeze spiritual energy, his body seemed to have escaped the gravitational pull—his entire body floated exaggeratedly... his legs also seemed as though they were equipped with springs, there was an invisible energy supporting him, causing him to bounce.

Thereafter, in the eyes of several surprised passengers, Song Shuhang was hopping like a grasshopper towards Joseph.

What was Mr. Song Shuhang trying to do? The majority of the passengers could not understand why he was hopping and what he was trying to do.

Song Shuhang finally hopped to Joseph's side with much

difficulty, wiped his forehead and squatted down before undoing the ropes.

He then helped the other people next to him to undo their ropes as well.

After getting his ropes undone, the black uncle cried tears of joy—he assumed that he was definitely gonna die, and didn't expect to escape death. The rest of the people who were tied up felt the same way.



After he saved the people who were tied up, Song Shuhang waved at Lu Fei and her sister, who were among the passengers.

Lu Fei and her sister got up from the ground and went to Song Shuhang's side.

Song Shuhang asked, "Lu Fei, Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang aren't with you guys?"

Lu Fei shook her head. "Both of them seemed to have separated from us. I initially thought they were with you."

"Oh." Song Shuhang rubbed his brows... The people on board seemed to have been separated into several groups, what a headache.

"I was together with Tubo, Gao Moumou, and his girlfriend. The Zhuge siblings were not with us; firstly, I will bring you guys somewhere safe. Thereafter, I will think of a way to find Zhuge Zhongyang and the rest," answered Song Shuhang.

After he finished his sentence, he glanced once again at the passengers.

Every single one of them lacked outdoor survival experience in the wild—after their narrow escape from death, they did not keep their guard up. All of them lay weakly on the ground, resting and recovering some energy.

Apart from those passengers, Song Shuhang himself did not have any outdoor survival skills either—at most, all he did was watch outdoor survival television programs.

Forget it, I have to first get Lu Fei and co., the passengers, as well as Gao Moumou and the rest to the ancient city before deciding my next course of action, Song Shuhang thought to himself.



"Everyone, please quiet down." Song Shuhang clapped his hands.

It was Song Shuhang's arrival that scared the gorillas away. Hence the passengers quieted down and looked towards him.

"Ahem, as everyone had seen, the wilderness is not safe—apart from the gorillas, there are other ferocious beasts here. Earlier, my friends and I saw an ancient city in that direction. If you are willing to come with me, I will bring everyone to that ancient city," said Song Shuhang loudly.

The passengers glanced at Song Shuhang—some were happy, some were grateful... but, inevitably, there would be some people who were suspicious and doubtful. Everyone had their own opinions.

But Song Shuhang couldn't care any less at this moment. He would look out somewhat for those who were willing to follow him. Otherwise, he was not going to force anyone to come together with them. He might be a good person, but he wasn't someone who would beg others to let him help them.

Right now, he could only do his best... after all, forcing things would not bring about anything good.



"His level is that of a cultivator of the First Stage Five Apertures Realm, with his Ear Aperture opened.

"He is someone who cares deeply about friendship, a very meticulous person.

"Oh, he even took the initiative to search and help the remaining

passengers? A person of good nature?"

"Argh... the stain of my life, welcome to the 'Heaven Island'!

Chapter 290: The shrinking big lizard

In the end, the old professor, the four women, and the three chubby clerks decided to form a separate team, while everyone else chose to follow Song Shuhang and go to the ancient city.

The old professor was very curious about this island; perhaps others were unaware of this, but he knew that the small plants they were stepping on and those towering trees far away were already extinct on Earth.

The vegetation he could see only in books appeared before his very eyes now.

Therefore, he decided to stay in this place and study these plants further, then bring a few samples back with him if possible—as he saw it, as long as he knew in which direction the ancient city was, he could catch up with the others in no time.

Scientists were usually quite reasonable, but whenever their interest got piqued, no one could stop them. At this time, the thirst for knowledge of the old professor was at the limit, and even though he had experienced the terror of those gorillas, he wasn't discouraged and still wanted to go on with his exploration.

As for those four women and the three chubby clerks, they also seemed to have some plans.

Song Shuhang had no intention of forcing them to follow him, but before leading his team away, he showed them the direction

where the ancient city was once more.

"I'll give you a final reminder. This place is very dangerous... other than that troop of gorillas, there are even bigger dangers lying in ambush. Take care of yourselves," Song Shuhang said.

He had done everything in his power and also reminded them of the dangers.

Now, whether they would follow his advice, and whether they would survive this ordeal, was all up to their abilities and luck.

Lu Fei and her sister, Joseph, the young boy, the black uncle, the chubby air hostess, and the other five female passengers followed Song Shuhang and left.

Later, Gao Moumou, Yayi, and Tubo also came out of their hiding place and joined Shuhang's group.

"Shuhang, what happened just now?" Gao Moumou was baffled and couldn't understand why those gorillas suddenly escaped as soon as Song Shuhang made his appearance. Shuhang wasn't a dangerous animal, and even if he were the king of the beasts, the lion, he could have only escaped in front of those powerful fifty-odd gorillas!

"I'm also unsure as to what happened. I merely showed myself and then..." Song Shuhang forced a smile. He merely released his 'spiritual pressure'; he didn't expect those gorillas to get so

frightened either.

Then, he added, "Enough chit-chat, this island is full of dangers. Let's immediately go the ancient city as to avoid further troubles."

Gao Moumou silently nodded.

Next, the group headed toward the ancient city under Song Shuhang's lead.

'I hope for the trip to be smooth and safe. Senior White, wish me good luck!' Song Shuhang thought to himself.

Song Shuhang knew from the discussion in the group chat that even Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors and Sixth Stage True Monarchs suffered a defeat on this island. Therefore, wouldn't a garbage cultivator of the First Stage like him just get the sh*t beaten out of him?

This time, he needed really a lot of luck.

Speaking of luck... whom could he pray to aside from Senior White? According to Soft Feather, praying to Senior White had miraculous effects!



Along the way, Song Shuhang spread out his mental energy and

activated his 'mental detection'.

Thanks to this, his team managed to avoid several ferocious-looking wild beasts lying in ambush. However, these wild beasts weren't really scary; what Shuhang was worried about were monster beasts.

If they were to meet a monster beast, Song Shuhang was sure that they would be discovered way before he could even detect the opposite party with his 'mental detection'.

At the time, perhaps they would really turn into the delicious food of a big carnivorous monster beast.



Very soon, Song Shuhang and his team crossed the plain and arrived at the edge of the forest. From this position, they could already see the outline of the ancient city.

"There really is an ancient city!" the black uncle said excitedly. It seemed that he didn't really believe Song Shuhang's words at first, but seeing that everyone was following him, he also tagged along.

Lu Fei said softly, "It somewhat resembles an ancient Chinese city."

"This place is really mysterious." Lu Fei's elder sister seemed very curious about this place.

Since they were all excited, their voices rose a bit.

Song Shuhang quickly stopped them. "Sssh... quiet down. We're about to bypass the edge of the forest, don't make too much noise."

After recalling to mind those fearful and bizarre gorillas, the passengers immediately calmed down and didn't dare to utter a word.

After everyone had settled, Song Shuhang continued to lead them toward the city.



The content of Murphy's law could be summarized as such: Anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

In other words, if you were afraid of something, that thing would happen.

Just as everybody was cautiously moving forward... a huge green-colored creature suddenly came out of the forest. The distance between the two parties was around a hundred meters.

All the trees at the edge of the forest were around ten meters tall, but when this huge creature stood up, it was at least 50% higher than those trees!

Its powerful body was completely covered in scales, and its eyes were as cold as ice.

"A dinosaur?!" Gao Moumou opened his eyes wide, not daring to believe what he was seeing.

"It looks like a lizard to me... just several hundred times bigger?" Tubo swallowed a mouthful of saliva. He seemed to have some knowledge in regards to reptiles.

"Hisss!" The huge creature, which was around fourteen meters long, stuck out its tongue, glaring at Song Shuhang and the others with its big eyes.

It was the scene of a predator eyeing its prey... and in this case, Song Shuhang and the others were the prey.

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Against such a big creature, even if he were to use a full-powered 'Lightning Palm', it wouldn't have too much of an effect. A 14-meter-long creature was too much to handle for the current him.

Song Shuhang grasped his treasured saber Broken Tyrant tightly. Would his saber be able to break through the defense of this huge lizard?

But just as he was planning to put his life on the line and fight...

The body of the huge lizard started to shrink quickly; the process was so quick that it could be seen by the naked eye.

Its body that was more than 50% taller than the surrounding trees quickly shrunk till reaching the same height as theirs. Afterward, it kept shrinking and shrinking until it completely disappeared!

"???" A row of question marks appeared above Song Shuhang's head. Just what the hell happened?

"Was it an illusion?" Yayi said in a low voice.

Everyone nodded in agreement; it seemed this was the only possible explanation as to why that huge lizard had suddenly shrunk till disappearing.

"No matter what it was... I think we should reach the ancient city as soon as possible," Song Shuhang said while swallowing a mouthful of saliva.

"Agreed."

"We also feel the same." The scene just now had scared to death the passengers in the rear, and their legs, which were tired from the long journey, were now suddenly full of strength once more.

I dunno, I'll give you a somewhat subtle alternative at least: Latent capacity was just like décolletage—squeeze it with enough

strength and it'll burst with power even when you think it's at its limit.



"It seems he's not that kind of foolish kind-hearted man that would do anything for others."

"Then, let's see the other sides of his personality in the ancient city."

Chapter 291: Beheaded with one slash

Song Shuhang carried the small boy on his back and brought everyone to the ancient city as fast as he could.

On the whole, the city wall had a Chinese feel to it. However, the shape of the tall walls was rather odd, they assumed the shape of a stepped pyramid with each layer stacking on top of the other.

Each layer was ten meters long, and there were four layers in total.

Even the city gate was eight meters tall, and its width was approximately the length of four traffic lanes. A metal gate that was several times bigger than a sluice gate of a large dam sealed the doorway to the city tightly.

A mysterious decorative design was engraved onto the metal gate; it looked as though it was just a simple decoration from a distance, but Song Shuhang's scrutiny revealed there was a certain order to those decorations. When the numerous decorative designs were put together, they seemed to form a huge magic formation—except that it was unknown what this formation was for and how it worked.

Indeed, this ancient city was built by cultivators. Perhaps the method to leave the mysterious island lies in this place! Song Shuhang calmed down.

At this moment, everyone behind him stared at the tall wall in

awe. The heavy metal gate attracted their attention as well—such an enormous gate, how could it be opened and closed?

"Shuhang, how are we gonna enter?" Gao Moumou asked. There wasn't anybody guarding the gate, and the gate did not look like it was automatic, so how were they supposed to enter?

"I don't know either... just like you, it's my first time in this ancient city too," Song Shuhang answered. "I'm going to look around first and see if I can find a way to get us in. The rest of you rest here, don't run around."

In reality, there was absolutely no need for Song Shuhang's words, because nobody there wanted to run around at all.

The huge ten plus meters tall lizard had scared everyone out of their wits earlier, not forgetting their encounter with the troop of gorillas that made them want to laugh and cry at the same time.

Additionally, all of them ran from the grassland to the ancient city—their energy had been completely depleted. Right now, after they had endured all the way to the wall, they sat down and rested. They had absolutely no energy left to move.

"I still have some energy, I can accompany you." Tubo stood up. He frequently exercised, hence he still had some energy left.

Gao Moumou massaged his legs and smiled. "I'll come with you guys too. The ancient city is quite huge, we need more manpower

to search for clues unless we want to spend months looking for them."

"You don't have to, stay here with Tubo and take good care of Yayi, Lu Fei, and the rest." Song Shuhang smiled—if Gao Moumou and Tubo were to leave with him, leaving Yayi, Lu Fei, and the other ladies behind, he would honestly be a little worried.

Gao Moumou looked at his girlfriend, Yayi, in his arms who couldn't get any more tired. He sighed and said, "In that case, you gotta be careful. This ancient city gives me a weird feeling."

"Don't worry, I can run really fast." Song Shuhang smiled.

Thereafter, he waved his hands and followed the wall, walking to the left.

"Teacher, wait for me! I will go with you!" At this time, Joseph got up from the ground and rushed over to Song Shuhang. His physical strength was very commendable, and he actually managed to run over here and was still so energetic, while even someone like Tubo couldn't take it anymore.

Song Shuhang glanced at his disciple in name and nodded with a forced smile on his face.

Joseph laughed happily and quickly followed Song Shuhang.



After Song Shuhang and Joseph had covered a sizeable distance.

Tubo asked curiously, "Speaking of which, how did Uncle Joseph become Song Shuhang's disciple?"

He had seen the video Zhuge Yue had uploaded onto the net—truth be told, almost all the students in Jiangnan College Town had seen that video before. However, Tubo was very curious—how did Uncle Joseph get to know Song Shuhang and even become his disciple?

He even learned the 〈Times are Calling〉 from Song Shuhang, treating it as an exceptional technique to practice.

"Well, just think about Song Shuhang's kind-hearted nature, then you should be able to roughly guess the entire story." Gao Moumou wanted to push his glasses up out of habit, but since his glasses were gone, he could only pinch the bridge of his nose depressingly. "I think it happened on the day of the school's sports competition—Song Shuhang probably got bored and did calisthenics at some corner of the school to train his body. And the 〈Times are Calling〉 does sorta have the air of those martial arts performed in movies.

Then, Uncle Joseph should be someone really interested in Chinese martial arts. On the day of our school's sports competition, he was strolling within Jiangnan College Town and happened to bump into Song Shuhang who was in the midst of doing calisthenics. Just like that, Uncle Joseph probably mistook it

for some martial arts technique. And, after that, Uncle Joseph probably ran over and requested Song Shuhang to teach him a set of the <Times are Calling>... Based on Song Shuhang's kind personality, he would certainly not reject an effortless task like teaching another person the <Times are Calling>. Hence, he casually taught Uncle Joseph that set of calisthenics at that time," Gao Moumou conjectured.

His inferential skills were not bad, apart from leaving out the 'cultivation' part, his conjecture was about 80-90% accurate.

Lu Fei, who was at the side, nodded and said, "That's right, I heard Shuangxue mention before that her dad had always liked watching kungfu movies since he was a child. He is very obsessed with Chinese martial arts; the reason why he married a Chinese lady, as well as self-learnt Chinese, was because he loves Chinese martial arts."

"That makes sense." Tubo thought about it for some more and said, "From the looks of it, I think it's better if we don't shatter Uncle Joseph's dream of learning martial arts."

Gao Moumou and Yayi added, "Moreover, thanks to Uncle Joseph's calisthenics, we got to keep the troop of gorillas occupied for such a long time".

Everyone nodded... except that, the moment they thought of the process of the gorillas learning and practicing the <Times are Calling>, they felt all kinds of mixed feelings.

"That was an experience that no one can ever forget. I have decided, when I get out of here alive, I definitely have to practice the <Times are Calling> at least three times a day," the slightly plump air hostess said resolutely as she clenched her fist.

"I will do it ten times each day!" That black uncle laughed and shouted in awkward Chinese, "I want to change the <Times are Calling> into a breakdance style and spread it within the breakdancing community!"

The white-collar woman laughed and agreed, "When I get back, I will do it once a day—not just the <Times are Calling>, but the <Falcon Flight> too!"

"And also the <World is Wonderful> and the <Youth's Vitality>—I had done that when when I was in school back then," said a young man, smiling.

"I remember learning the <Youthful Dance> in high school." Yayi smiled and joined in.

Everyone chatted and couldn't help but let out warm laughs, causing the repressive feeling in their hearts to seemingly lessen by quite a fair bit.

Thereafter, the surviving passengers started to introduce themselves.

Humans evolved to live together with each other, and this

remained ingrained in them. It was human instinct to unite together as a group in times of danger.

Just as everyone was chatting, Tubo suddenly pointed to a dark shadow in the sky and shouted, "Wait a second, what is that!?"

High up within the sky, that dark shadow descended at a fast pace—it seemed to be heading in the direction of the ancient city.

It was an eagle!

Additionally, it was an enormous eagle. When it spread its wings, they spanned more than ten meters across; its body was practically like a small plane!

Be it the lizard earlier or the eagle now... could it be that the things on this island were all super-sized?

Or perhaps... they were the ones who shrunk?

"Not just one, there are more behind!" Gao Moumou shouted. Behind the huge eagle, there were two more enormous black shadows swiftly sweeping over.

"Quick, hide near the city gate!" Lu Fei's elder sister called out at that moment.

Even though the city gate was closed, it fell in the middle of the

entrance to the city, serving as a partition. Hence, there was a half a meter gap between the entrance and the gate, allowing people to hide there a bit.

Even though it was not the ideal hiding place, they had no choice—near the ancient city, apart from the wall, there was only plain and nowhere else to hide.

All the people hurriedly ran towards the gap between the entrance to the city and the city gate, then squeezed together and looked at the enormous eagle in the sky in fear.

"Dear God... I pray that their target ain't us," muttered the black uncle, who was stroking his cross necklace that was hanging on his chest with all his might.

Lu Fei's sister laughed bitterly. The plain was vast, without a single object in sight. Apart from the walls, the only other thing that was left was the surviving passengers.

Looking in the direction of the descending enormous eagles within the sky, they seemed to be flying towards the wall. If there was no food they fancied within the ancient city... then their target would be that group of people.



On the other side.

Song Shuhang and Joseph followed the wall and walked a very, very long distance, far away from their starting point, but the wall seemed to be never-ending—the end could not be seen. There were absolutely no new findings.

It was still a long distance from the next city gate according to what Song Shuhang could remember.

At this time... it would be so great if Venerable White or Doudou were here. They could just ride on the flying sword and get to the next city gate in a jiffy. Furthermore, they could even use the sleeping spell and put everyone to sleep before using another spell to bring everyone over the wall and into the ancient city.

Just as he was thinking, Song Shuhang suddenly had a bad premonition.

He abruptly lifted his head towards the sky and saw three enormous eagles within the sky, with one in front and two at the back, heading in the direction of the wall.

The two slightly slower eagles were heading towards the position of the aforementioned city gate.

The especially fast eagle in front, however, was heading in the direction of Song Shuhang and Joseph instead.

"Teacher! A huge... huge... huge bird!" Likewise, Joseph saw the enormous eagle that was descending from the sky towards them

and shouted.

"Stand behind me and don't move," Song Shuhang said in a low voice. He reached his hand to his back and grabbed on to the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

In the eyes of ordinary human beings, the treasured saber Broken Tyrant was just an invisible object.

Even though the eagles in the sky were enormous, they were still just ordinary wild beasts, like the gorillas—they were not monster beasts. They would not be able to see the treasured saber Broken Tyrant either.

Very soon, the especially fast eagle pounced toward Song Shuhang and Joseph and issued a high-pitched call. It flung its enormous talons towards Song Shuhang and Joseph in a bid to grab them both in one go.

Joseph felt weak in his legs.

It was different from dealing with the gorillas. Even though the gorillas were frightening, they did not look too physically different from the gorillas in the real world.

But the eagle right before their eyes... it had the wingspan of almost ten meters! What kind of weird creature was this!

At this time, Song Shuhang lightly tapped Joseph, using the soft

strength version of the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>.

Joseph could only feel his body floating lightly and flying forward, just in time to avoid the eagle's attack.

But even though he was hit in the chest by Shuhang, he did not feel any pain at all. Teacher's martial arts had already reached such an amazing level?

After thinking of that, Joseph's fear immediately dissipated. With such a formidable master next to him, perhaps even the enormous eagle would not be a problem.



Song Shuhang executed the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> and agilely dodged the eagle's attack. Immediately after, he jumped and seized the opportunity to step on the talons it used to attack him.

Song Shuhang used the eagle's talons as leverage and leapt up high, then he flipped once and gathered his strength before swinging the treasured saber Broken Tyrant towards the enormous eagle's neck, trying to behead it with the sharp edge of the saber!

He had to deal with this eagle as fast as possible since other two enormous eagles were already heading in the direction of the city gate! Song Shuhang had no time to waste.

The eagle could not see Song Shuhang's hidden treasured saber Broken Tyrant, but based on the wild beast's sixth sense, it could feel that it was in extreme danger.

It subconsciously moved its head from side to side, using its sharp beak to peck at Song Shuhang's arm.

"Clang!"

Its beak struck against the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

Sparks flew... and the sharp beak got sliced by the treasured saber, just like tofu.

After all, the treasured saber Broken Tyrant was the most important treasured saber of the Moon Saber Sect—it could overcome a Fourth Stage cultivator's defense. How would it be possible for it to be unable to match up to an ordinary eagle's beak?

Having its beak cut off, the eagle was extremely shocked. It had never encountered such a situation before!

In its shock, it flapped its wings violently, wanting to fly higher before making another attack.

But why would Song Shuhang give it another chance to escape?

"Flaming Saber!" Song Shuhang activated the 'Flaming Saber'

technique on the ring without any hesitation, then flicked his wrist—flames started raging on the blade.

Song Shuhang swung his saber at the eagle's neck once again.

"Bang!" The flames on saber Broken Tyrant shot out and transformed into crescent-shaped flaming saber qi, slashing the neck of the eagle.

The Flaming Saber's saber qi was equivalent to an attack of the Second Stage, and its might was second only to Song Shuhang's 'sword talisman'.

This time, the eagle couldn't save its head.

The eagle's head flew, its wounds continuing to burn—not even a drop of blood was shed.

In midair, Song Shuhang flipped once, lowering the speed he was falling at and lightly landing on the ground.

Joseph, who was standing at one side, wiped his saliva forcefully and said, "That saber qi... it was just like the ability to release internal sword qi, right? It was practically identical to those special effects you see in movies. One day in future... will I also be able to become like you, Teacher?"

He was filled with hope with regards to his own future.

"Joseph, be careful. I will go back to the city gate's position first," said Song Shuhang after he landed on the ground.

"Yes, Teacher, you be careful too!" answered Joseph.

Song Shuhang nodded, then brought the ‹Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk› to its maximum speed. His figure was like lightning—he dashed as fast as he could towards the city gate.

The 'Flaming Saber' on his ring could still be used once more, and also, he still had the last sword talisman.

In the sky, the two remaining eagles were getting closer and closer to the city gate's position.

I definitely must get there in time!

Chapter 292: In the end, Song Shuhang was really a martial arts expert?!

When he saw his teacher speeding ahead, Joseph found him extremely elegant. From the way he was walking, he seemed very slow, but in truth, his speed was incredibly fast. In the blink of an eye, his silhouette changed into a small black dot.

It was a special characteristic of the techniques of the Erudite School—they were all very elegant!

The hair of every scholar of the Erudite School was like glued and wouldn't get messy no matter what.

‘It's a technique to increase one's speed!’ Joseph blinked a few times. He just thought of something—since he had finally discovered his teacher's name and met him again with great difficulty, shouldn't he take advantage of the situation and stay in touch with him? The best thing would be to live close to him and learn other techniques from him.



A dozen or so breaths later.

Just as Song Shuhang hurried to the city gate, the two huge eagles pounced down!

After diving, they used their talons to successfully grab their targets.

One of the eagles grabbed Gao Moumou and the black uncle; the other one dived a little later and grabbed the female businesswoman and the chubby air hostess.

"Gao Moumou!" Yayi immediately called out and dashed forward, trying to reach out to him.

Luckily, Lu Fei's elder sister grabbed her tightly, stopping her...

After seizing their targets, the two huge eagles flapped their wings and created a strong wind.

Then, their huge bodies rose into the sky again!

Gao Moumou, who was now trapped within the eagle's talons, heaved a deep sigh—earlier, when the eagles dived toward them, he pushed aside his girlfriend Yayi and was caught instead.

At this time, he felt that he had been rather unlucky as of late... ever since Zhuge Zhongyang returned from abroad to look for him, his luck dropped from a very good A level to a miserable E level.

Ten days ago, the cat he had raised for several years suddenly ran onto the road and died in a car accident. Gao Moumou was heartbroken.

Nine days ago, his mom was bored and gave too much food to his three goldfishes, they all died. Gao Moumou was heartbroken.

Eight days ago, the second account he had created last year to write webnovels got banned because he mentioned prohibited stuff such as boobs. Although he paid attention to his writing style, he still got discovered by the all-knowing Eye of Censorship. Gao Moumou was heartbroken.

Three days ago, just as he was planning to pass some time with his girlfriend Yayi, Zhuge Zhongyang suddenly appeared and ruined everything. Gao Moumou was once again heartbroken.

Today, their airplane crashed and they ended up in a mysterious place. And now, a huge eagle grabbed him...

And soon, he would be gulped down by this eagle and come out of its belly in the form of excrement.

Gao Moumou's story was really heartbreaking.

As he was indulging in flights of fancy, a shadow was running at high speed on the ground. The speed of that shadow was extremely quick—it could be compared to that of a car.

This shadow was precisely Song Shuhang!

After seeing his good roommate, Gao Moumou clenched his teeth and held back his tears—he didn't want to cry before his death because he wanted to leave the impression of a strong man on Yayi.

"Shuhang, take care of Yayi in my stead. I hope we'll be brothers in our next life too!" Gao Moumou bellowed heroically and waved his hand at Song Shuhang.

In the middle of that small space between the entrance of the city and the city gate, Yayi was crying copiously.



Song Shuhang secretly gritted his teeth, although he was a step late... he wasn't too late either—there was still a chance to save them!

"You two... come down!" Song Shuhang angrily howled.

His voice was thunderous and ear-splitting, and the eagles flying in the sky were scared by this sudden yell.

"Shuhang, don't do anything stupid!" Gao Moumou called out while in midair. At this time, those eagles had brought them high up in the sky, at the height of several meters.

The two eagles flapped their wings strongly; they wanted to rise high up in the sky and disappear into the clouds.

But right at this time, Song Shuhang suddenly jumped toward the city wall, starting to run on the wall as though he was running on flat ground!

The city wall was forty meters tall and was similar to a terraced field-like pyramid made of four layers. Each layer was ten meters tall, and there were no places to climb on on this vertical wall.

Even if an expert at climbing rocks were to come here, they would be helpless facing this wall unless they had very good equipment with them.

But at this time, Song Shuhang was running on the city wall as though he was running on flat ground. And just in this fashion, he ran along the wall, heading toward the top.

It seemed as if gravitational force didn't have any effect on him.

His current speed was extremely quick, and every ten meters there was a gap in the wall that Song Shuhang could use to propel himself and jump toward the higher section.

Song Shuhang was lucky that this city wall had the shape of a terrace field-like pyramid. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to reach the top in one go with the level of his *«Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk»*.

When those guys hiding beside the city gate saw this scene, they

were dumbfounded. They just saw someone running on an almost perpendicular wall that was at least forty meters high!

Was this really something a human was capable of?

Everyone immediately recalled to mind Joseph's enthusiastic expression when he called Song Shuhang 'teacher'.

Was Song Shuhang really a martial arts expert?

Was it possible that those martial arts experts that appeared only in novels and movies existed in the real world too?



In the blink of an eye, Song Shuhang reached the summit of the forty meters tall city wall!

The two eagles flying in the sky also just happened to have reached the same height—at this moment, they were basically on the same level.

"Come here!" Song Shuhang said as he clenched his teeth. Then, he used the city wall as support and ruthlessly smashed his feet against it; his legs looked like springs as he made a jump of almost seven meters, reaching the first of the two eagles!

This was the eagle that had grabbed the chubby air hostess and

the female businesswoman. The eagle didn't expect that a small creature would suddenly appear on top of the city wall and jump toward it. Therefore, it was caught off guard.

In the next moment, Song Shuhang ruthlessly trampled on the back of the huge eagle. The qi and blood in his Heart, Eye, Nose, and Ear Apertures exploded, and Song Shuhang concentrated all this power in his right leg before violently smashing it against the back of the eagle.

The eagle cried out in pain and couldn't help but fall downward.

Song Shuhang propelled himself with the strength of this kick and jumped up once more. He held the treasured saber Broken Tyrant in his hands and chopped toward the second eagle—this eagle was holding Gao Moumou and the black uncle; it was also his main objective.

Song Shuhang was neither a saint nor a buddhist monk that saw all living creatures as equal.

Although he was very worried about the safety of the other kidnapped passengers, the one he cared about the most was his roommate Gao Moumou.

Between the two eagles, Song Shuhang wanted to take care of the one that had seized Gao Moumou first.

He absolutely couldn't let this eagle get away. After all, this

island was very big and filled with dangers. The chances of Gao Moumou surviving on his own were almost nil.

Therefore, he needed to use a lethal blow and not allow the eagle to escape.

"Flaming Saber!" Song Shuhang made his move. He didn't hesitate and immediately activated the ancient bronze ring on his finger.

He could use the Flaming Saber for a total of three times in a day. The current one was already the third and last attack he could use for the day. If he wanted to use the Flaming Saber engraved on the ancient bronze ring once more, he would have to wait twenty-four hours since the first usage.

Dazzling flames suddenly appeared in Song Shuhang's hands. The flames frantically burned, and the saber qi exploded.

Fear appeared in the eyes of the eagle. Its instinct was telling it that the flames burning in the hands of this small creature had the power to slay it.

It had to avoid those flames at all costs.

"Screech!" The eagle called out in alarm and frantically flapped its wings in the hope of getting away!

"Die!" Just as before, Song Shuhang tightly held onto the saber

and slashed.

The Flaming Saber turned into a crescent-shaped saber qi and slashed toward the neck of the eagle...

‘I can’t afford to fail!’ Song Shuhang gritted his teeth while midair.

"Riiip!" The flaming saber qi slashed toward the neck of the eagle.

At this time, the huge eagle was frantically flapping its wings and trying to get away as soon as possible.

One couldn’t underestimate the will to live of living things... no matter which creature it was, when they faced a life-or-death situation, they would erupt with all their strength and surpass their limits.

As expected, in the next instant, the eagle released all its latent strength.

In the blink of an eye, the edge of the Flaming Saber was already there, ready to cut its neck. But in that exact instant, the eagle flapped its wings fiercely and flung its head backward with all its might.

The saber qi of the Flaming Saber brushed past the eagle’s neck... shaving off most of the plumage on its neck and chest.

Blood was dripping from its neck, but it had managed to survive.

"It's not over yet!" Song Shuhang opened his left hand, revealing a glittering talisman.

He had prepared for all eventualities. After all, he could use the Flaming Saber only by relying on the ancient ring, and he couldn't control it as he wished.

Luckily, he still had a sword talisman left. Although it was a bit of a waste to use something that had the attack power of a Third Stage cultivator to deal with this huge eagle, Song Shuhang didn't mind it if it was to save his good friend.

"Sword!" Song Shuhang shouted.

However... no sword qi burst out.

How is this possible? Did the sword talisman lose its effectiveness? Song Shuhang looked at the talisman in his hands as his complexion turned white.

Because he wasn't grabbing a sword talisman... it was an evil-warding talisman!

At this time, Song Shuhang's body lost its momentum and fell toward the ground.

The eagle grabbing Gao Moumou flapped its wings and quickly put some distance between them.

What's happening? Why did the talisman in my hand change into an evil-warding one? And I have no time to exchange it either; all the other talismans are in my backpack!

Damn, I was too careless... because of this mistake, I lost the last chance to save my friend!

If only he had hit the eagle with the first strike, if only he hadn't been so careless, if only he were a little stronger... the outcome would have been different.

At this time, Shuhang was furious, furious that he was so weak and useless.

Right now, his heart was burning with anger.

But right at this time, he recalled a certain scene from the past—a scene where blazing flames filled the entire world.

In that scene, Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven used a tree branch as a saber and slashed lightly. Afterward, the flames spread from the branch and burned the heavens and the earth, and swallowed the entire universe!

Chapter 293: Flaming Saber: Simplified Edition

The Flaming Saber was indeed a very ordinary saber technique in the cultivation world.

It was a Second Stage technique—that is to say, a First Stage cultivator would be unable to use it as he or she pleased. Even if they learned how to activate it, upon execution, flames would not appear on their saber.

Only after the qi and blood energy within their bodies transformed to true qi would they be able to use the ‘Flaming Saber’ technique, channeling their true qi to create flames.

The flames that burn on the saber would be able to increase its destructive power, just like when Song Shuhang used the ‘Flaming Saber’ to create a crescent-shaped Flaming Saber qi earlier.

Its power was rather formidable for close combat, yet at the same time, it was capable of impressive long-range attacks as well. Amongst the staple cultivation saber techniques, it could be considered a rather decent technique.

...But inside Li Tiansu’s memories, Song Shuhang saw that the Flaming Saber had an extremely overbearing power when Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven executed it.

When he swung his saber, endless flames surged up violently on

it; there was nothing they couldn't burn, and it seemed as if they would keep burning forever.

That was a saber that could burn to the skies, enveloping the entire world in flames.

Facing Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's saber attack... even though Song Shuhang was just a spectator, he could feel his whole body burning up from head to toe and his entire mouth—including his tongue—drying up; even his blood felt like it was evaporating because of the heat.



At this moment, the memory of Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven using a branch as a saber to execute the Flaming Saber suddenly appeared in Song Shuhang's mind again.

That memory was very clear—Song Shuhang could even distinctly remember the way Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven flicked his wrist and every little movement.

But the actions done when executing the saber technique were not that important, the most important thing was Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's saber intent when executing it; after all, that fire that burned to the skies... was the embodiment of Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's will.

At this moment, Song Shuhang seemed to have experienced

Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's saber intent once more himself.

In midair, he instinctively flicked his wrists, clumsily imitating Senior Scarlet Heaven's 'saber intent'.

In the next moment.

"Boom!" A layer of flame was ignited on top of the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

Except that these flames were a lot weaker compared to the ones ignited by the Flaming Saber attached to the bronze ring; it felt as though the flames would die out anytime—it was just a thin layer coating the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

'Flaming Saber: Simplified Edition' should do for a tentative name, right?

Regardless, Song Shuhang succeeded!

The 'Flaming Saber', a technique that could only be executed by Second Stage cultivators, was forcibly executed by him who was still in the First Stage Realm.

The qi and blood energy in the four apertures within his body—Heart, Eye, Ear, and Nose Apertures—was channeled into the treasured saber Broken Tyrant. Even the energy the ghost spirit had accumulated was steadily channeled into the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

Song Shuhang's gaze was fixated on the eagle that was flying high up in the sky.

The eagle was frightened and had already flown higher and higher, whereas Song Shuhang kept descending—the distance between the two of them became almost ten meters in the blink of the eye.

"Ha!" Song Shuhang waved his hand once again and dragged the treasured saber Broken Tyrant in reverse before swinging it upwards in a slanted manner.

A small, pitiful flame lightly floated towards the eagle.

Song Shuhang's cultivation was too weak; even with the help of the ghost spirit, when he used all his might to create the Flaming Saber qi, it was unable to create the crescent-shaped saber blade. He could only create a lightly floating flame that looked like it was gonna die out if the wind blew once.

The small flame no longer targeted the eagle's neck; instead, it just floated towards its enormous body.

Even though the flame might be small and looked light and floaty, its speed was extremely fast! When Song Shuhang swung his saber, it had already struck the eagle's enormous body a second later.

The eagle was unable to dodge it this time—its body was way too big, and no matter how it tried to dodge, it could not escape from the flame.

Additionally... this time, its instinct did not kick in—it didn't sense any danger.

"Pow! "

The small, small flame struck the eagle's body. Thereafter... it dissipated.

It dissipated just like that. It did not seem to cause any harm to the eagle... not even the slightest bit.

It was completely different from the overbearing Flaming Saber blade earlier.

❄ ❄ ❄

However, Song Shuhang, who was descending, secretly heaved a sigh.

He lightly clenched his fist.

"Screech~" At this time, the eagle in the sky suddenly let out a long cry. It used all its strength to flap its wings violently. However, that couldn't stop it from descending to the ground.

At the same time... blood suddenly spurted from its back, just as though a candlelight-sized flame had penetrated through its back.

As if the spurting blood was a cue, dozens of wounds on the eagle's back exploded with small flames shooting out from them in the next moment.

Every one of these flames carried the powerful heaven burning saber intent—earlier, when that ball of flame struck the eagle's body, it did not dissipate but penetrated the eagle's body instead. The Flaming Saber qi was released from the inside, thoroughly sending the eagle straight to its death.

The eagle struggled hard before its death, its talons unconsciously relaxing their grip.

Gao Moumou and the black uncle fell from the sky at the same time.

"Success," Song Shuhang muttered.

Next, I must catch Gao Moumou and the black uncle... or else, if they fall from a height of almost forty meters, Gao Moumou and the black uncle will become minced meat.

Shuhang glanced sideways at the wall next to him and started to estimate where they might land.

Next, he lightly tapped on the pendant on his neck.

The ‘Green Breeze Speed Boost’ pendant could only be used twice a day, and this was his second time today.

After activating the pendant’s spell, a layer of green breeze enveloped Song Shuhang.

His body became light and graceful, but most importantly, the green breeze that was enveloping him allowed Song Shuhang to slow down his landing to a large extent.

Song Shuhang’s body was akin to a willow leaf, lightly floating down in the sky.

At the same time, he reached his hand into his backpack, searching for something...



At this time, Lu Fei and her sister, Yayi, Tubo, as well as well as the other passengers at the city’s entrance were stupefied, their mouths agape.

What Song Shuhang did earlier was completely out of their expectations. Perpendicularly running up the wall for about forty meters was one thing, but the Flaming Saber qi used to strike the eagle’s body was even more shocking.

Lastly, Song Shuhang even killed an enormous eagle with a wingspan of almost ten meters. Was it really something a human being was able to do?

Was he a martial arts expert?

Next, even if Song Shuhang were to suddenly stretch out his palm and materialize eighteen golden dragons while shouting ‘Eighteen Subduing Dragon Palms’, they wouldn’t be surprised anymore!

Naturally, the people who were more shocked than the passengers were Gao Moumou and the black uncle who were falling from the sky at the moment.

Gao Moumou had thought that he was done for.

When he was captured by the eagle and flew up into the sky, he was worried about his adorable girlfriend Yayi and what would happen to her; in the future, would she look for a new boyfriend and eventually forget about him? Thinking about that, Gao Moumou felt extremely depressed.

However, he didn’t expect his roommate to suddenly transform into a superhero that could actually leap onto roofs and vault over walls, step on the eagle’s back, and even generate Flaming Saber qi with nothing.

Within a few minutes, an eagle with a wingspan of almost ten meters got sent straight to his death!

So bold and powerful, is this really Song Shuhang? The Song Shuhang I know isn't like that for sure though! He couldn't have been captured and switched by aliens, right?

Gao Moumou's emotions at this moment were practically like a huge tsunami. The first wave had not subsided, and a new wave was already rising.

As compared to Gao Moumou's tsunami-like emotions, the black uncle's thoughts were a lot more simple. "Help, help me! Save me, I don't wanna fall to the ground, aaaaaah..."

There was only one thought in the black uncle's mind—he didn't wanna die, he wanted to survive the fall, and be safe!



Within the sky, Gao Moumou and the black uncle, together with the eagle's carcass, were falling at an extremely fast speed. Song Shuhang had the 'Green Breeze Speed Boost', hence he was falling slowly.

The distance between both parties quickly became closer—from more than ten meters to approximately three.

'Now's the time.' Song Shuhang took out a bundle of extremely

long rope—he casually put it into his backpack after helping Gao Moumou and the rest undo the ropes that tied them up not too long ago.

He'd felt that objects such as ropes would come in handy in a place like the mysterious island eventually, and it so happened that he needed to use them now.

The gorillas used only one long rope to tie Gao Moumou and the rest up like rice dumplings at that time—this rope was rather long, and Song Shuhang only took one section of it—the entire rope would make one huge bundle that would not be able to fit into his bag!

Next, Song Shuhang used the remaining qi and blood energy in his body and channeled them into his arms before throwing the rope in Gao Moumou's direction with all his strength.

"Pow!"

Under the influence of qi and blood energy, the rope fell straight in the direction of Gao Moumou. Thereafter, Song Shuhang shook his wrist. The rope was dexterously wrapped around Gao Moumou.

After the rope was coiled around Gao Moumou, Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He grabbed the other end of the rope and did the same thing once again, wrapping the black uncle up too.

"Hold on to the rope tight, or don't blame me when you fall down," Song Shuhang called out.

Gao Moumou and the black uncle hurriedly grabbed onto the rope firmly and tightly.

Song Shuhang slightly squinted his eyes and chewed a qi and blood pill before swallowing it. A large amount of qi and blood energy entered Song Shuhang's body, replenishing the qi and blood energy consumed by the earlier 'Flaming Saber'.

Below, the eagle that was stepped on by Song Shuhang, the one that had grabbed the slightly plump air hostess as well as the businesswoman earlier, was violently flapping its wings to regain altitude.

As Song Shuhang was descending, he continuously adjusted his angle, attempting to land on the eagle's body.

At this moment, the eagle had already climbed to the height of nearly twenty-five meters once again.

With one hand grabbing on to the rope and with the help of the 'Green Breeze Speed Boost', Song Shuhang landed onto the body of the eagle.

"You're going down!" Song Shuhang shouted, focusing his qi and blood energy within his four apertures in his legs before stepping on the back of the eagle as hard as he could.

The eagle was once again being used as a stepping stone; it let out a painful cry before descending once again.

It violently flapped its wings in a bid to regain its altitude.

At the same time, it turned its head and used its sharp beak to peck at Song Shuhang and the rest.

Song Shuhang's left hand grabbed the rope tightly and his right wrist lightly flicked. He wanted to imitate Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's saber intent once more and kill the eagle.

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"Now, is it really fine to brazenly cheat like this? The Flaming Saber is a Second Stage saber technique, and this guy is only in the First Stage Realm!"

Chapter 294: Evil creatures, scam!

"You're wrong, this isn't an ordinary Flaming Saber Technique." A dignified male voice suddenly resounded. With a laugh, the owner of the voice said, "This saber technique made me think of a certain old friend I knew a long, long time ago."

"Using the ordinary Flaming Saber would be already considered a cheat... but if this isn't an ordinary Flaming Saber, wouldn't that make it even more of a cheat?"

"Hahaha, you have a point there." The dignified male voice erupted in laughter.

"Anyway, the annoying eagles are almost done being dealt with. Let's prepare to open the city gate."

The owner of the dignified male voice hurriedly said, "Wait for a while, these three eagles are only the first batch for today, there is still another large group of them flying over."

"...Weren't there only a few until now? Why are so many of them coming over today? This is pissing me off; I'm going to kill them all!"

The man with the dignified voice panicked. "Don't do that, these are precious experimental products. Killing two or three would allow us to have a good feast, but killing all of them is such a waste. We can chase away the remaining ones."

"Alright, we'll chase them away then."



Meanwhile, the flame tongues on the treasured saber Broken Tyrant in Song Shuhang's hand ignited again—it was the Flaming Saber's Simplified Version—Flame Tongue Saber!

Then, he swung his sword in the air and a small flame shot in the direction of the eagle's beak.

Compared to the first attack, this one was much smoother and not as awkwardly executed.

The flame immediately landed on the eagle's beak, sputtering as it transformed into dozens of candlelight-sized pieces of flaming saber qi, shooting towards the eagle's head.

The eagle was completely unable to resist, and the flames that shot at its head created several holes in it, making it look like a sieve.

"Ha... ha... ha..." Song Shuhang was panting and gasping for air; the qi and blood energy within his body was entirely consumed once again. But at the same time, the qi and blood energy from the pill he'd taken earlier quickly replenished the qi and blood in his body.

The eagle was slashed and fell from the sky...

"Aaaaah." The air hostess and businesswoman, who were being held by its claws, let out a scream—at this moment, they were at the height of approximately twenty meters.

Song Shuhang sighed.

Next, he used all his strength to leap, pulling the rope wrapped around Gao Moumou and the black uncle before leaping towards the wall at the side.

"Aaaah..." This time, it was the black uncle and Gao Moumou's turn to scream.

They got pulled along by Song Shuhang and ultimately landed on top of the second section of the wall.

The landing wasn't easy and they rolled a few times upon impact, but they weren't hurt in the end.

"You guys wait here." As soon as Song Shuhang finished his sentence, he jumped towards the falling eagle once again.

It might probably be because of the direct hit taken to its head, but after its death, the claws of the eagle were still tightly grabbing onto the air hostess and the businesswoman.

In order to save the air hostess and the businesswoman, he had to first chop off the eagle's claws before freeing them—there was however absolutely no time for that.

If that's the case, then I should fully utilize the eagle's enormous body. Song Shuhang had an idea.

Song Shuhang rushed underneath the eagle's body and lightly shouted, "Basic Fist Number One!"

With the support of the 'Green Breeze Speed Boost', he firmly punched the eagle's body, causing it to flip over.

The huge eagle flipped over in midair with its legs facing upward, maintaining that position while continuously falling to the ground.

At this moment, it was approximately ten meters away from the ground.

With the huge body of the eagle acting as a cushion, the two women should be safe and remain unscathed.

Unfortunately, the 'Green Breeze Speed Boost' could only be used twice, or else he could have used it on that eagle's body at this moment and slow down the landing, better ensuring safety for the two women that were clutched by its claws.

But right now, Song Shuhang had no time to do anything

anymore.

He only had enough time to take the opportunity to turn himself over and stand on the eagle's body, borrowing strength from it to perform the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>. Thereafter, he used his might to leap back to the first section of the wall.

He also had to take Gao Moumou and the black uncle down.

"Shuhang! Hurry! Hurry!" At this time, Gao Moumou who was on the wall suddenly started shouting frantically.

He pointed to the sky—a group of black dots could be seen from afar, heading in the direction of the wall.

Just by looking, the newcomers—giant eagles similar to the ones before—numbered at least ten.

Song Shuhang suddenly felt his scalp go numb.

He immediately threw the rope up, allowing Gao Moumou and the black uncle to grab it.

Thereafter, he used the rope to get over to Gao Moumou's side.



At this time, two enormous carcasses, one in front and one at the back, fell to the ground, creating a loud sound on impact.

"Let's go down." Song Shuhang used one hand to hold onto Gao Moumou and the other to grab the black uncle.

"How do we go down?" Gao Moumou asked out of curiosity.

We're at the altitude of twenty meters, we can't possibly be jumping down right?

"We're running down!" After Song Shuhang said that, he grabbed Gao Moumou and the black uncle tightly, then used his legs' strength and executed the 〈Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk〉 as he ran madly down the wall.

"Aaaaaaaah!" Gao Moumou screamed in a high-pitched voice; it wasn't because he was timid, but rather it was instinctive—akin to tearing up after getting your nose punched. He was being grabbed by someone, putting him in an upside down position before dashing straight down from a height of about twenty meters. Anyone else in his position would scream too.

Such an adrenaline rush was practically stronger than during bungee jumping—at least one would be tied to a rope when bungee jumping.

The black uncle next time him did not scream this time, he only shut his eyes tightly and firmly grabbed on to Song Shuhang's arm.



A few breaths later.

Song Shuhang safely brought the two of them onto the ground.

"Go hide in the gap of the city entrance," Song Shuhang said while approaching the eagle's carcass.

The air hostess and businesswoman were still alive, they struggled for a bit and climbed out from under the eagle's claws. There were a couple of scars made by the talons on the air hostess' body.

The businesswoman was in a slightly worse condition—just before the eagle died, it tightened its grip, squeezing her waist so tightly it almost burst. Fortunately, she was rather slim—if it were someone fatter, his or her intestines would have been squeezed out.

Song Shuhang leapt onto the enormous eagle's body, holding onto the businesswoman and the air hostess before leaping down once again with them.

"Go," said Song Shuhang.

There were still approximately ten eagles approaching in the

sky... the moment he thought of having to deal with ten eagles, Song Shuhang's scalp started to go numb.

He had already used up a lot of energy to kill two eagles; if it were ten of them attacking at the same time, he honestly had no confidence in guaranteeing the safety of so many passengers.

Furthermore... Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang were still out in the wilderness.



Within the gap of the city entrance, Yayi was crying in Gao Moumou's arms, using her small fists to punch his chest hard. Gao Moumou had a face of bliss, using sweet nothings to console his girlfriend.

After the black uncle joined the rest of the passengers, his entire body was shivering. He was slightly more pitiful compared to the rest—the moment the gorillas saw him, they tied him up, and the moment the eagles saw him, he got captured once again. Today was definitely not his lucky day.

After the businesswoman and the air hostess entered the gap of the city entrance, their faces wore an expression that clearly depicted that they had both received a new lease of life.

"Stay here and don't move. There are more enormous eagles approaching in the sky," said Song Shuhang in front of the city

entrance.

The passengers' faces stiffened and everyone hurriedly hid behind Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang held firmly on to his treasured saber Broken Tyrant, fixing his gaze on the group of eagles in the sky that was getting nearer and nearer.

Speaking of which, am I forgetting something? Song Shuhang thought to himself while standing in front of the city entrance. For some reason, he felt that something was missing from the city entrance's gap.

I remember now, Joseph!

Joseph had not returned! He is still on his way back!

Please be safe!

"Speaking of which, can we say we're playing [Eagle and Chicks](#)? With the eagles in the sky catching us, the chicks, and Song Shuhang as the hen, protecting us?" At this moment, Lu Fei blinked her eyes and suddenly broke the silence.

Song Shuhang stiffly turned his head around and laughed bitterly at Lu Fei.

This young lady was rather optimistic, she could still crack a joke in their current situation.

"Ahem, I shouldn't be a hen, I should be a rooster," Song Shuhang said with a sigh. "I'm male."

"Hehe." Lu Fei laughed cheekily.

The passengers looked at the view of Song Shuhang's back—Song Shuhang did not have a huge frame, neither was he stocky. But at this moment, in the eyes of everyone present, his figure was extremely huge, allowing people to feel reassured and at ease. After all, the two carcasses of the eagles next to the wall served as a contrast to show Song Shuhang's might.

The eagles in the sky drew closer and closer.

However, when they had reached a certain altitude, they did not charge at them like those eagles earlier... their intelligence might be low, but when they saw three carcasses of their brethren, they became somewhat vigilant.

They were circling in the sky, testing waters.



Song Shuhang held his treasured saber Broken Tyrant tightly while keeping a qi and blood pill in his mouth, preparing to replenish his qi and blood energy once it got fully consumed once

more.

But right at this time, a strange sound came from above the wall.

It sounded like a switch was activated, and then something got lifted. It wasn't loud—only Song Shuhang, who had opened his Ear Aperture, could hear it.

Are the ancient city's defense weapons being activated? Song Shuhang speculated.

"Beep~ beeeep~"

At this time, a piercing sound came from above the ancient city's wall. The sound was similar to the sound made by some speaker system when it got powered on, it was extremely piercing and painful to the ears!

The passengers behind Song Shuhang immediately covered their ears.

"Evil creatures, scram!" At this moment, an extremely loud voice could be heard from the speakers.

The voice was overbearing and very deep.

However, apart from being loud, the voice had no other special ability.

Just as Song Shuhang was puzzled at it, the enormous eagles in the sky frantically flapped their wings and escaped as though they had heard something frightful.

In the blink of an eye, the ten eagles became nothing but small black dots in the sky and vanished.

Song Shuhang was speechless. He felt that this change was too dramatic.

Did the lord of the ancient city get rid of the group of eagles via the speakers?

From the looks of it, the lord of the ancient city seemed to have noticed our presence.

Song Shuhang pondered for a bit, then put away Broken Tyrant and turned his body toward the ancient city. Afterward, he cupped his hands and said, "Senior, thank you for helping us. Junior Song Shuhang is very grateful!"

"Beeeeeeep~"

A piercing high-pitched sound came from the speaker once more.

Then...

"Evil creatures, scram!" It was still the loud, overbearing, and deep voice from before.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

F*ck, don't tell me the 'evil creatures' the lord of the ancient city was referring to weren't the enormous eagles but us?

"Beeeeep~" Song Shuhang remained deep in thought for a while more... until he was interrupted as the high-pitched piercing sound came from the speaker for the third time.

"Evil creatures, scram!" It was still that loud, overbearing, and deep voice.

Dammit, so it was a replay of a sound recording that was on a loop!

a Chinese game for children where one child acts as the eagle, attempting to catch the 'chicks', and the other one acts as a hen protecting her chicks, which are the other children would be standing behind the 'hen'.

Chapter 295: [Y/N]?

Just as Song Shuhang's heart was racing really hard, Tubo's voice could be heard from behind. "Song Shuhang, quick, take a look, some handwritten words appeared on the metal gate!"

Song Shuhang turned his head around and looked toward the gate. Then, he saw a layer of light appearing on top of the carved patterns on the metal door.

A string of strange writings appeared on top of the light.

The writings weren't Chinese characters, nor were they English, German or Russian, etc. They did not belong to any of the main languages of the world. However, everyone actually strangely understood what those writings meant.

"Do you miss your home and its warmth? Do you want to go back to the place you think about day and night in an instant? Person who is roaming about the ends of the earth away from home, make your choice... YES or NO?"

Make your choice, make your choice! Those three words resounded in the minds of everyone, like the work of a devil.

Every single person looked at each other in the eye before looking at Song Shuhang.

Ever since they saw Song Shuhang killing two eagles by himself,

whenever the passengers faced a strange situation, the first person they thought of was Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang furrowed his brows and then speculated, "Could this be the method to open the door? Or... could this be the method to leave this island?"

The option on the gate was most likely the one that would open it. However, from the tone of the string of words, it also seemed as though it had the intention to send one back to their hometown.

Tubo suggested, "Why don't we press 'YES' and give it a shot? If the gate opens, we can enter the ancient city."

"Wait a minute, Tubo. What if it is the way to leave the island? After leaving the island, where will we end up at? And also, by what means do we leave? Will a passage suddenly appear below our feet, making us fall into it?" asked Gao Moumou worriedly as he hugged his girlfriend, Yayi.

Everyone stared at Song Shuhang once more.

Song Shuhang shrugged his shoulders and said, "I don't know."

He was not an all-knowing prophet or a magic mirror like the one in Snow White.

At this time, the black uncle squeezed in to the front and laughed. "Regardless of whether the gate opens or I go home, I like

both options! Let me try—YES, I want to go home, I want to go back!"

As he was speaking, the black uncle used all his might to press YES with his palm.

In the next moment, the black uncle suddenly felt warm from head to toe.

It was so warm, as though he had gone back to his mom's embrace in his childhood.

"Ah... so this is the warmth of home?" the black uncle said in a high 'aria' voice.

However, the rest of the passengers around were looking fearfully at the black uncle.

The black uncle lowered his head and looked at his body—Oh, f*ck!

A layer of flame-like light appeared on his body. The warm sensation he experienced earlier was actually caused by the blazing light.

Additionally, the flame-like light looked very familiar... wasn't it the same light that appeared on the passengers' bodies on the plane? After the flame finished burning, the passengers all turned into tiny dots of light and vanished—it was not known if they were

still alive or already dead.

So, this was the warmth of home? Warmth your mom, warmth your grandpa, warmth your family's ancestors!

Ultimately, the black uncle turned around and looked at Song Shuhang. Under the blazing light, his dark face somewhat had the divine feel. "Guys, am I gonna die?"

Song Shuhang went silent and replied gravely, "You should be... leaving the island. If you think about it in detail, perhaps the people who disappeared on the plane did not die but simply got teleported out of the plane. Perhaps when you wake up, you might already be back at home!"

Even if he was really dying... I should at least give him a peace of mind and some consolation.

If he harbored any resentment prior to death, he might become a resentful ghost...

As they were speaking, the speakers once again made a piercing sound.

Thereafter, the overbearing and deep voice was heard, "Evil creatures, scram!"

After that, the black uncle's body turned into particles of light, akin to sand, and started dissipating.

It almost seemed as if the black uncle matched the timing with it!

"F*ck, you're the evil creature!" The black uncle pointed a middle finger in the direction of the wall as he used the last bit of his strength to shout.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

Tubo was speechless too.

And so was Gao Moumou...

...and the rest of the passengers.

Speaking of which, the Chinese spoken by that black uncle was kinda awkward, but he actually understood 'evil creature', a rather harsh word used to insult others. Was learning Chinese a trend abroad recently?

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Very soon, the black uncle disappeared.

Everyone went silent.

At this time, the small boy turned around and looked at Song

Shuhang. "Big Brother Shuhang, did the black uncle really go home?"

The boy's huge jet-black eyes looked so pure.

Song Shuhang lightly patted his head. "Big Brother is unable to confirm what happened earlier. Perhaps he went back, perhaps he simply disappeared."

"Thank you, Big Brother." The small boy flashed a wide grin and then abruptly went to the gate and used his small hand to hit 'YES'.

"Goodbye everyone, I'm going to look for daddy and mommy." The small boy's body was enveloped by flame-like light; he waved goodbye to everyone.

His mom and dad both became tiny dots of light and disappeared while still on the plane.

This little fella kept following everyone but did not cry or throw tantrums. He was a sensible child, entirely different from the small monk Song Shuhang was taking care of who only looked serious and sensible on the outside but was a little devil on the inside. Song Shuhang really liked obedient children; the type you wished you could take them home and hug repeatedly.



The small boy also transformed into dots of light and vanished.

Apart from the black uncle and the small boy, no one else pressed the 'YES' option. The rest of the people stayed in their original positions; nobody stepped forward to press either one of the scary buttons.

After all, it could not be confirmed if pressing 'YES' would allow them to leave the island for real or simply transformed them into dots of light instead, leading to their demise. Hence, the people at the scene did not recklessly make a choice.

You only live once, and it isn't a game where you're given an opportunity to respawn after dying.

"Since the 'YES' option will cause one to disappear, then perhaps 'NO' might open the door," said Song Shuhang

Thereafter, he took a step forward, preparing to hit the 'NO' option.

"Wait a minute, Shuhang." At this time, Tubo pulled Song Shuhang back and said, "Let me do it... if you press the 'NO' option and transform into dots of light before vanishing, nobody would be able to fight off the group of enormous eagles in the event they launch another attack."

"No, let me do it," Song Shuhang said softly. "If I'm the one who does it, at least I still have some tricks up my sleeve, and even if I

really get turned into dots of light, at least I still have some means of dealing with it..."

As they were speaking, a panting figure came running from outside of the city's entrance. It was Song Shuhang's disciple in name, Joseph.

"Teacher, I'm here! When teacher is in a fix, your disciple will toil for you!" Joseph raised his hand as he said loudly.

Thereafter, he ran as fast as he could in the direction of the gate and hit the 'NO' option.

Joseph's daughter had already vanished on the plane... if he transformed into dots of light, he wouldn't mind it. Perhaps he could look for his daughter like that.

If he did not get transformed into dots of light, then he would be with Song Shuhang for a little longer, which was not bad for him.

"Teacher!" After Joseph hit the 'NO' option, he said, "If we leave this place alive, will you agree to be neighbors with me when I move to somewhere near your house?"

Joseph took the opportunity to bring up his request.

Previously, when he saw Song Shuhang punching the air, creating explosive sounds, he got very excited. He felt that if he could reach Song Shuhang's level in this lifetime, he would die

with no regrets.

But today, when he saw flames that swung from the saber into the sky, eliminating the eagles, he got fired up. Chinese martial arts could actually reach such a level! That wasn't as simple as 'martial arts' anymore—it was practically at the level of superheroes.

I must grasp the opportunity even if I need to be shameless; I need to think of a way to live near teacher's place, Joseph thought to himself.

He had already decided... regardless of whether Song Shuhang agreed or not, once they left the small island, he would buy a house near Song Shuhang's place.

"Alright," replied Song Shuhang without any hesitation.

Having another neighbor wasn't a big deal. Moreover, after he had succeeded in his cultivation practice in the future, he was planning to take his family along with him and leave the mortal world. At the time, if he and Joseph still had a master and disciple relationship, he would bring him along with them.

Since that was the case, if Joseph wanted to be neighbors with him, Song Shuhang naturally wouldn't mind.

Joseph looked very satisfied.

A moment later...

"Eh? Why is there no response?" Joseph asked out of curiosity. He had hit the 'NO' option many times for a while now, why wasn't there any response?

Joseph was in disbelief and used all his might to hit the 'NO' option several times.

Still no response?

Hit again!

"Bam bam bam..." Joseph hit it more than ten times consecutively.

This time... there was finally a response!

On the gate, a row of words appeared above the light: [Stop hitting so many times, or do you wish to get reincarnated ahead of time?! Don't you see how heavy the gate is and how much power is needed to open it?]

Joseph was speechless.

Song Shuhang was speechless too.

And so were Gao Moumou, Tubo, Yayi, Lu Fei and her sister, as well as the rest of the passengers.

"However, if 'NO' opens the door, then could it be that the 'YES' option really sends people home?" Gao Moumou pinched his nose bridge.

After the appearance of the enormous eagles, the logical worldview they had lived with for tens of years collapsed almost immediately. Perhaps transforming people into dots of light was a means of 'teleportation' to send people home?

Things such as worldview were difficult to establish... but destroying them was easy. This was what was meant by 'destroying is easier than constructing'.

After hearing this much, the eyes of the chubby air hostess lit up. She hurriedly went forward and used all her strength to hit the 'YES' option while the door had not been fully opened and the words on the gate were still lit up.

Chapter 296: This is too simple, something seems fishy!

But this time, no flames appeared on the air hostess' body.

Did I miss the opportunity? The chubby air hostess thought to herself.

At this time, a row of words appeared within the light: [Don't hit me, if you do, I'll fall out with you!]

The chubby air hostess got a really huge scare—she was so startled she jumped back, almost knocking Tubo, who was standing behind her, to the ground.

About two minutes later, the heavy and enormous metal gate started to go up slowly.

However, the gate did not fully open but stopped after creating a two-meter-tall gap beneath it.

That was enough to let everyone through... though when they were passing through the city gate, it made them feel kinda scared. With such an enormous metal gate suspended above their heads, they couldn't help but feel that there was a possibility of it dropping on them by accident. If it dropped... wouldn't the people beneath it get squashed into human paste?

Hence, the passengers took quick steps to get under the gate, afraid of getting squashed to a pulp in the event it did drop.



After safely passing through, everyone secretly heaved a sigh of relief. Next, they curiously sized up the view on the other side of the city gate.

What they saw was an extremely wide path that led straight into the inner city. There were ancient trees planted neatly on both sides of the path that were at least ten meters tall, and a clear river...

And on the side, there was an elderly man wearing ancient clothes. It seemed as though he had been waiting for them.

Behind the elderly man, there were fifteen herculean men.

"Heroes who have come from afar, welcome to our place!" The elderly man in ancient attire welcomed them cordially, shaking each and every one of their hands, starting from Joseph who was at the front.

Such cordiality was hard for the passengers to accept in such a short period of time.

But finally, when the elderly man shook Song Shuhang's hand, Song Shuhang slightly furrowed his brows—he had opened his Eye

Aperture and could see everything in detail.

Thus, he had closely observed the way the elderly man smiled, his posture, and his tone when he was shaking hands with each person, they were all the same.

Especially when he said, "Welcome, welcome", the tempo of his speech scarcely changed.

It made Song Shuhang instinctively think of the voice that was played from the speakers from above the wall—the elderly man was exactly like that, as if his whole person was on a loop!

After shaking Song Shuhang's hand, the elderly man said excitedly, "Thank you heroes, thanks to you, we successfully defended against the eagles' attack!"

After finishing his sentence, he clapped as hard as he could.

Behind him, the fifteen herculean men followed suit and started clapping with all their might.

Song Shuhang's feelings of doubt became more apparent—when the fifteen men clapped, their movements were perfectly in sync, as if they were robots manufactured in the exact same way.

"There is no need to stand on ceremony, it was only self-defense." Song Shuhang was testing waters—he kept suspecting that this huge 'mysterious island' could be similar to an 'illusory reality'.

Hence, he wanted to test if the elderly man could hold a conversation with himself.

If his reply did not make sense, that it was most likely an illusory reality.

"Regardless, you are all heroes, we are extremely grateful!" The elderly man was able to reply readily. Thereafter, he continued, "If it is ok with you guys, can we carry the bodies of the beasts into the city? Even though they always bring us a lot of problems, they are a delicacy. All of you must be exhausted—what you guys need is some nourishment to relieve your fatigue."

"You can make all the decisions here, and as you have said, our stomachs are rumbling with hunger. Also, is it possible for you to arrange a place for us to rest for a moment?" Song Shuhang asked.

"No problem, although we do not have anything else in the city, we do have a lot of vacant places for you to rest at." The elderly man laughed—even though the ancient city was vast, most of it was empty land.

As they were speaking, the elderly man lightly gestured and the fifteen herculean men walked out in an orderly fashion. Ten of them split into two groups that carried the carcasses of the two enormous eagles that Song Shuhang killed. The remaining five men walked along the wall towards the left, as they wanted to bring back the first eagle that Song Shuhang killed.

"Follow me, I will bring all of you somewhere you can rest," said

the elderly man in ancient clothes before turning around and leading the way.

The passengers looked doubtfully at Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang answered, "Go ahead, we entered the city with much difficulty, we naturally gotta take a look."



On their way, the elderly man was very cordial and enthusiastic as he kept introducing the majestic ancient city to Song Shuhang.

He was very detailed in his explanations—even a stone tablet itself was explained clearly and logically, allowing people to fully immerse themselves in its history... the passengers felt as though they couldn't interrupt his speech.

Song Shuhang and the elderly man talked and laughed, nodding their heads in agreement.

Thereafter... as they continued talking, suddenly Song Shuhang smiled and said, "Mister, have you taken a dump?"

"Haha, indeed little friend, you think so too." The elderly man laughed.

The conversation... doesn't flow!

Song Shuhang pondered and tried asking a more impolite question, "Mister, is your mom a monkey?"

For that question, Song Shuhang's enunciation was indistinct and he spoke at a faster speed—in case something went wrong, he could explain that he got tongue-tied and what he meant to say was 'Mister, do you have monkeys here?'.

The surrounding passengers were dumbfounded, they didn't know what Shuhang was up to.

However, the elderly man seemed not to have heard what Song Shuhang said, he merely maintained the smile on his face.

He even cordially held onto Song Shuhang's hand and continued to introduce the willow trees in front of them to Song Shuhang in a friendly way. "Come here, hero. Look at how healthy the willow trees are. Don't look down on them, they have a long history of about one hundred years. It is said that by picking their new buds every year and mixing them with some medicinal herbs, you'd be able to concoct a great tea that helps to strengthen one's body."

My question got ignored? But the conversation... still doesn't flow.

Song Shuhang felt somewhat apologetic, but cordially tested waters again. "Your dad is a gorilla."

"Hahah, you think this willow tree is not bad too, right?" The elderly man in ancient clothes touched his beard while admiring the tree.

Song Shuhang nodded his head with a face full of admiration. "You're an African monkey."

"Hahaha, what you said makes sense!" The elderly man laughed.

The rest of the passengers were dumbfounded. They kept pulling at their ears, wondering if Song Shuhang's ears had problems. Or could it be the elderly man's ears instead? Or was it simply both? Perhaps everyone in the world was having problems?

Indeed, the entire conversation went downhill.

Song Shuhang used all his strength to rub his face. There was indeed something wrong with the elderly man before his eyes... He was obviously operating according to some sort of pre-arranged script.

At the entrance of the city gate, the elderly man's replies were coherent. It was apparent that he was the same as 'chatbot AIs', picking up keywords and the other party's facial expression to choose the appropriate reply.

After entering the city, the elderly man activated the next mode — 'introducing the city'. He continuously introduced everything in the city, such that everyone else had no chance to interrupt.

Even if it wasn't an illusory reality, the elderly man was most likely the host of an AI or something similar.

Forget it, bullying a chatbot AI doesn't make me feel accomplished.

I should just directly ask what I want to know the most.

"Old man, I have a question. Earlier on, did the passengers who chose the 'YES' option on the city gate really get sent home?" asked Song Shuhang.

"The option on the city gate? What's that?" The elderly man in ancient clothes turned his head and asked curiously in reply.

This question... isn't in the sphere of the elderly man's knowledge?

Song Shuhang asked once again, "Then old man, how can we leave this place?"

At this moment, all the passengers shot anticipating gazes in his direction.

"Leave this place?" The elderly man pointed at the tallest tower within the city and said, "See that tall tower? There is a huge transaction place in there. No matter who you are, you can use an

item on your body to enter and exchange it for something you want. It's a very honest transaction, you can definitely transact at an equal value!"

"You can exchange for an opportunity to leave this place?" Song Shuhang asked immediately.

The elderly man shook his head. "I already said that it is an honest and fair transaction, so how can we use the opportunity to leave to coerce people? As long as you complete one transaction, regardless of what kind of transaction it is, upon completion, you can leave this place."

Song Shuhang stared blankly.

That simple?

Since it's that simple... then why did the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group face all kinds of difficulties on the mysterious island? Even though they did not suffer from any major injuries, they did go through a couple of grueling experiences.

Lastly, didn't they also end up losing their memories? Could it be that the seniors went to a different place? Or perhaps, did they enter a different zone?

"We're here, this place is under my jurisdiction. The house is pretty big, everyone please feel free to make yourselves

comfortable. In a while, when the young men are done carrying the beasts, I will show you my skills." The elderly man laughed and performed some cooking gestures.

"Sorry to trouble you," replied Song Shuhang.

Even though he was an AI person, he did indeed help him and everyone else a great deal by telling them how to leave that place... after resting for a bit and recovering his strength and mental energy, he would be able to search for Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang before heading to the tall tower and return home.

"In that case, please take a good rest. I won't impose on all of you any further," the elderly man said warmly.

Everyone hurriedly greeted the elderly man politely.

The elderly man turned around and left. But... after walking two steps, he suddenly froze.

Thereafter, for no apparent reason, he went to Song Shuhang and warmly shook Song Shuhang's hand.

At the same time, he said in a voice that only Song Shuhang could hear, "Welcome to the Heavenly Island, Song—Shu—Hang. I hope you have a great time."

Upon hearing that, Song Shuhang stiffened. The elderly man in front of him wasn't an AI? And also, why did he say his name with

pauses?

F*ck, wait a moment, if he wasn't an AI, then the couple of things he said earlier were too much! The elderly man would definitely remember it!

Chapter 297: I'm the same Nine Lanterns you enjoyed 300 years ago (2 in 1)

After shaking Song Shuhang's hand vigorously, the old man in ancient attire left with a satisfied look on his face, leaving behind a stunned Song Shuhang.

After seeing Song Shuhang's stiff expression, Tubo asked somewhat confused, "Shuhang, what did the old man tell you?"

"Nothing, he just said that we should enjoy our stay on the island," Song Shuhang replied.

"That's it?" Tubo was even more confused. "Then, why do you have the face of someone that just got butt-raped?"

"..." Song Shuhang patted Tubo's shoulder and said, "Tubo, once we go back, you should properly attend the language and literature class. The metaphor you used just now was very inappropriate."

Tubo was speechless.

At this time, Gao Moumou said, "Shuhang, do you believe the words of the old man? Do you really think it's possible to leave the island by carrying out a transaction inside the tall tower in the ancient city?"

Gao Moumou hadn't met a bizarre situation such as this before,

but both in movies or games, it wasn't usually so easy to leave once you were in this kind of situation, right?

With a smile, Song Shuhang said, "Whether it's true or not, we'll find out once we arrive there."

They wanted to leave this strange island; therefore, no matter if the old man in ancient attire was telling the truth or not, they would have to go in the tall tower and confirm it personally.

Everyone nodded silently and gazed toward the tall tower in the ancient city.

At this time, the businesswoman asked curiously, "You just said that the person inside the tower would conduct a fair transaction with us, right? However, we have nothing with us to make an equivalent transaction right now..."

After the plane crashed, they came out of the wreckage with great difficulty just to meet that weird troop of gorillas. Therefore, most of their belongings were still on the airplane, and they had next to nothing with them at this time.

As soon as the businesswoman finished talking, the complexions of many passengers changed!

The air hostess checked the things on her body and found a business card, a credit card, a handkerchief, a mobile phone, some keys, and other useless stuff.

With a bitter expression, she asked, "Will they accept this stuff when carrying out the transaction inside the tower?"

She wasn't the only one in such a situation; a lot of passengers had bitter expressions on their faces after searching their bodies—it seemed that the stuff they found wasn't much better than that of the air hostess'.

It was unlikely that they would accept this junk in that mysterious tower and carry out a transaction for it.

A female passenger asked weakly, "Should we return to the airplane and take our things back?"

"And how are we supposed to return to that place? Don't forget the scary huge eagles in the sky and the big lizard in the forest!" the chubby man that had challenged the gorillas at a breakdance competition said with a bitter smile on his face. "Also, don't forget about those strange gorillas. After all, they had a very high intellect. Maybe they already stole all the things we left on the airplane."

The crowd could only heave a deep sigh after recalling those gorillas.

"Try not to overthink things, okay? For now, just try to eat something and recover your strength. Later, we'll go and take a look at that tower. Perhaps the things we have with us would be enough to make the transaction," Song Shuhang said calmly.

Since they entered the ancient city... Song Shuhang had been wondering why the mysterious island—or Heavenly Island if you wish—allowed all these mortals to enter its domain.

At first, he was of the idea that only he was the objective of the Heavenly Island, and that these passengers were nothing but innocent bystanders drawn in by mistake—it's not like Song Shuhang had delusions of grandeur. In fact, he was the only cultivator on the plane, and if the Heavenly Island was aiming at someone, he was the most likely target!

But after pondering for a moment, he realized that there was something wrong with his logic.

If he was the sole target, the Heavenly Island could have dragged him here alone.

And even if the island couldn't do anything of the sort, it was surely capable of making everyone else disappear and leaving only him on the plane.

Then, why did the island bring all these passengers here? What use did they have?

Therefore, as soon as he heard the old man mention the transaction in the tall tower, Song Shuhang had an epiphany.

Was it possible that the Heavenly Island was interested in the

things these passengers were carrying with them?

"However, we don't have anything of value with us!" The air hostess was of the idea that no one would want to make a transaction for this junk.

"Don't panic. Let's take a look at the tower and see how it goes. Perhaps our bodies are hiding some treasure that even we are not aware of." Song Shuhang tried to comfort everyone.

All the passengers calmed down and started to recover their strength silently.

Some of them would secretly shoot a glance at Song Shuhang from time to time—when he killed those huge eagles earlier, he left a very deep impression on them.

Just like Joseph, they too wished to learn something from Song Shuhang, even if it was only a small move.

However, they weren't as shameless as Joseph, and they didn't know how to approach him without looking awkward.

Anyway, it wasn't a big deal. Since they already knew him, they had all the time to become friends with him after leaving this island.

Many of the passengers were of the same mind.

Gao Moumou, Tubo, and the others that had a good relationship with Song Shuhang didn't want to make things difficult for him right now. After all, they knew him well and usually passed a lot of time with him; they could save questions for later.



Around ten minutes later, the old man in ancient attire returned.

This time, he was wearing an apron and holding two big choppers in his hands. He was covered in blood and had a fearful smile on his face.

After seeing the old man, many of the female passengers recalled certain scenes in horror movies and started to shriek.

The old man didn't bat an eye and kept his fearful smile. Afterward, like those NPCs in games, he said, "Dear heroes, those three birds have been cooked. I'll have them delivered here in a while. I hope every one of you will enjoy the dish!"

As soon as he finished speaking, five stocky men appeared from the rear. They were carrying two big pots overflowing with a strong meat soup aroma; just smelling this aroma made one's mouth water.

After seeing that they were here only to deliver the dish, the passengers heaved a sigh of relief. However, they were still looking

at the old man vigilantly.

The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched—this old man was doing it on purpose... what a wicked hobby. Song Shuhang was sure that the old fogey was very pleased after seeing the scared passengers.

The five men put the two big pots on the ground and gave a big bowl of meat soup to the starving passengers.

The hungry and tired passengers were immediately captivated by the meat soup. As soon as they received the bowl, they started to gulp it down without even wondering whether there was something weird inside or not...

Song Shuhang was about to warn Tubo and Gao Moumou when he saw them drink the soup at lightning speed...

He heaved a sigh and took the bowl of meat soup. Then, he said to the old man, "Old man, why don't you eat with us?"

The old man grinned and gnashed his teeth, saying, "It's really a pity, but I'm—a—vegetarian! I—don't—eat—meat!"

It's fine if you're a vegetarian, but why are you gnashing your teeth...?

Song Shuhang smiled and gently put the bowl of meat soup on a side.

"Don't worry. There is nothing weird inside the meat soup. You can consider it some sort of compensation," the old man in ancient attire said in a low voice.

"I still prefer not to eat it," Song Shuhang replied honestly. He didn't know who this old man was, and he couldn't casually eat the meat soup while ignoring the consequences.

"Forget it then. I'll still keep the soup; just tell me if you want to eat it." As if he had already foreseen Song Shuhang's answer, the old man in ancient attire simply received the bowl of meat soup.

Afterward, he threw the bloody apron on a side.

He quietly waited till the passengers were done eating and said with a smile, "Dear heroes, you've already rested, right? In that case, I'll bring everyone to the tall tower in the ancient city to carry out the transaction!"

The passengers unconsciously patted their bellies. It was clearly a very ordinary-looking meat soup, but they were completely full after eating it.

Moreover, their bodies were brimming with energy. They felt as though they could run a 10-km marathon straight without a hitch!

That meat soup was really miraculous!



They set out on the main road, entered the inner city, and arrived in front of the high tower under the lead of the old man.

Along the way, the passengers were surprised by the small number of people living in the city. Even the inner city was sparsely inhabited; the whole city seemed like a huge ghost town. They only met people here and there.

Since all major Chinese cities were very crowded, the passengers were at a loss after seeing this scene.

Very soon, they arrived beneath the tall tower.

The old man cupped his hands and said, "Everyone, I can only accompany you till here. After you enter the tower, someone else will come to greet you. If everything goes well, you'll leave the island after completing the transaction. Finally, I hope everyone can obtain something good from the transaction," the old man said with a smile.

"I hope your words come true," Song Shuhang replied.

Then, he brought Gao Moumou and the others along and entered the ancient tower.



When they stepped inside the tower, they suddenly felt a zero-gravity feeling, just like when an elevator goes downward.

Soon after, the scenery before their eyes changed, and they found themselves inside a huge main hall made of precious stones.

There were many things in there, and all of them were made of precious stones or jewels. Even tables were made of many precious gems stuck together. Cups were also made of huge gems that had been hollowed out.

A terrifying divine-level nouveau riche aura blew in their faces.

When the air hostess saw this scene, she gripped tightly the things she was holding in front of her chest, her expression pained. Let alone the things she had with her now, even if she were to sell herself, she wouldn't have enough money to afford the smallest gem in this hall! Because... even the smallest gem here had the size of a fist!

How was she supposed to make a 'fair' transaction? What could she possibly exchange?

The air hostess wasn't the only one thinking this, even the other passengers were of the same mind and felt helpless.

"Hello ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Starry House! In this place, we always conduct an 'equivalent exchange'. Therefore,

you can completely be at ease whether you're buying or selling!" A clear and sharp voice echoed throughout the hall made of precious stones. "Here at the Starry House, we treat both the young and the old honestly, we sell genuine goods at reasonable prices, and all our articles are genuine! If you find a defective article, you'll receive ten times its worth as compensation!"

"..." Song Shuhang.

When the Starry House used the same cheap slogans as street vendors, their reputation plummeted in everyone's eyes.

"Everyone, be at ease. The interface to carry out the transaction will soon appear before you. We'll perform an equivalent exchange and allow you to see which articles you can use to make the transaction and what you'll receive in exchange. The articles will be equal in value, and the transaction will also be completely fair!"

After hearing these words, everyone took a deep breath and tried to calm down.

Afterward, a light screen appeared in front of each person—everyone could only see their own screen.

At this time, the air hostess cried out in surprise. "W-what? You only want my pendant?"

She looked at the pendant hanging around her neck. She bought this pendant in a small antique shop for 30 RMB. She didn't know

if it had any special meaning, but since she found the small wooden fish attached to it cute, she decided to buy it.

Never would she have expected that the 'Starry House' would settle on this gadget to carry out the transaction.

Was this wooden fish some kind of treasure?

Then, she curiously looked at what the Starry House was offering in exchange for this wooden fish.

[The Everlasting Youth Pill. Description: Do you want to look like a lovely 20-year-old woman while in your fifties? Do you want to look like a 30-year-old beauty while in your seventies? No need to worry, the Everlasting Youth Pill can greatly delay the aging of the human body. This is what you deserve!]

If someone were to sell her something like the 'Everlasting Youth Pill' earlier, the air hostess would surely curse them and label them as a scammer. But now, she was inclined to believe the description of this item, because all the things that happened today had exceeded common sense by far.

Then, she looked at another article they were offering in exchange for the wooden fish.

[Calamity Dispersing Amulet. Description: Wearing this amulet will help you avoid a calamity. It allows its user to escape a life or death situation once.] This description was very straightforward

and contained no shameless boasting.

There were only these two options, and after pondering for a moment, the air hostess resolutely chose the 'Everlasting Youth Pill'.

It seemed that beauty was more important than a one-time chance to escape a calamity for this air hostess!

"Congratulations. You've successfully carried out the transaction in the Starry House. Would you like to immediately leave the Heavenly Island or do you prefer to leave after twenty-four hours?" That voice echoed in the hall once more.

At this time, a glittering and fragrant pill appeared in the palm of the air hostess.

She turned her head and looked at Song Shuhang. It seemed she wanted to hear his opinion on the matter.

After thinking for a moment, Song Shuhang replied, "This Heavenly Island is full of dangers. Therefore, I suggest everyone to leave as soon as they get the chance. After all, I'm a lone man, and it's difficult for me to protect everyone. If we were to chance upon something akin to those huge eagles again, I'm not sure if I can guarantee everyone's safety."

When the crowd recalled those two terrifying eagles they met at the city gate, their complexions changed.

"In that case, let us meet again in the real world, Mr. Shuhang." The air hostess nodded her head and swallowed the fragrant medicine pill. Next, she chose the option to immediately leave the Heavenly Island.

Song Shuhang nodded faintly.

But will we really meet in the real world? At the time, you won't have any memory of the things that happened on the Heavenly Island...

For powerful cultivators, it was quite easy to wipe someone else's memory.

And in this case, even those seniors from the Nine Provinces Number One Group remembered nothing about the Heavenly Island...

After leaving the Heavenly Island, even if Song Shuhang and the air hostess were to meet again, they wouldn't recognize each other.



The air hostess chose the option to leave the island immediately.

Soon after, a blazing light started to burn on her body—it was the same light that had appeared on the plane and in front of the city

gate.

The air hostess was scared by this sudden change.

The voice from before echoed in the Starry House once more and explained, "No need to be afraid. This is just a means to send you back, it won't cause you any harm. Once you wake up, you'll find yourself in your warm bed."

After hearing these words, the crowd recalled to mind the scene in front of the main gate and the choice between YES and NO... so that choice was really about being sent home or not!

After hearing this much, Joseph also heaved a sigh of relief—if that was the case, his daughter was also sent home when she was engulfed by the blazing light back on the plane.

Just like Joseph, a lot of people were relieved after hearing these words. It seemed that some of their family members or friends had disappeared while still on the plane.

After the air hostess, more and more passengers started to carry out their transactions.

The traded things were of various types; so many that it exceeded the imagination of those present.

Someone had to trade the leather coat they were wearing... someone their engagement ring...

Interestingly enough, the chubby breakdancer had to trade off a birthmark he had since he was little, obtaining a big necklace of fine gold in exchange that somewhat resembled a dog collar. The funny thing was that he was already planning to have that birthmark surgically removed, but now, not only he got rid of it for free, he even obtained a thick necklace of gold in exchange. He really struck it rich.

After looking at his screen, Tubo was stunned.

Because he was asked to trade a... syringe of fresh blood!

And he could exchange it for a bowl of meat soup similar to the one the old man served them before. Moreover, it was the only transaction he could carry out.

"A syringe of blood... and meat soup?" Tubo was confused.

However, he didn't immediately carry out the transaction. He looked Gao Moumou in the eye and turned his head toward Song Shuhang.

After seeing the worried face of his roommates, Song Shuhang smiled as he said, "Guys, don't waste time. Complete the transaction and quickly leave the island."

"What about you?" Gao Moumou asked. From the way Shuhang was speaking, it seemed he didn't want to leave just yet.

"Don't forget about Zhuge Zhongyang and Zhuge Yue! I have to look for them," Song Shuhang continued with a smile. "Don't worry. As soon as I find them, I'll come back to this place and leave."

"I see. In that case, make haste, alright?" Tubo said.

Song Shuhang nodded with a smile.

Tubo took a deep breath and accepted the transaction. Then, a delicious bowl of meat soup appeared in his hands... afterward, he was covered in flames and disappeared.

Gao Moumou, Yayi, Lu Fei, and Lu Fei's elder sister also completed their transactions and disappeared like Tubo.

Finally, only Song Shuhang and Joseph were left in the Starry House.

"Teacher, let me accompany you!" Joseph said excitedly. He had decided to closely follow his teacher and witness his incredible power.

"You should also go back," Song Shuhang said with a smile. "Otherwise... we won't be happy neighbors when the time comes."

After hearing Song Shuhang's words, Joseph heaved a sigh.

Then, he completed his transaction and changed into particles of light, disappearing.

Now, only Song Shuhang was left in the Starry House.



Song Shuhang heaved a deep sigh and showed the middle finger to this hall made of precious stones.

Then, he put his hands in his pockets and left the place without any hesitation.

When he left the hall, he felt that zero gravity feeling once more.

In the next instant, he reappeared at the entrance of the tall tower.

"Oh? Little friend Song Shuhang, how come you didn't carry out the transaction and left?" After seeing Song Shuhang, the old man in ancient attire wasn't surprised and laughed foolishly.

"Old man, what's the point of asking if you already know the answer?" Song Shuhang furrowed his brows. "Since the beginning, the Starry House had no intention of letting me carry out the transaction, right?"

When he was inside that hall, everyone had an interface in front

of them to carry out the transaction... everyone except Song Shuhang—this happened even if he had many treasures with him.

Song Shuhang was absolutely sure that it was intentional.

"Hehe." The old man in ancient attire laughed joyfully. Then, he took out that bowl of meat soup once more and said, "Won't you eat it?"

Song Shuhang took the bowl and clenched his teeth, saying, "Old man, speak clearly. Who are you? What do you want from me?"

"If I were to tell you that you couldn't carry out the transaction because you didn't eat the meat soup, would you believe it?" The old man heartily laughed.

Song Shuhang gave him a supercilious look.

"Drink it while it's hot. Anyway, if I had evil intentions, I could just make you drink the soup through unconventional means." The old man laughed foolishly.

Song Shuhang gritted his teeth and grabbed the bowl of meat soup, starting to drink it. "You can talk now, right? Who are you? Why were you looking for me?"

"Youngster! This is actually a good question!" the old man in ancient attire said with a smile.

Next, the old man stretched his hand and tapped on his forehead. His gray hair disappeared, leaving behind a smooth and shining bald head.

Afterward, his humpback also disappeared and his back straightened; his face also changed. In the blink of an eye, it changed into a heroic face with starry eyes and slanted eyebrows. But none of them were enough to overshadow the elegance of this person.

"Young benefactor... I'm the same Nine Lanterns you enjoyed 300 years ago!" the bald girl in front of Song Shuhang said with a smile on her face as she joined her palms together.

"Pfff..." Song Shuhang immediately spurted out all the soup in his mouth.

Chapter 298: Forgetting past enmity?

The bald lady before his eyes joined her palms together and looked gratifyingly at the scene of Song Shuhang spitting out his meat soup.

"Sister, wait! I think you recognized the wrong person!" Song Shuhang hurriedly said.

He looked at the bald lady before his eyes—she had slanted eyebrows and starry eyes, yet her air of elegance was hard to conceal. It was indeed that Nine Lanterns 'monk' from Lady Onion's memories.

Speaking of which, only a strange monster like Lady Onion would mistake this bald woman for a monk when she obviously was a nun!

...Earlier, Song Shuhang did attempt to guess the identity of the NPC's elderly man.

However, when the elderly man suddenly became a bald woman, Song Shuhang wasn't mentally prepared for such a sudden plot twist! At this time, his mind was in turmoil.

Even though he already knew that Nine Lanterns was most probably on the mysterious island, he completely did not expect her to make her appearance in such a way.

Wait a moment! It is not the right time to think about such things.

The problem right now was that Nine Lanterns mistook him for the same Lady Onion she enjoyed 300 years ago.

She must be mistaken, right?

Lady Onion was now stuck on the enlightenment stone, and they had stayed together for a while—did Nine Lanterns mistake their identities for this reason?

Or perhaps... was it because he ate Lady Onion before? Bits of her aura might be still lingering on his body. Therefore, Nine Lanterns confused him for Lady Onion or assumed that he was her reincarnation?

Regardless, he had to explain himself fully to Nine Lanterns—it was a matter that concerned his honor and virtue!

Nine Lanterns joined her palms together and silently looked at Song Shuhang, smiling without saying a word. With her smiling at him like that, Song Shuhang felt even more stressed.

"Sister, you definitely misunderstood, I am not Lady Onion!" Song Shuhang said sternly.

Lady Nine Lanterns smiled brightly and said, "Benefactor Song, you're mistaken."

"It's true, I am not Lady Onion. Take a look for yourself, Lady Onion is here!" Song Shuhang immediately reached his hand into his pocket to take out the enlightenment stone.

But when he reached his hand into his pocket, he suddenly felt something bite his finger ruthlessly.

Song Shuhang felt a stabbing pain transmit from his finger! Needless to say, it was definitely Lady Onion who bit him... but didn't Lady Onion only grew a small shoot? When she came to the Heavenly Island, she couldn't even speak a single word.

When did she grow a mouth?

At this time, the bald Nine Lanterns suddenly smiled with her eyes squinting. "Benefactor Song... I never once said that you're Lady Onion. I can see clearly that Lady Onion is Lady Onion, and Benefactor Song is Benefactor Song. Both of you are two different entities."

Song Shuhang's entire body stiffened—he even forgot the pain in the finger that was bitten by Lady Onion in his pocket.

Since she knew that I am not Lady Onion, then what's the deal with enjoying her 300 years ago?

Could it be that I traveled through time? My future self traveled through time to 300 years ago and then... enjoyed Nine Lanterns?

Ever since he got exposed to the 'world of cultivation', Song Shuhang felt that everything was possible. Time or space travel were not things that were hard to accept and acknowledge.

Just when Song Shuhang was letting his imagination run wild, Nine Lanterns started explaining.

"Four days ago... I was in secluded meditation when I suddenly had a strange feeling. Afterward, a 300-year-old memory resurfaced in my mind. It was really a very... interesting memory." As she was speaking, Nine Lanterns slightly lowered her eyes, causing others to be unable to read her emotions. "After that, something even more interesting happened. When I recalled that memory, I discovered that an additional thing had appeared within it. It was as though it was a sharp blade that forcefully and unreasonably inserted itself into my memories."

Four days ago? Song Shuhang instinctively swallowed his saliva... wasn't that when he ate Lady Onion, causing his karma to be intertwined with hers, leading to the dream about her entire life experience?

The 'additional thing' that Lady Nine Lanterns was referring to couldn't be him, right?

"As for what the additional thing that appeared in that memory was... do I have to remind you? Fellow... Daoist... Song... Shu... hang?" The smile Nine Lanterns had on her face was similar to the first spring breeze of the new year... even though it looked like that

she was smiling with happiness, upon carefully looking at it, he felt bone-chilling wintry cold.

Indeed, she was referring to him! However, this whole matter about Lady Onion's memories wasn't his fault. He too wanted to stop the scene and get out of there, but he still ended up experiencing that cringey lesbian scene firsthand...

If God were to see this scene, he too would feel pity. At the time, although he loudly shouted many times 'stop, stop', the lesbian scene just wouldn't stop.

"Gulp." Song Shuhang swallowed his saliva and answered, "In that case, am I not a victim too?"

"A victim?" Nine Lanterns seemed to be distracted and stared blankly for a moment.

A moment later, she suddenly gave Song Shuhang a thumbs up and said, "Victim, huh? This term is really wonderful!"

Upon looking at Nine Lantern's expression, Song Shuhang felt confused. Did I say something wrong?

"Since you used such a wonderful term, I can only forgive you!" Nine Lanterns suddenly laughed towards the skies.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

Nine Lanterns' train of thoughts was too out of the ordinary. Song Shuhang realized that even though he was somewhat used to the train of thoughts of the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group, he still could not keep up with Nine Lanterns'.

Additionally, what was so wonderful about the term 'victim'? To the extent that it actually amused Nine Lanterns for no obvious reason?

"Don't make that strange face, let this matter go! Whatever happened before, just let it disappear from your memories!" Nine Lanterns patted Song Shuhang's shoulders and smiled.

In a mere instant, she switched from being sinister to being lighthearted and happy. Song Shuhang really could not adapt to these changes.

"I understand, Sister. This incident... never happened before. I never knew about it." Song Shuhang nodded.

"You don't have to be that extreme, you don't have to erase it from your memories forcefully. Truth to be told, I did not think of getting you to forget about it. Or else, I would have easily used a memory erasing spell to settle this matter. Additionally, I am the practitioner of a buddhist school, it's my forte to obliterate all enmity with a smile," Nine Lanterns continued with laughter.

Although he wasn't completely clear about the meaning of those words, Song Shuhang still nodded his head.

"Alright, things have been settled. Go to the Starry House and make a transaction, then you can leave the Heavenly Island," Nine Lanterns said with a careless smile.

"That's it?" Song Shuhang asked puzzledly.

"Yeah, that's it! I am a straightforward and blunt person. I'm never sloppy, and I don't beat around the bush when I deal with things." Nine Lanterns patted her own chest, and the two large pectoral muscles (in the eyes of Lady Onion) shook.

"So... can I really leave?" Song Shuhang asked cautiously.

"Go ahead, goodbye." Nine Lanterns waved her hand.

Song Shuhang scratched his head.

After a long pause...

"I can't leave yet." Song Shuhang forced a smile.

Chapter 299: The small and exquisite Zhuge Yue

Zhuge Zhongyang and Zhuge Yue were still on the Heavenly Island. Regardless of whether they were dead or alive, Song Shuhang should at least look for them. If they were still alive, he ought to do his best to bring them safely to the ancient city.

"Oh? Could it be that Fellow Daoist Song wants to live on the Heavenly Island?" Nine Lanterns suddenly asked joyfully.

Song Shuhang remained silent for a moment before he answered, "Ahem, I still have two friends who are still on the Heavenly Island. We got separated the moment we entered the island. I want to look for them before leaving."

"Oh, you still have friends on the Heavenly Island?" Nine Lanterns pinched her clean and shiny chin. "Do you need my help to locate them? I have quite a few tricks up my sleeve!"

Song Shuhang naturally hoped to receive Nine Lanterns' help. Even though he didn't know what her identity was on the Heavenly Island, he felt that she must be a person of high status... if he had her help, looking for the Zhuges would be much easier.

However, when Nine Lanterns got so exhilarated that she took the initiative to warmly offer her help, Song Shuhang faintly sensed that something was amiss—forgetting about the past and forgiving him was one thing. After all, Nine Lanterns was the virtuous member of a buddhist school, and the fact she had

forgiven him could be attributed to her teachings.

But now, her warmness seemed somewhat fishy—it made people feel that she was trying to curry favor. Or perhaps he was just misjudging her character?

Song Shuhang thought about it and tried asking, "Great Master Nine Lanterns, do you need my help for something? If you do, you can tell me directly."

"You think too much, I don't want anything. I'm only bored as I have nothing to do, hence I was thinking I might as well accompany you to stroll around the Heavenly Island. After all, I'm considered half the owner; since you're here as a guest, bringing fellow daoist around the island is part of my duties." Nine Lanterns laughed. "Also, you can just call me Nine Lanterns."

"In that case... sorry to trouble you, Miss Nine Lanterns," answered Song Shuhang—regardless of what motives Nine Lanterns had, all he wanted to do was look for the two siblings, Zhuge Yue and Zhuge Zhongyang. Thereafter, he would bring them to the tall tower in the ancient city and complete the transaction before leaving the Heavenly Island.

It didn't matter if his memories were sealed or erased, he wanted to have absolutely nothing to do with the Heavenly Island and stay as far as possible from it, preferably just like the distance between the earth and the sky!

After Song Shuhang finished his sentence, Nine Lanterns gave

him a thumbs up and said, "The term 'Miss' is awesome! I like it."

Song Shuhang was speechless.

Just what did he need to do to keep up with Nine Lanterns' crazy train of thoughts?



Three minutes later.

Song Shuhang and Nine Lanterns returned to the city gate.

That enormous city gate... was still open to about the height of two meters. It did not look like it was going to close.

Could it be that Nine Lanterns already knew that I was going to leave, hence she decided that she might as well not close the city gate? Song Shuhang conjectured.

As he was thinking, Nine Lanterns brought him with her and exited the city.

Thereafter, she smacked the city gate with all her strength and said, "Stop sleeping and get up!"

In the next moment, the city gate lit up, and two red question

marks appeared on it. After that, the city gate sheepishly closed.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

The city gate was sleeping? From the looks of it, this city gate was also a magical treasure, and even possessed intelligence and human-like feelings.

After hitting the city gate, Nine Lanterns said to Song Shuhang, "Let's go, we have to find your friends."

"Miss Nine Lanterns, you have a way to find my friends quickly?" asked Song Shuhang.

Nine Lanterns said confidently, "Don't worry, with me around, looking for your friends would be a breeze. Firstly, we gotta get to your original location when you guys first got to the Heavenly Island, and follow their scent while searching for them. It won't be long before we find them—that is if your two friends did not intrude into any monster beasts' territory and got eaten while still alive."

Song Shuhang silently nodded. Actually, the method of searching for someone by tracking their scent could be used as long as a cultivator had opened his or her 'Nose Aperture'. However, Song Shuhang did not have any specialized training, hence he was unable to grasp the technique of searching for people by following their scent.



Thereafter, Song Shuhang described the location where the plane crashed to Nine Lanterns.

Then, Nine Lanterns took him there.

"This is where the plane wreckage is, there were about 20-odd survivors who got off the plane then," Song Shuhang explained. "But at that time, my friends were already not amongst those people. I'm guessing that they were in the other part of the plane that was cut off."

"I understand." Nine Lanterns closed her eyes and sensed for a bit before replying, "Using this area as the center, I can sense two groups of people. One of them is a group of eight, their scent did appear near the plane wreckage. At this moment, they are wandering around the forest... they have a lot of guts."

Eight people, near the plane wreckage. They should be the group of people led by the old professor that parted ways with me. The numbers match. From the looks of it, they did not encounter any monster beasts or enormous eagles. They are rather lucky.

"The other group is made up of four people, perhaps it's them you're looking for. Do you want to take a look?" asked Nine Lanterns.

"Then please bring me to look for the traces of those four people."

Song Shuhang nodded.

"Come with me." Much to his surprise, Nine Lanterns actually cooperated very well; it seemed as though she had no intention to create any trouble.

Looking at how she acted, it seemed that she really had no ulterior motives, and that she was doing it purely out of interest.



Nine Lanterns approached the huge forest at a very high speed. The speed at which she was moving was extremely fast, such that Song Shuhang had to execute the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩ in order to barely keep up with her.

"That footwork's pretty cool." Nine Lanterns turned her head around and smiled at Song Shuhang.

"I was pretty lucky, I met a very good senior who taught me this footwork," answered Song Shuhang.

"Yeah, it's a footwork that is very suitable for you." Nine Lanterns nodded. "I'm going to increase my speed, do your best to keep up!"

After finishing her sentence, the speed she was traveling at in the forest increased by a notch.

Song Shuhang used all his might to execute the ‹Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk› footwork and managed to stay near Nine Lanterns with much difficulty.

"Not bad, you could actually keep up." Nine Lanterns turned her head around and smiled at Song Shuhang.

"I'm already doing my best. Miss Nine Lanterns, if you get any faster, I won't be able to keep up," said Song Shuhang while catching his breath.

At this time... Nine Lanterns, who was in front, gave him a thumbs up. "The term 'doing my best' is quite not bad. I like it!"

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"We're close." At this time, Nine Lanterns suddenly stopped and sniffed.

After she spoke, Song Shuhang also smelled Zhuge Yue's scent.

He hurriedly looked in the direction the smell was coming from.

"Song... Song Shuhang?" A weak voice came from that direction.

He saw Zhuge Yue leaning against a tree that was 100 meters tall. She lifted her small face and looked at Song Shuhang. She looked

as cute as a doll...

That comparison was too appropriate—because Zhuge Yue at this moment was as small as a doll!

Chapter 300: Zhuge Zhongyang's horrifying nightmare!

Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide and, looking at the doll-sized Zhuge Yue, he asked, "What happened to you?"

"Song Shuhang!" When she saw Song Shuhang, she crawled up from beneath the tree and ran toward him on her short legs.

Song Shuhang bent down and hugged the terrified Zhuge Yue. At the same time, he shot a glance at Nine Lanterns. Although she was standing there, just beside him, it was as though Zhuge Yue couldn't see her at all.

"What happened?" Song Shuhang held Zhuge Yue like a kid and patted her back.

"Sob, sob... it was very scary." Zhuge Yue choked with sobs as she started to explain. "This is what happened... after the crash, when my older brother and I woke up, we discovered that we were in the middle of the forest with other two passengers. Then, the four of us decided to team up and get out of this place. Our hope was to find the wreckage of the plane and the other passengers.

But just when we were about to leave the forest, we met three weird freaks. As soon as those three freaks saw us, they attacked. Moreover, they could make themselves invisible! I'm not lying, as soon as they saw us, they disappeared into thin air. After that, we disorderly run away and the four of us got separated.

Later, something even stranger happened. When I was running away from that invisible fellow, rushing through the forest, I suddenly felt something cold on my ankle... and then, the size of my body changed into that of the palm of a hand, even the clothes on my body were reduced in size accordingly.

Afterward, I kept running without stopping. Perhaps because my size had been reduced, that invisible freak was unable to find me. Next, I unknowingly ended up in this place. After quite a bit of time, my body finally started to recover. But even now, I'm only this big."

Although she was choking with sobs, Zhuge Yue still orderly explained to Song Shuhang everything that had happened.



She felt something cold on her ankle and the size of her body decreased? Did she unknowingly touch a weird formation? Moreover, who were those invisible freaks...?

Song Shuhang turned his head and looked at the nearby Nine Lanterns. "Miss Nine Lanterns, do you have any idea of what might have happened?"

"There might be many reasons for her body to have suddenly shrunk... but if it happened inside the forest, it should be the work of that very rare spirit beast. I've heard that traces of its presence were found on the Heavenly Island, but I have yet to see it with my

eyes. It's possible that your friend carelessly bumped into it and had the size of her body reduced. However, it seemed that the spirit beast was already full. Otherwise, your friend would have already become its meal." Nine Lanterns smiled and continued, "As for those invisible freaks, they might be cultivators that entered the Heavenly Island. This island is very mysterious after all, and it will inevitably attract many curious cultivators. As for why they wanted to attack your friends, I'm not sure. However, all types of cultivators can enter the Heavenly Island... buddhists, daoists, scholars, demons, monsters, ghosts, and so on. Therefore, it's pretty normal that some of them might have an evil disposition."

Song Shuhang nodded calmly—since he knew that there were invisible enemies around, he activated two small tricks related to mental energy, 'vigilance' and 'mental detection'.

...Now that other cultivators were involved, things got more complicated.

Moreover, when Nine Lanterns mentioned that rare spirit beast, he suddenly recalled something...

At this time, Zhuge Yue gazed at Song Shuhang with a terrified expression on her face. "Shuhang... who are you talking to?"

As expected, she can't see Nine Lanterns...

"Don't worry, it's a friend. She is hiding in the surroundings and has been secretly protecting me. It was only thanks to her that I was able to reach this place and find you." Song Shuhang tried to

reassure her.

Zhuge Yue nodded silently.

"Come, let's try to find Zhuge Zhongyang and the other two passengers for now," Song Shuhang said.

But right at this time, Zhuge Yue screamed, "Shuhang, watch out!"

A shadow suddenly appeared behind Song Shuhang's body.

This shadow seemed to have appeared out of thin air because it was previously invisible. Yes, it was precisely one of those invisible freaks Zhuge Yue mentioned earlier.

The secret technique these guys were using to become invisible was very special, and Song Shuhang didn't notice the approaching figure even though he had used 'vigilance' and 'mental detection'.

After revealing itself, the figure used its thick metal rod to try to bash Song Shuhang's head in.

The metal rod was emanating a faint red light, which would appear only if one had imbued their weapon with qi and blood energy. The aggressor was planning to reduce Song Shuhang's head into a pulp.

"Bang!"

Shuhang didn't have time to react and was hit by the rod, getting knocked down to the ground. The doll-sized Zhuge Yue also fell to a side, screaming in fear.

At this time, the invisible freak was finally visible. It was a man with a stubble beard wearing pink clothes and a red belt. No wonder Zhuge Yue labeled him as a freak after seeing his look. It was a real-life pedo uncle!

The pedo uncle looked at Zhuge Yue, who was lying on the ground, and licked his lips. Afterward, he laughed strangely and said, "Hehe, I didn't think you had a helper. But it's all useless. A cultivator with only a few apertures opened isn't my match. Moreover, you suddenly became so small that I almost lost sight of you... anyway, your current appearance is also very cute, it would be even more satisfying to taste you."

As he was speaking, the pedo uncle winked at Zhuge Yue with his right eye.

At first, Zhuge Yue didn't understand what the weird uncle meant, but once she grasped the meaning of his words, she felt like puking. "Uncle, I'm not gay!"

"Hehehe... little girl, do you really think you can fool me with such petty lies? Even if you're wearing men's clothes, you can't deceive the seasoned eyes of a pervert. Anyway, we cannot waste too much time. I have to obtain your blood before my two junior

brothers catch up. After nourishing my body with the energy of a virgin with a special constitution such as yourself, I'll be able to jump through the dragon gate immediately, reaching the Second Stage True Master Realm." After saying this much, the pedo uncle started to take off his pink clothes.

"Darling, I'll make you feel really good." Then, he gave Zhuge Yue a charming look.

Zhuge Yue's face became deathly pale. She would rather die than giving her first time to this pedo uncle!

She quietly put her tongue between her teeth—should she commit suicide? But was biting one's tongue enough to commit suicide? And how much did she need to bit off? Was biting the tip enough to die?

But right at this time, the body of the nearby Song Shuhang suddenly disappeared.

In the next instant, he appeared in front of the pedo uncle while in a half-squatting position and struck his palm against his chest.

"Lightning Palm!" Song Shuhang shouted.

A crackling sound echoed, and dazzling lightning burst out toward the chest of the pedo uncle.

"Blech..." The pedo uncle spat out a mouthful of fresh blood as his

chest was burnt. The power of the Lightning Palm penetrated inside his body and destroyed part of his internal organs.

"Impossible... that's the Lightning Palm! Wait, how can you still be alive, you took my rod head on!" The weird uncle fell to the ground and pointed his shivering finger toward Song Shuhang. He didn't dare to believe what had just happened.

The attack he used earlier to bash Song Shuhang's head wasn't an average one. It was a heavy blow imbued with qi and blood energy, and there was no way a cultivator with only a few apertures opened could withstand it!

Song Shuhan's heart was also racing after what had happened—the invisible mode of his opponent was really weird, and even with his mental detection activated, he was unable to discover anything. If the ghost spirit in his Heart Aperture hadn't used its small golden shield to protect him, the consequences would have been dreadful.

"Dammit... I died in the hands of a little cultivator..." The pedo uncle struggled a few times and closed his eyes unwillingly, passing away.

Even a peak First Stage cultivator that was about to jump through the dragon gate like him was unable to resist a direct hit with the Lightning Palm.

After all, not all First Stage cultivators were as lucky as Song Shuhang and possessed a ghost spirit with defensive abilities.



"Let's go. We should look for your brother," Song Shuhang said as he picked up the doll-sized Zhuge Yue.

At this time, she was staring at Shuhang absent-mindedly.

What happened just now? A ball of lightning suddenly appeared in Song Shuhang's palm and he used it to kill that invisible pedo uncle?

One could turn invisible, and the other could generate lightning—was that uncle a mutant? Was this a real-life X-Men?

Dammit, I lost my video camera. If I had recorded that scene, it would have ended up on the first page! Zhuge Yue's occupational disease suddenly flared up.

"Are you looking for her elder brother? I just smelled a scent very similar to hers. It should be the Zhuge Zhongyang you mentioned earlier," Nine Lanterns said.

During the whole process, Nine Lanterns didn't make any move.

However, if she was planning to lead him to Zhuge Zhongyang, it was already enough. Song Shuhang wasn't expecting to receive much help either.

"Anyway, we should make haste. The scent of another 'freak' is approaching this Zhuge Zhongyang very quickly," Nine Lanterns said with a smile.

Song Shuhang's complexion changed.

In the next moment, Nine Lanterns dashed forward, showing the way. Song Shuhang used the 〈Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk〉 at full-power and followed behind her.

Very soon, they arrived at Zhuge Zhongyang's position.

At this time, Zhuge Zhongyang was also being chased by a pedo uncle with a stubble beard, pink clothes, and a red belt.

Except for his slightly different facial features, this pedo uncle was almost the same as the previous one. Whether it was their disposition or tone, it was identical. Therefore, we can conveniently name him Pedo Uncle No. 2.

"Darling, I've finally caught up with you. You ran so fast that I almost lost sight of you... anyway, playing hide and seek also has its charm. It would be even more satisfying to taste you now." Pedo Uncle No. 2 licked the corner of his mouth and winked with his right eye at Zhuge Zhongyang who was now lying on the ground.

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